

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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WHY I AM A SPIRITUALIST.

A. E. NEWTON.

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In answering this question it is proper that the term Spiritualist should be first defined, or at least that the writer should state the sense in which he is willing to accept it as applicable to himself. It is well known by such as have taken the trouble to inform themselves in the matter, that there are Spiritualists and Spiritualists. There are, doubtless, numbers who assume this designation, or to whom it is popularly applied, with whom the undersigned has very little in common, and has no desire to be classed. In some quarters the term Spiritualist is regarded as almost synonymous with open-mouthed credulity, wild fanaticism, general looseness of morals, scoffing irreligion, and measureless folly. Without attempting to deny that some occasion has been given by persons called or calling themselves Spiritualists, for such an estimate, I shall endeavor to show that the term more properly applies to persons who hold convictions and cherish aspirations of which no rational, pure-minded or devout man need be ashamed, but which are worthy the serious regard of all thoughtful people.

It should be noted that, in being thus subjected to diverse conceptions and interpretations, modern Spiritualism is by no means peculiar. There is no form of belief, no system of religious faith, or of rationalistic philosophy even, extant among men, but has its lower as well as its higher interpretations—it unworthy as well as its worthy representatives. Christianity is surely no exception to this rule. The crude notions and practices prevalent among the more uncultivated of its professors differ widely from the convictions and observances approved in the most intelligent and refined churches in Christendom. And often members of the same sect or church are found greatly at variance in their conceptions and expositions of Christianity, as well as in their practical exemplifications of the same. Fair-minded inquirers will judge any systems by its best, rather than its worst, expositions.

A Spiritualist, formerly, was one who believed in the doctrine of Spiritualism; that is, in any system of spiritual philosophy, as opposed to Materialism—like those of Berkley and Fichte, chiefly speculative in character. But more modernly the term has come to signify also, according to Worcester, "he believes in the doctrine that the spirits of the dead hold communication with men;" or, according to Webster, "one who believes in direct intercourse with departed spirits." Neither of these latter definitions, however, is strictly accurate, since, if it be true that spirits communicate, it is manifest that they are neither "dead" nor "departed" from our world. It would be more exact to say, "One who believes, or knows, that communication with excommunicated spirits is possible and actual." This necessarily includes several postulates, namely, (1) that man is in reality a spirit, or a spiritual being; (2) that he is capable, as a spirit, of surviving the death of his physical body, and (3) of living on as a conscious entity, (4) in a world or state which, though invisible, is not far removed from our mundane existence.

Thus it will be seen that, as the term is modernly used, Spiritualism involves simply a question of fact, provable by sensible and rational evidence, like the facts of astronomy, of chemistry, or of telegraphy; and a Spiritualist in this sense is one who has become convinced of this fact, aside from and independent of religious belief, theological dogmas, or moral codes of any description. It is true, however, that the subject is so

closely related to both religion and morals, that a conviction of this one basic fact, with the new knowledge and fresh influx of thought that are apt to come with it, is likely to result in some modification—at least, expansion—of previous religious conceptions, and perhaps ethical notions also, depending much upon the nature of the views antecedently entertained. And it is somewhat common for nondiscriminating minds, even among avowed Spiritualists as well as their opponents, to regard as essential parts of Spiritualism the particular theories or views they as individuals have come to entertain, whether religious or anti-religious, theistic or atheistic, rational or irrational, refined and spiritual, or crude and gross. Opponents are specially liable to make this mistake, particularly as regards anything which appears to them objectionable and offensive. But candid inquirers who may read these pages will please note that to be a Spiritualist, in the authorized modern sense of the term, means no more than merely to be a believer in the reality of communion with the so-called "dead" or more correctly, with excommunicated human beings. It does not necessarily imply adhesion to what some one has rightly termed "that compound of atheism, agnosticism, irreligion and blatant individualism" (to which might sometimes be added sensualism) which is frequently, but erroneously, called "Spiritualism." Beyond the simple fact of recognized spirit-communication, all theories of religion, all doctrines of theology, all questions about the existence of God, the Devil, Christ, the Bible, creation, salvation, atonement, reincarnation, the condition and destiny of spirits, etc., and all debatable questions in morals, are matters of distinct or after inquiry, regarding which Spiritualists are no more fully at one than are other people. Each independent thinker has his own opinions, depending much upon his previous status, his capability for dealing with such subjects, as well as his predilections and the consequent grade or department of the vast environs of Spirit-world with which he is most closely *en rapport*.

It should be added, however, on this point that since the word "spiritual," in its ordinary significance, designates "that which pertains to spirit," "separated from things of sense," refined, "pure, holy, divine," etc. (see lexicographers), it is plainly incongruous and improper to apply it to any notions or practices of a gross, unspiritual, or sensualistic character. Mere believers in spirits, and their doings, who are chiefly engrossed with marvels and eager for startling novelties, or who mainly occupy themselves with the phenomenal and scientific aspects of the matter, irrespective of and indifferent to any morally refining and uplifting tendency it may contribute—of both which classes there may be large numbers—are more properly designated as "Spiritists," and their belief and practice "Spiritism." They and I lack the element designated by the particle "na."

The term "Spiritualist," then, properly pertains only to such persons as, in addition to a recognition of spirit-existence, presence, and communion, hold to doctrines of an elevating, refining, spiritualizing tendency, and aspire to exemplify these in thought and life, seeking to make spirit-communication contribute to that high end. Such aspiration establishes a tendency to look beneath the surfaces of things—to inquire into causes, hidden meanings, and realities—to interpret all systems of religion, philosophy, and morals according to the spirit rather than the letter, and to view the universe from the standpoint of the spirit instead of that of matter.

In the comprehensive sense thus defined, I avow myself a Spiritualist, and now am prepared to state intelligibly and explicitly why I am one:

1. It is because for more than thirty-five years I have enjoyed the privilege of conversing, more or less freely and frequently, and in the privacy of my own family, with beings (invisible to myself) claiming to be excommunicated human spirits—many of them relatives and personal friends well known in their earthly lives—and who have given conclusive evidence of being what they claim to be.

2. Because, through this intercourse and the demonstrations and experiences that have accompanied it, I have been led to certain conceptions of the universe,—material and spiritual,—of Deity and the Divine Providence,—of the Spirit-world and its relations to this,—of man, his duty and destiny,—in fact, of all which is embraced in the domains of religion, philosophy, and ethics—which are to my view not only eminently rational, but expanding, uplifting, spiritualizing and soul-satisfying beyond anything and everything I have been able to gain from any and all other sources.

In order to justify the first branch of this answer, it is necessary to make some statement of the facts or evidences which have proved to me the reality of spirit intercourse; but in the brief space at my disposal no extended recital of what has covered so many years can be attempted. No, perhaps, would it be of much use, since it is not possible to convey in cold print, to readers who are inexperienced and skeptical in such matters, any adequate idea of the force of evidence, whether of distinct personality or of personal identity, which attends a free conversation and interchange of thought between friends. No outside person can be a competent judge in such matters. Let it be noted that I am stating why I am a Spiritualist—not giving proofs that should make others

such. It is desirable that, in so important a matter, all persons should witness and know for themselves, and then their faith will stand on no uncertain ground. I am confident that no sane mind, meeting with similar proofs, or even a tithe of them, could avoid the same conclusions with myself; yet my convictions should not answer for another.

But it may not be out of place to briefly mention some of the steps by which my present convictions were arrived at, with indications of the nature of the evidence on which they rest, and the quality of the "angelic ministrations" enjoyed.

I was born and reared under the influence of New England puritanism of the most rigid type, as it prevailed three-score years ago, and at an early age accepted the faith of my fathers in a general way, becoming a member of an orthodox Congregationalist Church, and actively devoting myself to the work of the church. My mind was so constituted, however, that I could accept no dogma or duty until I could see what appeared to me a rational basis for it. The creed of the particular church with which I united happened to be, as I afterwards found, of an unusually liberal type, having been greatly modified from the old standards under the influence of a pastor more noted for practical good sense than for sectarian zeal, and I was not long in finding that I held many of the doctrines of the sect in a sense peculiar to myself, while others I was either unable to accept at all, or gradually repudiated.

As to belief in a future life, this had been taken for granted, mainly on the force of early education and as a part of the current Christian doctrine; but as I grew older and came in contact with intelligent people who were skeptical regarding existence after death, I often wondered at the panacity of positive evidence on the subject, though I do not remember to have seriously doubted it for myself. But it seemed to me that if all human beings who have lived actually continue to live as conscious beings, there ought to be some available proof of it in addition to the evidence found in the Bible records more than eighteen hundred years old. If spirits and angels could once visit earth, why should they not now? Consequently, all accounts which came in my way of supposed manifestations from the invisible world, or of visions of it or its inhabitants at the approach of death, etc., were read and pondered with eager interest. But few such accounts fell in my way, and none were very satisfactory, especially in view of the prevalent skepticism with which all such matters were regarded in the church as in "the world." I then knew next to nothing of the mass of evidence bearing on this subject which has accumulated through all history, and in all nations which have a literature, but which has been discredited and largely suppressed by the materialistic tendencies of modern times.

When, in 1848, the startling announcement went abroad that, at Hydesville and Rochester, N. Y., an invisible intelligence, claiming to be a human spirit, had found means of communicating by signals from the silent world, the statement caused a thrill of hope that it might prove true, but when I learned that the revelations made regarding the nature and conditions of the after-life did not accord with the notions I had been taught, I naturally concluded that the mysterious "rappers," if a spirit at all, must be an "evil and seducing" one.

Some months later the strange "rappings" broke out in Boston, where I then resided. An intelligent gentleman, with whom I was associated in employment, and whom I highly esteemed, informed me that they were occurring in the family of one of his neighbors, the "mediums" being a woman in humble station, but of simple and honest character, with her young daughter. Day after day my friend brought me statements of what he witnessed and messages which he received in interviews with this family; and I soon saw that he was not only becoming thoroughly convinced of the spirit origin of the phenomena and messages, but to my dismay, was being, as I feared, dangerously misled as to religious opinions. I felt that in some way he must be the victim of a delusion, but saw that the only way to rescue him was to go with him, find out the trick, and expose it to himself. Accordingly I accepted his invitation to accompany him to an interview.

Suffice it to say, that I soon found my friend had strong reasons for his belief in the spirit origin of these novel phenomena, and, instead of being able to rescue him from a shallow delusion, I was myself face to face with a problem which demanded intelligent and courageous solution. There was evident intelligence behind the mysterious raps, and I had at least one proof that it was not altogether evil disposed.

But opportunities to personally pursue the inquiry under favorable circumstances were then few, and I was in no haste. Reading and pondering everything which came in my way relating to the matter, in the light of my previous education, the theory that "evil and seducing spirits" were seeking through this novel method to mislead humanity, seemed the most probable explanation. But I was not wholly satisfied with this solution. Might not my ideas of the conditions of supposed "departed" spirits be mistaken? All I had been able to learn on the subject from the Bible and from my religious teachers was confessedly vague and unsatisfactory. Some of the new views presented seemed at least rational and worthy

to be true. I could not come to a decision without further knowledge.

At length an opportunity offered to visit the well-known Mrs. Hayden, in whose presence the demonstrations were much more pronounced. She was an entire stranger to me, but her personal integrity was strongly vouched for by friends. At her table, taking every precaution against imposition, I was greeted by an intelligence claiming to be my father (then twenty years deceased), who stated several particulars regarding himself, which were known to me, and one, as to the cause of his death, which was unknown (but which I subsequently learned was doubtless correct). Till then I had held a sort of vague notion that any facts communicated in this way might be in some way picked out of one's mind, perhaps by clairvoyance or mind-reading on the medium's part, or by crafty invisible beings, and by some occult process told by the "raps." But this theory would no longer serve.

The sounds then indicated an urgent desire to communicate further to me, and using the alphabet and pencil in the customary way, I was astonished to see a spontaneous message grow letter by letter on the paper before me, not only glowing with parental affection, but breathing an exalted religious tone, and which seemed eminently characteristic and worthy of my father, from whom it claimed to come. It differed from anything I had before seen or heard of from this source, the communications usually being meager answers to questions, or of a frivolous and sometimes offensively irreverent character.

Why should I not accept this message as from my revered parent? The proof of extra-mundane intelligence, in this as in other cases, seemed incontrovertible. Yet the possibility and danger of being deceived by crafty and designing beings—or by a being of "fathomless intellect and fathomless guile," as a prominent clerical writer had phrased it—had been so strongly impressed on my mind that I hesitated long. It was urged that "Satan himself can be seemingly transformed into an angel of light." But why, I thought, should "evil and seducing spirits" alone be allowed access to humanity, while loving parents, friends, and holy beings are shut away? It seemed incredible that it should be so. The same Bible which warned against deceivers taught also that "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," and that "ministering spirits" are sent forth to minister to them which shall be heirs of salvation; and it enjoined that we "try the spirits whether they be of God," plainly implying that the latter class may be as in the world.

I then knew next to nothing of the mass of evidence bearing on this subject which has accumulated through all history, and in all nations which have a literature, but which has been discredited and largely suppressed by the materialistic tendencies of modern times.

Instead, then, of cowardly shrinking from any contact with these denizens of the invisible world, or from any inquiry regarding them, as I found my fellow Christians generally disposed to do, it seemed plainly my duty to qualify myself to discriminate between them, and, clad in the panoply of conscious rectitude, guided by supreme love of truth and purity of aspiration, boldly to meet these messengers claiming audience from the invisible realm, test their quality and purposes, and avail myself of any good they might peradventure bring. And it seemed just, also, that the test applied to determine their character should not be merely avowed belief in doctrines popularly esteemed "orthodox"—since it is easy for deceivers to profess any belief—but rather, practical fruits, and the obvious tendencies of their influence and teachings.

It was not long after determining on the duty of hospitality to these visitors from the unseen shore, that their presence began to be manifested in my own home, through the instrumentality of a member of my own family, and in hours of quiet seclusion. They made their presence known in various but unmistakable ways. One notable early occurrence was as follows: In consequence of a severe and painful illness, my companion was at one time brought, as it seemed, very near to death's door. One evening, on my leaving her to get a little rest, she bade me adieu, hardly expecting to survive the night. Soon afterwards she felt herself leaving the body and soaring above it, gazing back upon it as it lay upon the couch; then she was seemingly wafted upward, passing through what appeared to be an atmosphere of undulating music, and was ushered through an illuminated portal into a vast amphitheatre, in which were assembled what seemed "an innumerable company of angels," who broke forth into a chant of greeting. Among these she was soon recognized and greeted by relatives and friends who had "gone before" her own father, bringing a tiny babe she had lost some years previously, being among the number. One was brought to her and introduced as my father, whom she had never seen in this life, and she was able to give me afterwards a singularly correct description of his person as she saw him. During the interview which followed, and which may have lasted some hours—as the nurse fell asleep, and there was no one to take note of time—she witnessed and was told many things of great interest and instruction, tending to solve problems which had long perplexed her own mind and mine, but which cannot be here recounted. At length she was apprised

that she must return to her body, but was very reluctant to do so, as she seemed happily escaped from all the ills and sufferings of earth. She was reminded that there were important duties remaining for her to perform on earth, and when these were accomplished this heavenly home would await her. The thought of her family and her infant babe reconciled her to a return, and she seemed to pass back over the same route by which she had ascended. She found herself again in the body, but to her surprise and delight, the pain and disease had wholly disappeared, and she quickly regained her wonted strength and health. But the power of passing into the spiritual state (that is, the state of quickened or opened spiritual perceptions, in which spirit-beings are seen and heard) had remained ever since, and can be exercised partially at will, provided no untoward influence interferes.

That this experience was no ordinary purposeless dream no argument is needed to show, and that the spirit sight and hearing, or clairvoyance and clairaudience, which have followed are not an abnormal or diseased action of the faculties, as some may suppose,—although first coming into activity as a result of severe suffering,—is evidenced by the fact that a good degree of health is found requisite for their exercise,—the best health for their best use. Years of experience have tested their reality and taught something of the laws of their exercise.

To complete my narrative: The spirit claiming to be my father afterwards manifested great persistency in efforts to satisfy all my doubts regarding his personality. Gradually he, and apparently others, acquired power to control (or permission) my companion's hand to write without volition on the paper before her; also to control her vocal organs, to speak and converse—she retaining complete consciousness the while, and aware that the writing and the speech were not hers but from another person who was ordinarily seen and recognized by her on approach. Such was my skepticism, however, that months elapsed before accumulating evidence compelled me to confess my full satisfaction. When, at length, I conceded my doubts removed, my father, addressing me through the vocal organs of my wife, used substantially the following impressive language:

"My son, I have been thus persistent in my endeavors to satisfy you of my identity, for an important purpose. It has not been to gratify curiosity, or to astonish you with marvels, but to bring you valuable instruction. When I was in the body, I taught you the lessons of religion and of rectitude, to the best of my knowledge. But after entering the world of spirits I soon became aware that I was mistaken in regard to many things. Clever light has dawned upon me, and I have been anxious to impart it to you and my other children. I have constantly exercised a guardian care over you, and have found your mind susceptible to my influence. I have guided you in many things, unconsciously to yourself; and now that you recognize my presence, I can approach you more nearly and aid you more effectively."

He then invited me to come to him freely with questions and doubts, as I would if he were in the body, and he would do his best to help to a solution. Naturally, a very free intercourse followed, as opportunities presented, and much that was new, interesting, and seemingly valuable, was obtained. Ere long, however, on my applying to him for light on some difficult problem which had arisen in my mind, he surprised me by saying:

"Let me advise you, my son, when you want wisdom on any important matter, to apply to the Great Fount of Wisdom and leave Him to send it by whomsoever He will. You have been accustomed to call upon me and by so doing you establish a mental rap, port with me which shuts out others. Now there are hosts in this sphere who are vastly wiser than I am, in comparison with whom I am but a child in attainments. It is better not to call upon persons, but to open your mind in pure aspiration to the Infinite, and the answer will be sent through the channel best adapted to minister to you."

This advice seemed so eminently wise and proper that it has been substantially acted upon ever since, and the results have been most satisfying. Rarely are individual spirits called upon for any purpose (even though the less advanced often request that it be done), but seldom an opportunity of suitable quiet and seclusion occurs that some one or more of these celestial visitors do not make their presence known and impart some message of interest, affection, or instruction—some gift of spiritual illumination, or some accession of physical vigor and health according to the needs and exigencies of the hour.

The opening of the spiritual senses spoken of (clairvoyance and clairaudience) has been attended by the development of an acute perception, or power to distinguish the auras or atmospheres of different persons—spirits as well as mortals—thus giving an instant and intimate knowledge of their real qualities and characters (psychometry). This appears to be a sufficient safe-ground against the approach or subtle influence of the evil disposed, or of deceivers professing to be what they are not. The visitors referred to are not always seen, the clairvoyant power not being at all times in activity; but they are always felt, and thus their quality is known. Old friends and acquaintances, of course, are readily recognized, and are often among our visitors; sometimes strangers give

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
A PHENOMENAL COURTSHIP.

I was a widow and lived happily and independently with my relatives and friends. I was one day very busily engaged on some important work which required steady application, and which I wished to accomplish at a certain time. I was in perfect health, with no anxiety of mind.

I finally began to feel very tired, and wondered at it, for neither the nature of the work nor the time of day could be regarded as the cause. This feeling of excessive fatigue increased until I could endure it no longer. I went to my room and laid down. I had no sooner touched the bed when I saw myself standing about ten feet away, the back of my apparent self toward me. I noticed the manner in which the hair was dressed. I also noticed the dress, which was mine, but not that which I wore at the time. On the head fluttered a beautiful live bird. The atmosphere was a little hazy and luminous with many colors. Then a number of birds fluttered around the apparition and sailed gracefully to the floor, and laid there as so many letters addressed to me. The vision vanished and I arose from the bed completely refreshed; in fact, I had an exaltation of mind and spirits, such as one feels in perfect health. It seemed to me that I had no more than touched the bed when the vision came and went. I was right, for my friend who knew I had gone to lie down was surprised to see me so soon, and said that I had only time to go to my room and return.

This happened in the afternoon. In the afternoon mail I received a letter from a man fifty miles away, whose wife had passed to spirit life about a year previous. I was only slightly acquainted with him. My correspondent, Mr. S., mentioned his bereavement, and expressed his hopes and belief concerning immortality, and wished to correspond with me in reference to liberal religion and the spiritualistic theories. Knowing no good reason why I should not correspond with him, I agreed to do so. I replied to his questions as well as I could. He did not agree with me, and tried to controvert my views.

One day I sat with a piece of work in my hand, a dress for myself. I wished to get it done and wear it to church the next Sunday, so was busily engaged. My friend had gone out to sit an hour with a lady across the way, hence I was alone. I began to feel tired and stupid. The feeling increased, then decreased, and again came on. I tried to overcome it and keep at my work. I forgot how to do the simplest thing. My work slipped out of my fingers onto the floor. I would arouse and go at it again. This went on for half an hour, perhaps. My children came home from school, and I sent my little girl to tell my friend to come home immediately for something was the matter with me. I could not remember well. She came directly; so did my gentle correspondent. I felt very strangely as he took me by the hand, but the spell left me soon, and I was in my usual condition. Then said Mr. S., "When I was about two miles back I thought I would try an experiment on you, and see if I could make you think of me, and that I was coming to see you. You did not know I was coming, so it was a good chance to see if one person's will can affect another at a distance. Now, did you think of me, or that I was coming to see you?"

There, thought I, he induced my curious state of mind, and in some way was the cause of my seeing the apparition, as related above. I instantly felt a spirit of resentment, and warned my friend not to tell what she was about to; that is, my strange feeling just before he arrived. I was very happy to tell him I had not thought of him at the time, and had not the least idea that he was coming, which was true. I had thought only of my work, and was too stupid to think of that as I ought. I did not let him know but that his effort was an entire failure.

Mr. S. made us a pleasant visit, and said good-by. He wrote me other letters, and went to my mother, and some how got her good will. She wrote to me saying, "You have an ardent admirer in Mr. S., and asked me if I would marry him, and requested me to come home on a visit."

One night about this time, just as I had got into bed, I saw my sister who lived twenty miles away standing at the head of my bed. I must have seen her through the back of my head; for I could not have seen her in that direction with my eyes. She looked intently at me, and said, "What are you going to marry S. for? You shall not do it." I had seen this sister's apparition at other times in my life, so was not disturbed, only I felt that my family were becoming concerned in my affairs, and there was to be a variety of opinions and conflicting sentiments. I felt vexed, too, and thought I should do as I pleased. I was to go to my mother's on a visit. I thought I would avoid seeing this sister who spoke to me in the vision, so I passed her house without stopping. I had another sister living on the route and called on her. It happened that the sister of the vision was there, much to my surprise. She greeted me pleasantly, and said "Let me assist you," and took hold of my bonnet strings and untied them with a jerk, looking at me quite spitefully, saying, "What are you going to marry S. for? You shall not do it." We parted good friends, of course, for she meant to take good care of me.

While at my mother's one day in the parlor in company with Mr. S. and others, we were having a long talk on the mysterious subjects of Spiritualism and magnetism. All wished to know more and more of them.

From various things my mother had said of me, Mr. S. and others were anxious that I should be magnetized. I remembered my curious experience as herein related, and felt unwilling to be a subject. Mr. S. said that he had proved many times to his own and others' satisfaction that he had the gift of mesmerizing. He once had a very good subject in a boy, whom he could send where he liked, and his reports of what he saw were true. I began to be very tired. I arose and began walking across the room and back again, with my hands clasped behind me, and once when I went toward the end of the room where Mr. S. was standing, he said quite low to me, "I have an impression concerning you," and asked me if I would tell if it were true. I was interested, for I had become tired, and had just seen my two arms go out in front of me towards him. They were a little dusky, and not clothed, and went several feet further than I could reach. It was a true apparition of my own hands and arms. I promised to tell truly if his impression was correct. "Well," he said, "as you came this way you had an impulse to put your arms around my neck, but, of course, you would not give up to it."

I replied, "Such a thought has not entered my mind. I have had no such impulse."

This was true. I did not tell him of the apparition of my hands and arms. I felt that he was the cause of it, although I could not tell how. He thought his impression was a false one, and so it was as far as I had any thing to do with it.

One night while on this visit to my moth-

er's, I had a half waking dream of seeing this man's former wife and talking with her. She said she had lost something, and she thought I had found it. I thought it must be a pocket book with her money in it. She grieved over it and I said if I could find it I would restore it to her, and she was satisfied. I was uneasy to think I was in any way mixed with her affairs. Then while his wife was with me, it seemed that Mr. S. floated into the window with a looking glass in his arms and hung it on the wall and asked me how I liked it. I saw a flaw at the lower end of the glass, and the frame was not to my liking. I said, "I will not have it and you must take it away." The next morning I went into a room and turned to look into a glass I had never seen before. It happened to be cracked across the middle. I saw my face in each piece and I felt sick instantly. I thought of my dream, and made up my mind to go to my own home and never allow Mr. S. to write to me again. We had never agreed in our views, and there was too much of this disturbing influence.

I had been home some weeks and had received letters which I did not answer. Others I answered but only in a way to make matters more unpleasant. I had received a visit from a mutual friend in his behalf, and at last thought I was through with that dispensation, but it seems I was not.

A lady sent for me one morning saying, "I have a nervous headache and wish you to stay with me a while." When there I sat on the side of her bed and put my hand on her head. While in this position, and without the least thought of Mr. S., I saw him sitting in a chair not three feet away, and there was my own apparition, too, sitting on his knee, and both his arms around it. You may laugh at me for telling this, but I do not care, if you can tell me the law governing such appearances. I told this to the lady I was with, but she could not see anything. We were intimate friends and talked freely on these various subjects. She said, "Why don't you marry that man. See what a beautiful harmony there must be between you when even your souls can meet in space and embrace." I replied, "I have no sympathy with him; there is no harmony between us intellectually; we never agree. He makes me tired to death."

"Well, then, explain," she said, "how it is that such manifestations as this and other cases take place between you?" I replied, "I cannot, nor can you." I repeated, "Did he not say to you once that it was revealed to him that you and he were so constituted that whatever might transpire to separate you in this world, you would still be his spiritual companion in this world and the next?"

I answered her that he had, and I told him of a case of which we both knew, where a lady had been told by four different men that they had each just such a revelation. I believed it did not require a harmony of minds for such effects.

I will only add that Mr. S. soon found compensation and consolation by marrying another lady. Then I had no more of those tired disturbing influences which had lasted from May until October. If I was to blame for any of these things I am sure I was sufficiently punished. You know who I am, and can vouch for my veracity, I think. To your readers my identity must remain.

UNKNOWN.

CREATIVE LIBERALISM.

FRANCIS E. ABBOT, PH. D.

In its relation to religion, the century now drawing to its close is emphatically the Age of Agnosticism. All the leaders of its characteristic thought have more or less consciously, more or less completely, broken with Christianity—that is, broken with that venerable theory of the universe for which the Christian theology and the Christian church have definitely stood for nearly two thousand years. But these leaders are paralyzed when it comes to constructive thought.

They have no other theory of the universe to propose; they aim at none; they agree, if they agree on anything, that no theory of the universe is possible.

What is known as the "philosophy of evolution" certainly so far as its great champions and expounders are concerned, strictly limits itself to a mere knowledge of "phenomena," and strictly denies all possible knowledge of "noumena"; it formulates a mode of happening, a uniformity of process, a law of co-existence and sequence, but claims to demonstrate the impossibility of comprehending ultimate causes, or of arriving at any theory of the universe as an intelligible unity. Whether the phenomenal universe is the product of intelligence or of unintelligence,—whether the human being is a creative first cause or a mere link in an endless and eternal chain of effects, and whether his conscious existence ceases at death or continues beyond the grave,—all these vital questions, fundamental to any real theory of the universe, it declares to be necessarily and absolutely unanswerable.

God, Freedom, and Immortality, the supreme interests of human thought and human life alike,—these, to the evolution-philosophy in its present form, are insoluble problems, the eternal rock-barriers of the ever restless ocean of human speculation. Every form of the evolution-philosophy which is founded on "the Unknown" is founded on agnosticism, or denial of the possibility of any comprehensive theory of the universe; and agnosticism is the prevalent philosophy of liberalism in the nineteenth century.

This statement needs no proof, for it simply records a fact of observation, patent to every onlooker. A single significant illustration.

The two most successful novels of the past summer hinge on the conflict between traditional Christianity and modern liberalism. "Robert Elsmere" and in "John Ward, Preacher," portraits are painted of the modern liberal, as seen by keen-eyed observers; and in each case the liberal is an agnostic.

Says Robert Elsmere, only a few days before his death: "I often lie here, Flaxman, wondering at the way in which men become the slaves of some metaphysical word—*personality*, or *intelligence*, or what not! What meaning can they have as applied to God?" Herbert Spencer is quite right. We no sooner attempt to define what we mean by a personal God than we lose ourselves in labyrinths of language and logic. But why attempt it at all? I like that French saying: "Quand on me demande ce que c'est que Dieu, je l'ignore; quand on ne me le demande pas, je le sais très bien!" No, we cannot realize Him in words—we can only live in Him, and die to Him!"

Helen Ward expresses no less clearly the same bewilderment and defeat of thought:

"But, after all, this question of eternal punishment is such a little thing, so on the outside of the great puzzle! One goes in, and in: Why is sin, which is its own punishment, in the world at all? What does it all mean, anyhow? Where is God, and why does He let us suffer here, with no certainty of a life

hereafter? Why does He make love and death in the same world? Oh, that is so cruel,—love and death together! Is He at all? Those are the things, it seems to me, one has to think about. But why do I go over it all? We can't get away from it, can we?" And again: "To some of us God is only another name for the power of good,—or, one might as well say force, and that is blind and impersonal; there is nothing comforting or tender in the thought of force. How do you suppose the conviction of the personality of God is reached?" And once again, when, after the death of her beloved husband, a friend tries to comfort her by saying—"It is so much happier now; he must see so clearly; and the old grief is lost in joy"—Helen answered wearily: "No, you must not say those things to me. I cannot feel them. I am glad he has no pain; in an eternal sleep there is at least no pain. But I must just wait my life out, Gifford. I cannot hope; I dare not. I could not go on living, if I thought he were living somewhere, and needing me. No, it is ended. I have had my life."

The deep pathos of these two noble works of fiction, far truer to life as it is than many so-called biographies, lies in the remorseless fidelity with which, perhaps unconsciously and unintentionally, they expose the intellectual beggarliness of liberalism in its present unfledged state. Such dearth of great ideas, such piteous poverty of comprehension, as is exhibited in the mental condition of these two typical liberals, simply shows that liberalism, so far as it claims to be the custodian of high truth, is to-day infinitely inferior to the Christian mythology which it has displaced. Periods of revolution are doubtless necessary, but only by way of transition to periods of higher construction; and, if liberalism could by any possibility fall permanently into the arrested development of agnosticism, it would be no heir of the future. Robert Elsmere and Helen Ward, lovely and noble as personal characters, represent, as agnostic thinkers, the lowest and crudest, because the least intellectual, type of liberalism. It is an awful tragedy of the human soul, when its holiest affections and impulses and aspirations, guided no longer by the ancient superstitions which, in whatever coarse and prickly envelope, contained nevertheless most precious thoughts, are bereft of all other guidance, gasping for life in the exhausted receiver of mere vacuity of thought.

This merely negative attitude of mind, this emptiness of all positive ideas respecting the supreme problems which man is set to solve, is indeed the present characteristic of liberalism, but only because liberalism is at the very beginning of its career. Agnosticism, in itself considered, is nothing but intellectual bewilderment, confusion of thought, a merely temporary defeat and despair of human reason in the presence of questions which it has not yet learned how to answer. When liberalism once comes to understand itself,—when it once discovers how to go to work, how to handle these questions, how to synthesize the facts and laws which modern science has established beyond reasonable doubt,—then it will see its way clear to a theory of the universe founded upon modern knowledge, and will no longer fancy its mission to mankind discharged by merely overthrowing a theory of the universe founded upon ancient superstition. The era of constructive or creative liberalism is fated to come; and what it will create is necessarily a new theory of the universe, without which no religious movement can live. The real moral of "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher," has been as yet drawn by no one; the real lesson of the helpless and hopeless liberalism they too justly depict is deeper than any of the critics have as yet perceived. Briefly put, it is this: men must either learn to think more profoundly, or else unlearn to feel.

That is the dilemma to which agnosticism reduces the human spirit. If all knowledge of God, Freedom, and Immortality is impossible to man, the only escape from intolerable anguish, in the constant presence of pain and death, must lie in a stoical suppression of the power to feel—in a desperate resolve to think and feel no more, but to extinguish all deep thought and all high feeling through frantic self-absorption in the soulless details of life. Yet what an impossible escape! In every noble nature, deep thought and high feeling have become a necessity; the only possible escape for such lies in deeper thought and higher feeling. Here is revealed the supreme duty of modern liberalism to press resolutely forward, away from agnosticism, to a positive, scientific, all-comprehensive theory of the universe. It is infinitely false that such a theory is unattainable. The agnosticism which professes to prove its unattainability is nothing but one of two things either intellectual imbecility or intellectual cowardice. The one unpardonable sin of the intellect is to despair of itself. Liberalism has always stood for freedom—freedom from dogma and freedom from ecclesiastical control. Well and good: let it always stand for that! But now it must stand for truth as well, and for the power of human reason to attain the truth. To liberalism alone can poor humanity, losing day by day its hold upon the Christian theory of the universe, look for a new theory that may guide its thought and life. The paramount duty of process, a law of co-existence and sequence, but claims to demonstrate the impossibility of comprehending ultimate causes, or of arriving at any theory of the universe as an intelligible unity. Whether the phenomenal universe is the product of intelligence or of unintelligence,—whether the human being is a creative first cause or a mere link in an endless and eternal chain of effects, and whether his conscious existence ceases at death or continues beyond the grave,—all these vital questions, fundamental to any real theory of the universe, it declares to be necessarily and absolutely unanswerable.

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PROF. SWING APPRECIATED.

Open Letter from Mr. Giles B. Stebbins.

PROF. DAVID SWING—*My Friend*: Opening the Christmas number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, my eye fell first on your article on the first page—"The Argument for Sympathy between Spiritualists by Faith and Spiritualists by Knowledge," and my first impulse was to write you a private letter, but a sober second thought led to this mode of reaching you, and others also. I thank you for your timely and needed word, well said, in good faith and spirit. Such sympathy gains and grows, as it should. It has been hindered by lack of appreciation on both sides. Sometimes the Spiritualists by knowledge underrate the rich interior life, the inspiring and intuitive faith of those who have not actual knowledge of the immortal life and the real presence of their ascended friends, and think those rich in such faith farther away, in a colder and darker region, and more estranged than they are.

Sometimes those rich in faith fail to appreciate or respect what is to others real knowledge, fail to feel the high import of such knowledge, if it be indeed real. Thus those who are near each other touching the things of the spirit are kept apart.

To illustrate this growth of sympathy: I stepped, last summer into a group of Spiritualists by knowledge, in a noble grove, and found them listening with great interest and making appreciative comments on the reading of one of Emerson's essays. The Con-

cord seer was a spiritual philosopher, his thought was akin to theirs and hence they enjoyed it, yet he had no knowledge that satisfied him, although he looked at modern Spiritualism with growing respect in his riper years. It is wise for those you would bring into unity of spirit to understand each other. The Spiritualists by knowledge must appreciate the truth and power of intuitive faith in the immortal life,—that truth of the soul older and deeper than all external science; the Spiritualists by faith need to see that to "add to our faith knowledge" does not weaken, but intensifies and emphasizes that faith. "The touch of vanished hand" any token that our beloved reach us from beyond that birth which we call death floods heart and soul with "the light that never was on land or sea," and the hour of illumination never fades from our thought, its blessed memory is ever a guide to our upward faith. Precious is knowledge, precious also is faith; let each help the other.

In our day as the old dogmas fade, there is really but one deep dividing line in our thinking really; the things which are seen are temporal; the things which are unseen are eternal; the unseen shapes and rules the seen; mind is "in all and over all and through all forever;" man is made to live and not to die; only the earthly body dies, the celestial body serving the immortal spirit in the higher life,—these are the foundations of spiritual thought and philosophy and of natural religion. All we can know of man's inner life and infinite relations adds light and strength to these thoughts.

That matter is king; mind but an effluence from the body, to end, of course, with the decay of its source; that Deity and immortality are superfluous and fanciful, are the materialistic conclusions. Surely there should be fair and appreciative interchange of knowledge and faith between all spiritual thinkers, and narrowness or prejudice should be put aside. "Light more light" was the word of Goethe as earthly light faded and the first gleam of heavenly light was seen at his last moments here below, and his utterances at that supreme hour come home to us all.

Again I thank you for your timely words. I might well thank a score of others who have so well helped to fill that admirable Christmas issue. All have written golden words with that frank and earnest sincerity without which fine language is of no moment. The JOURNAL's hospitality to such sincerity makes it valuable to all thinking men and women. Truly yours,

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 28th, 1888.

for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Positive Proof—No Proof—Doubtful

PROOF.

GEO. H. JONES.

Mourning friends were around the bed waiting for the angel of Death, who neglected to come. Through the sluggish veins the vital force of life once more struggled for supremacy. Hark! She speaks louder and still louder. The impatient voice expresses words which fail to convey an intelligent meaning to the anxious watchers. "Paper and pencil?" No mistaking the meaning of that call. "Get it at the apothecary." The apothecary could not read the prescription. It was then taken to a German doctor who recognized his native language, and put up the medicine in accordance with the prescription which had been written by the invalid in a language of which she knew nothing. It was her first experience of anything of a spiritual nature, other than that she had obtained from religious teachings. This is positive proof of an intelligence, humane in its character, outside of, and separate from, humanity, manifesting its wants by writing in a language unknown to any person present. Now comes No Proof:

"I would like very much to have you go with me this evening to a children's Christmas Tree Festival," a friend said to me one evening. On our arrival there we found about seventy-five ladies and gentlemen waiting. "Why do not the children come? What can it be that detains them so long, I wonder?" "They are here," my friend said to me. "This entertainment is for the amusement of poor children in the Spirit-world, who can enjoy it as much as mortal children could were they here."

"What is that, you are saying? I do not understand you."

"This is gathering of Spiritualists. I should have told you so before leaving home. Excuse me, won't you? I was so very anxious to have you here. I feared you would not come if I told you all."

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ture the light and love of heaven, opening to it the realms of limitless glory.

Spiritualism knows no distinction beyond the capabilities with which you are possessed. Its variances are but the legitimate outpourings of the successive commotions and party bickerings that have rent in twain the highest hopes and the best interests of one common humanity vested in one God.

We came not to enforce any peculiar right or inherited opinions. No! 'Tis only that man may prove true to himself, to his God and his fellows.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNLERWOOD.

Matter relating to this department should be sent to Mrs. Underwood, 86 South Page St., Chicago.

PROGRESS OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT IN 1888.

Women have no cause to remember with regret the year just ended. On the contrary they have good reason to mark the year 1888 with a little pile of white stones if every step forward made during that year were to be marked with one. Though we may not be able to point to any one great victory, yet we have gained many a cog of vantage, and it has been a year of steady growth by increase of numbers and strength of position. Woman's progress has not been confined to narrow areas, it has spread wide as civilization.

At the beginning of a new year we are prone to grow retrospective, to count the gains as well as the losses of the twelve-month past. Let us, then, now give ourselves new courage for the work of the coming year by briefly summing up some of the gains of the year just gone.

The gathering of the grand International Council of Women at Washington early in the year, marked a new era for women, and has been already rich in results, two only of which I stop to mention: the impetus it gave to organization for work, and discussion among women, and the opportunity it afforded for bringing women of different nationalities, creeds, and even race, face to face with each other and uniting them in one common bond of sympathetic interest and work for the elevation and improvement of the condition of their sex everywhere.

The women of England, Scotland, France, Norway, Denmark, Finland, India, and Greece, have been brought *en rapport* with the women of this country through their representatives, Mrs. Chant, Mrs. Dilke, Mrs. Scatcherd, Madame Bogéot, Mrs. Grétry, Mrs. Frederikson, Baroness Gripenberg, the Pundits Ramabai, and Miss Calliope Kachiya, who have all spoken in behalf of the women of their own land, during the past year in the United States. Contact with these women has enlarged the ideas and broadened the education of all American women by teaching them how much unity there may be in diversity.

The year has been rife with public agitation of all sorts of subjects directly or indirectly pertaining to women. Scarcely has there been a day in the year in which the daily papers have not chronicled some meeting, convention, or new organization of women, not only among the suffrage workers, the temperance unions, and literary clubs, but among the working women, the educators, and the colored women. The yielding of its privileges to women by Columbia College, so long obdurate to the prayers of girls anxious for higher education; the agitation of the School Question in Boston and the surprising number of women who voted on that question, with the fact that woman's suffrage has been accounted of sufficient importance to be noted in the next number of Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia, are among the encouraging events of the year in this country. In England the cause has steadily gained substantial friends and adherents among leading men and women. Recently two well known women were elected to serve on the London School Board. The election of women to the County Councils under a loophole in the new law which gives women a right to the county franchise, has been vigorously agitated, the Countess of Aberdeen taking an active part in the movement. An editorial in the Liverpool *Mercury* on the subject concedes that whether women could be so elected under the law or not, the Countess "has made out a strong case in favor of their presence on those boards."

In France recently, the question of equal rights for women, has taken a step forward. M. Ernest Lefèvre and 159 deputies have presented a bill to the Chamber, the object of which is to enable patented tradeswomen to vote at the election of Judge of the Tribunal of Commerce. A woman has for the first time been admitted to the Sorbonne and given the degree of Doctor of Sciences. The Société de France, which includes the most distinguished Archaeologists of Europe has also opened its doors to admit its first woman member, an American woman at that. In Denmark the bill for the equal rights of husbands and wives has been brought forward in the Rigedag. The Danish Woman's Association is earnestly engaged in securing signatures for the petition that municipal suffrage be conferred upon women. In many places women have been chosen on boards of superintendent of institutions for the poor. In Finland the question of admitting women to the universities has made great progress this year, although not yet passed into law.

In Iceland a resolution has been passed by an assemblage of delegates asking the Althing to pass a law to make women who are in an independent condition eligible to the communal or parish councils; to consider how best to secure married woman's rights over their property; and to facilitate as much as possible the admission of women to education in every direction. In Italy woman's suffrage has been agitated, with promise of ultimate success. Ramabai has just set out on her mission work for her sisters in India; and in other countries if we see no immediate prospect of progress, the leaves is nevertheless working, and may result in some definite action in the year now opening. From the encouraging record of 1888, we turn with hearts full of hope to watch and work for the fulfillment of the promise of 1889. A "Happy" year may it prove to all of us, and one of the brightest in the history of woman's advancement.

GYNCEIAN NOTES.

Women have lost a loyal friend, and chivalric defender in the death of Samuel E. Sewall, of Boston, who died in that city, December 20th, aged 89 years. He graduated from Harvard in 1817. He became early interested in reform work, such as anti-slavery, temperance, woman suffrage, etc. He was associated with Garrison on the *Liberator*;

and as a lawyer was counsel in the defense of Sims, Anthony, Burns and other fugitive slaves. He was the author of "The Legal Status of Woman" and other works in behalf of Woman's Suffrage. In appearance he was not at all like the typical reformer, being exceedingly refined in looks, and cultured and gentle in manner. He and his lovely wife, who retains in old age her girlish grace and sweetness, seemed to all who saw them together an ideally harmonious and well-mated couple.

Lord Salisbury, England's Prime Minister, has lately declared himself in favor of Woman Suffrage in an address given before 6,000 people, in the following words: "I earnestly hope the day is not far distant when women also will bear their share in voting for members in the political world and in determining the policy of the country. I can conceive no argument by which they are excluded. It is obvious that they are abundantly fit as many who now possess suffrage, by knowledge, by training, and by character; and their influence is likely to weigh in a direction which, in an age so material as ours, is exceedingly valuable—namely, in the direction of morality and religion." With the heads of both the Tory and Liberal parties in England in favor of woman suffrage, it is evident that it must soon be presented as a government measure.

"The Duchesses," whose Irish stories have won such popularity, is the pseudonym of Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, an Irish lady now living in London. She has been married twice, her first husband, Mr. Angles, being a "ne'er do-well," whose conduct was such as to throw her on her own resources, when she took to novel writing.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Through the Dark Shadows, to the Glory
of the Higher Life.

It was on one of August's brightest days, that death had entered our home. Our darling Angie, so bright, so winning, already becoming my stay and comfort, with her loving and womanly ways, had taken her flight into the unknown country. I had thought up to this time that I had faith in God and a hope in heaven; but from the agonizing prayers of a mother's heart, He had turned away, and in this hour of my bereavement I could not be comforted. My child had gone down to the dark grave,—further I could not see; and although she died in the full belief of a Savior's love and a Savior's power to save, yet to me had come no consolation; the grave seemed the end of all life and I regretted that I had ever been born. Other children had been given me, but they only brought the thought that they, too, must soon pass this terrible ordeal and go hence into the unknown. Often as the days went by, this thought would come to my heart:—If I could only know that some day I could again see her face to face; that I should clasp her to my heart and call her mine,—then I could be content to wait until heaven's gates were opened; but the word came not. When I sat in church listening to the words that should have brought peace to my soul, a mist was before my eyes, and through that mist I always seemed about to behold my child and the words of the white haired old man speaking to us were lost in the hope that I should see her face there beside his own. Under this condition of mind my health broke down, and I only looked forward to the time when I should be released from a life with which all joy had fled.

I pass now to the end of five years of this unhappy life. Three other children had been mine all this time. I knew I loved them just as well as I did the one that was gone, but I never looked into their bright faces but I thought of the absent one.

Again the angel Death had come into our household, and another dear child was gone. After an illness of three days, my eldest daughter—my pearl—went down to this dark river whose further shore I could not see. Long weeks had I been prostrated by sickness. I well remember her last "goodnight." I could see the anguish in her face. She felt that mother would soon be far from her sight and care. She left my bedside, but stopped and looked again, seeming so reluctant to leave me. That last look can never be effaced from my memory. Not even in death was I permitted to look upon her sweet face again, so beautiful and silent, as she lay among the flowers which kind friends had prepared for her burial. I know now that I had come to worship my child for her sweet disposition and care of an invalid mother. I know not how I passed through this great trial, nor why my life was saved—I only know I lived.

It was about this time that we had heard of a wonderful medium few hundred miles distant. There was a hope held out to us, and thither her friends went to know the truth. I must skip a host of interesting details for this article is already too long. Three weeks after her death the father with others, visited this medium, hundreds of miles from home and in a strange city. When they returned I felt that I had received a message direct from heaven. They saw and conversed with my children, with my father and mother, with brothers, sisters and friends. Every one came in the perfect likeness of their own dear selves, and all had a word of cheer for the happy meeting by and by, and a word of sorrow for the sudden rending of earth's ties, the control telling them how Pearl had cried as if her heart would break at the first scame for fear they would go home without coming again. They did go again and again, and the communications from that dear child alone would fill a book. She called them all by name, told them of the death-bed scene, and why it happened; gave the doctor's name who attended her; said that he gave her medicine stronger than she could bear, which we could easily understand, as she had never taken any medicine or very little in her life, and we suppose now that the morphine administered threw her into convulsions which caused her death. She spoke of many things at home which no one but herself could know about; sent loving words to the sick mother and gave good and earnest advice to the father about business. I wish to relate one incident just as it happened. This was at the last séance which they attended, and was two months after the first. She called her father to her and said, "Tell me not to grieve any more for us; to put her care and love upon the two children she has left, for her grief hurts Angie and I in our Spirit home." He said, "Pearl, I do not think she grieves much now, since she is assured of the fact of your continued existence."

"Yes, pa, she does," she replied. "Just the other day she was up stairs looking over my dresses, and coming to my shoes she cried a long time, and it makes us feel badly. Do all you can to cheer her until this bitter pang of separation is over."

He said, "Why, Pearl, you must be mistaken; your mother has not yet been able to go up stairs."

"Why, pa," she replied, "we were there and we know."

This puzzled him very much. There had been no mistake in anything she had said but this, and of which he knew nothing. On arriving at home, almost the first thing to tell me was this incident. "Now," said my husband, "can you explain it?"

It was then that I knew that my children had been with me and had given a sign that I could not gainsay. I had crawled up stairs one day, had knelt before a trunk filled with her clothing, and kneeling there I had felt like one in a dream. I lifted the dresses one by one, I smoothed and caressed them with my hands; there seemed everything there but her own dear self. No tears came to my relief. I seemed turning into stone. Just then I came to the shoes. Who is there of my readers that has lost a friend who has not wept over a shoe? What is there that brings back the dear one any nearer than the shape of those dear willing feet that have been wont to go about on so many errands of love. My child was right before me; and there upon my knees I cried out my sorrow alone. I had told no one of this little episode, and now the word had come to me that they were there and that my grief was hurting them in their spirit home. Since then I have closed my heart as much as possible against the sad separation and only strive to look forward to the glorious meeting that is to come.

This is why I am a Spiritualist to-day; and although my heart has been wrung many times over the shortcomings of some claiming a place with us, although at times I have been ready to deny all connection with a religious sect among whom is found so much to be false, yet I have only to go back to this great trial of my life to renew my covenant, and from which has sprung all the joy that could come through a knowledge of a future existence. Why I could never have the faith without the knowledge I know not; but sure am I that no blind faith could ever have done for me what a communication from the dear lost ones has done.

They are called the "Micah Rood apples," and are of a delicious flavor, snowy interior, and cherry-red skin. In every one there is a large red globule near the heart of the fruit resembling a drop of blood. This peculiarity has been made the subject of investigation, but no theory accounts for it as plausibly as the tradition of "Micah Rood's curse."

Micah Rood was a prosperous farmer at Franklin in 1693. He was avaricious, but finally became indolent, spending his time in dreaming over coveted wealth. One day a peddler, who carried a pack filled with valuable jewelry, passed his house. His dead body was found the next day beneath an apple tree on Micah's farm, where the latter was wont to sit. The skull was split open and the man's pack was rifled. Rood stoutly denied any knowledge of the crime, and although suspicion attached itself to him nothing was proved against him. He became morose and moody and never prospered afterward.

People wagged their heads when on the Autumn following the murder, Rood's apple tree commenced to bear the "bloody-heart" apples. They said it was a silent judgment upon him and that the dying peddler's curse upon the head of his destroyer had come home to roost upon Rood's apple tree. Nothing like the apples had ever been seen before. Either the apples or the suspicion wore the golden door shall be flung back and we hold the glory of the dawn of an eternal day.

A. M. M.

A TRANCE SPEAKER ON MARRIAGE.

Mr. J. J. Morse Says it is a Woman's Ambition and Not a Failure.

Mr. J. J. Morse, a trance speaker, occupied the rostrum of the Brooklyn Spiritualists at Conservatory Hall, Bedford Ave. and Fulton Sts. last evening. His subject was a Spiritualist's view of the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" the query introduced by the *Evening World*.

His review was good in all its details, but was evidently not the result of the control of a spirit, but rather the result of thoughtful consideration.

In the course of his lecture he said:

"The daring of modern thought increases daily, and the result is that no question is considered too sacred to be the subject of public discussion."

The discussion of the topic we have under consideration to-night is an evidence of the breadth of modern thought and the daring of modern thinkers. Marriage is considered to be the ambition of a woman's life, and so long as you teach women that marriage is their sole vocation you will always find plenty of them to fill that vocation. But women in increasing numbers are beginning to recognize their right of earning their own living, and to provide for themselves, so that they may be independent, and marry who they please and when they please.

"The institution of marriage is not a failure, though individual marriages may prove so. But though the institution of marriage may not be a failure, those women who marry because society says they must will always find it so. We will now proceed to treat this question upon another basis. And I wish you to thoroughly understand that this basis has nothing to do with religion, because it is part and parcel of human nature. This basis is love. There are two kinds of love. One kind of love is a mistake, and the great error of mistaking the riot of the blood and senses for the pulsations of the inward heart is here made.

"There is a love that does not spring from the charm of any eye, the beauty of a rounded arm or the noble perfection of a woman's form. Whatever the motive that brings two persons into the relationship of marriage may be, they are brought into contact with the holiest and highest types of union that ever existed. When you love God better you will have better offspring and healthier children. Two bears should enter the household of every married couple; they are bear and forbear.

"A little mutual forbearance, a little more courting after marriage and a little less foolishness before, would make individual marriages a little more successful. A manish woman is just as much out of place as a womanish man. And in the strict lines of their own natures both are absolutely sovereign. Perfect confidence must exist between man and wife as it does between partners in business.

"But the man says: Would you allow her to supersede me? Why, man, before you married her you avowed she was as high above you as she could be, and it would be but just that now you should admit she was as good as you. Give her the same advantages as yourself. A husband or a lover has no moral right to do what he would consider disgraceful in his wife or his sweetheart. Marriage is a necessity of human society and is not a failure." —*N. Y. World*.

A Singular Superstition.

A superstitions rumor is current in Athens to the effect that there is a rock in Clarke County, about six miles from town, upon which no man dares to tread. The superstitions say that twenty or twenty-five years ago an old gentleman buried a coffee pot full of gold at the foot of this rock, and that when a man passes that way his ghost appears and

drives him off. Parties hunting near the place have been run for more than a mile by this invisible ghost.

They say that when they come near the place, even though it be a perfectly still day, a noise can be heard like a terrible cyclone, and the tall pines which surround the rock begin to blow, and many of them fall to the ground. On Sunday last two gentlemen of Athens, who heard the rumors and doubted them, visited the "rock" with the intention of proving the reports to be false, but they did not stop long. They climbed to the top of the rock, when they were astonished by hearing a terrible crash, and a large pine tumbled to the ground right at their feet. While an examination of the tree was being made, which was twisted from the ground, another one fully as large came down with a crash. The "explorers" then "skipped out," but are determined to visit the "haunted rock" once more. They report that the trees are piled up to a depth of six feet from the ground, having fallen at different times.—*Macon, Ga., Telegraph*.

MICAH ROOD'S CURSE.

The Apples With the Blood-red Hearts.

(New Haven, Dec. 22, 1888.)

The advent of a quantity of "bloody-heart" apples into the Windham markets from the back country town of Franklin has resulted in the unearthly of an eerie tradition about this singular fruit, which has found its way into print.

They are called the "Micah Rood apples," and are of a delicious flavor, snowy interior, and cherry-red skin. In every one there is a large red globule near the heart of the fruit resembling a drop of blood. This peculiarity has been made the subject of investigation, but no theory accounts for it as plausibly as the tradition of "Micah Rood's curse."

Micah Rood was a prosperous farmer at Franklin in 1693. He was avaricious, but finally became indolent, spending his time in dreaming over coveted wealth. One day a peddler, who carried a pack filled with valuable jewelry, passed his house. His dead body was found the next day beneath an apple tree on Micah's farm, where the latter was wont to sit. The skull was split open and the man's pack was rifled. Rood stoutly denied any knowledge of the crime, and although suspicion attached itself to him nothing was proved against him. He became morose and moody and never prospered afterward.

People wagged their heads when on the Autumn following the murder, Rood's apple tree commenced to bear the "bloody-heart" apples. They said it was a silent judgment upon him and that the dying peddler's curse upon the head of his destroyer had come home to roost upon Rood's apple tree. Nothing like the apples had ever been seen before. Either the apples or the suspicion wore the golden door shall be flung back and we hold the glory of the dawn of an eternal day.

A. M. M.

Edwin Forrest's Secret.

The great tragedian, Forrest, had a secret which everybody ought to learn and profit by. Said he, "I owe all my success to the fact that everything I have undertaken I have done thoroughly. I never neglect trifles." That's the point—don't neglect trifles. Don't neglect that hacking cough, those night-sweats, that fever and capricious appetite, and the other symptoms, trifling in themselves, but awful in their significance. They herald the approach of consumption. You are in danger, but you can be saved. Dr. Pierces' Golden Medicine Discovery will restore you to health and vigor, as it has thousands of others. For all scrofulous diseases, and consumption it is one of them, it is a sovereign remedy.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellowmen. Actuated by his motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 129 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Dream of Love and Fire, by a Dreamer, is a work that has just been published by Estes and Lauriat, Boston. Its exposition of the indications that the human race possess a hitherto almost unknown sense, fast developing; also of a dormant power in human nature—the law of color—of the effects of fire to life; and the explanation of the relations of fire to life; and the explanation of many curious and generally unnoticed things in the daily life of every individual will be found interesting as an introduction to a vast subject in which all the world is interested. It is illustrated with photogravures in color and sells at \$1.50, cloth; De Luxe edition in satin portfolio, \$3.0

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FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL, Saturday, January 5, 1889

Fame, Genuine and Spurious.

Every man of genius lives in an atmosphere peculiarly and emphatically his own. He may attract to himself and influence directly few or many, according to the quality of his genius. If he be a great thinker, a man who dwells upon intellectual heights above the visual range of the people, of popular teachers even, his genius may

attract him, or limit his fellowship to intellectual association with but a few sympathetic and appreciative souls. But few can accept, for but few can grasp his thought, and such a man lives comparatively indifferent to fame, or knowing that it is useless usually to expect recognition in his own generation.

Fortunately the number who can understand and assimilate an original or a great idea is larger now than ever before, and it finds acceptance and its author's claims are recognized with a rapidity unknown in past times. It was possible for Darwin in this last half of the nineteenth century to make a discovery and to accumulate evidence establishing it, which, while it revolutionized zoology, raised him from obscurity to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame. The feeling of contemptuous scorn was changed to profound respect, and the language of abuse to that of honor and praise. Not many great thinkers and workers have lived to see such results from their labors as Darwin was able to survey in the last years of his life. It must be admitted that evolution as a general theory had many supporters when Darwin commenced his investigations; that it had long been taught, that Goethe, Lamarck, St. Hilaire and Erasmus Darwin had given it the character even of a scientific theory; that independently of Darwin, Wallace discovered the principle of natural selection, and that Darwin's success was favored by the tendency among the most advanced thinkers, like the author of the "Vestiges of Creation;" yet it is undeniable that Darwin not only discovered the principle of natural selection, as a factor in evolution, but he was the only man who had the scientific knowledge to establish it upon an impregnable foundation, or to meet all the objections to and marshal all the cumulative proofs in favor of organic evolution in a way to impress the scientific men of his time.

Darwin had no system to establish. He believed in the origin of species by natural selection, and he accumulated facts and made therefrom vast generalizations to prove his theory. In some of the higher mental qualities he was deficient. His mind was more analytic than synthetic; he never sought to penetrate beyond phenomena, nor to philosophize respecting first principles, and for philosophical problems, like those which have engaged the attention of Kant and Spencer, Darwin had no taste. His work did not require the power of abstraction in a large degree, which fact partly explains the rapidity with which it was acknowledged. He was less isolated from ordinary scientific thinkers than he otherwise would have been, as great as was the difference or opposition with which for years he had to contend.

Thousands with a smattering of science, or with pretended discoveries have appeared since Darwin first wrote, and have attracted more attention than he did in the early years of his labors, but they are now forgotten. They made an impression because they were on the intellectual level of the common mind, because they appealed to prejudices and passion, or while adhering to popular ideas, administered new thought in homeo-

pathic doses, and thereby avoided antagonism. From facts like these let those who, enjoying popular favor, imagine that they are sure to live in the minds and hearts of unborn millions, deduce a lesson. At least they should propound to themselves the query whether they are accomplishing anything so far different from what others are doing, or of such value to the race, that the presence of their influence, when they shall have disappeared from the scene, will compel those who have never known them to remember them for their services.

The humblest individual who performs his duty, does well, and he is none the less worthy if he dies, known and remembered only in the circle in which he moved. The patient heroism of daily life is often more meritorious than the valor to which monuments are erected. Most of those who work for praise and distinction fail to secure it, and reap in their stead disappointment and misanthropy, while of those who get their names sounded abroad for a time, but few are remembered ten years after they are dead, and a much larger number are forgotten before death kindly comes to their relief. The wit, the poet, the orator, the brilliant writer, the man whose influence is immediate, because his methods are popular and his thought is superficial, is forgotten as soon as he disappears from the stage of action, or as soon as the popular mind is tired of his jokes or his phrases. Only here and there is there an exception, and in such cases there is sure to be something more than that which merely excited applause, as in the case of Robert Barnes, whose intellectual breadth, liberal spirit and many-sided humanness, put him far in advance of those whom he addressed while he was alive. In him was a combination of qualities as remarkable, nay, more remarkable in his day, than was the scientific genius of Darwin when he published the "Origin of Species." Real merit, even though it have no monument, will endure, while mediocrity and pretension, even though marble be piled up to draw attention to the personality behind them, will cease to interest and fall into deserved oblivion.

Those who waste their time and energies in efforts to make themselves famous when they might be usefully employed in improving themselves and helping others, and those who are proud and vain of a little momentary notoriety which they have worked up for themselves, would do well to consider how ephemeral, how evanescent is that for which they are striving, while consciously losing their own self-respect, which is more valuable than any title or distinction the world can give.

"Mediator" Talks,
And Sends Money, which Shows His Interest is not All in Words—Editorial Comments.

to the Editor of the Relgio Philosophical Journal:
I am ashamed of myself. I had the impression that the JOURNAL was paid for up to 1889, till I noticed more closely the little label. A month of arrearage! I hope your patrons generally are more considerate. To atone for my own remissness I now send you two subscriptions. With one you may comfort a needy brother or sister whose lease of life like my own, is about to expire; and with the other, continue to comfort and entertain me, as you have done for many long years, and this in spite of my grumbling at you for being so straight—as an old veteran good naturally charges—"that you bend backwards."

That a man in your position cannot be too "straight" or too denunciatory of spiritualistic frauds, their aids and abettors, knowing them to be such, admits of no question; but I respectfully submit that a question here arises whether your zeal in behalf of the grand cause does not sometimes betray you into willingness to reverse the sacred maxim, "Better that ninety and nine guilty escape than that one innocent should suffer."

Another question, still more difficult to settle, confronts us. It is the "knowing them to be such." When a man like Stansbury, by the aid of confederates exhibits what he claims to be his "resurrected" wife for pay, in the name of a cause so sacred, I agree with you that the fraud is too palpable to be confounded with Spiritualism, and that editors are inexcusable in withholding denunciations in the strongest terms the vocabulary of language can supply; but when apparent crookedness occurs with mediums like Evans and Mrs. Whitney, whose genuineness is beyond controversy, whether a judicious policy or even simple justice does not demand that, like dirty linen, it should be washed at home, or, in the present ignorance of mediumistic laws, be worn altogether, while we utilize such unmistakable tests as finding the names of my father, mother and sister between two closed plates, signed to characteristic letters, in three distinct hand-writings, no name having been written or spoken in my interview with Evans, and no person in the city had ever heard any of the names pronounced—to my mind—hardly admits of a question.

Hudibras says it is as difficult to distinguish a Christian hypocrite from a true believer as two black crows. It is sometimes equally difficult to distinguish a mediumistic fraud from the true metal.

In view of the controlling agency of phenomena in making converts to our belief, is it not better policy to give a suspect "the benefit of the doubt," till all doubt is removed by later developments, than risk the loss which a hurried exposure might occasion.

If, as medical jurists affirm, an insane man may know that an act would be wrong and yet is irresistibly impelled to do it, may we not find something analogous in the unlooked for conduct of our sensitivities? But it was not my intention to write a defense of mediums,—much less an apology for the despicable villains who

"Steal the livery of the Court of Heaven
To serve the devil in?"
but it was my intention to rebuke those who like myself had been careless about keeping you supplied with the necessary means of serving us. If each delinquent will make my example a practical hint and send you advance payment for a new subscriber, you will more easily maintain the high standard to which you have aspired until the grand result of a spiritual publishing house is achieved, a "consummation in the interest of humanity" devoutly to be wished."

MEDIATOR.
St. Helena, Cal.

We thank our kind-hearted and well-meaning correspondent both for his words and his money. For many years we have had a "Poor Fund," to which from time to time small sums have been donated, but by far the greater part has been given by ourselves. To this fund we carry Mediator's \$2.50. The purpose of this Fund is to supply the JOURNAL to the worthy poor; and it has been the means of lightening the sorrows and cheering the hearts of hundreds; yes, of thousands. The outside donations to this good work are insignificant, scarcely amounting to \$50.00 a year, leaving the burden to be carried by the

JOURNAL office; but we shall never refuse the paper to a poor applicant who is found worthy, so long as we publish the paper; we would as soon turn a starving man from our door as to decline giving spiritual comfort to a hungry soul.

The moral vision of some very good people having been wrongly trained in youth, they are prone to see obliquely; hence, when we stand straight up and down for justice and truth—these persons think we "bend backwards." This oblique vision, this false sight, is often aggravated by fear that in hewing to the line, as we do, some of the chips will strike off the masks and toggy of certain mediums on whom our critics have banked too freely. People with oblique vision have a horror of a skeleton under the foundations of their faith. Without the courage to remove the debris and fearing their neighbors will peep through the hole and see the grinning thing, they prefer to plaster it up again and distract attention by pointing to us and trying to make others think our spine is concave. If these ill-trained critics had only been in less haste and used more care they would not now feel it necessary to paint a crooked backbone to screen their own folly and silly sentimentalism. Fortunately, Mediator is not an oblique visionary. We have lived to see many of these cross eyed folk go back to the husks they fed upon in their youth, because they never were Spiritualists but mere wonder seekers. We shall live to see every position we have ever taken concerning the personnel of the medical profession and the methods of investigating phenomena acknowledged as just in the one case and microscope accurately, so far as it went, in the other. This assertion may not be modest, but time is rapidly proving it true.

Mediator agrees with us that editors who do not denounce Stansbury are inexcusable, —referring evidently to Owen of the *Golden Gate*, who puffed the man inordinately and then declined to tell the public that he had "stumbled" on fraud,—but questions the expediency of publicly criticizing Evans and Mrs. Whitney. While Mediator prefers Whitney and Evans to Stansbury, there are others equally as keen and just who will radically dissent from this judgment. That Evans will cheat is beyond all question; and from the very first there have been plenty of experienced Spiritualists in San Francisco who have doubted Mrs. Whitney's honesty, offering what seems excellent reasons for their doubts. Now we do not question but that all three may be psychics and possibly mediums; we are not going to debate that question; we can grant it without losing a point. Our correspondent cannot reasonably decide from his individual experience alone, or even with the addition of the favorable experiences of a few acquaintances, whether persons plying the medial vocation should be publicly dealt with or privately disciplined. It is only those in a position to take in wide ranges of experiences coming from people in different parts of the country, and at different times and who have made careful studies of these and other cases, who can reasonably be supposed to be in a position to tell what is best, on the whole, for the public.

It is readily granted that we are in great "ignorance of mediumistic laws," but one does not need to be an expert in those laws to enable him to tell whether a person is truthful and conscientious, nor to detect the hypodroming expedients resorted to by Stansbury, Evans and, Whitney with the zealous and persistent assistance of Owen and his *Golden Gate*. One instance in illustration: Once upon a time Mrs. Whitney delivered an eloquent prelude before being "entranced" or "controlled" at one of her public meetings in a public hall. The well rounded periods ended with a laudation of the *Golden Gate*. This seemingly spontaneous outburst of extemporaneous eloquence was well received and seems to have put the audience into that "receptive" condition so essential to the best display of platform exhibitions. This brilliant prelude was published in the *Golden Gate* with appropriate credit to Mrs. Whitney. Now, it is a matter of fact, susceptible of proof, that Owen wrote that beautiful bit of eloquence, and had it put in type in his own office; and that a "proof" slip of it was seen by different witnesses before its delivery by Mrs. Whitney. Such a trick may be "smart"; it may be "business"; it may accord with the ethics of a paper city land boomer, or of a lecturer to "gentlemen on private matters only," or of a fourth-rate politician, but we know it does not square with the ethics of Mediator, nor of any other strictly honest man or woman.

Spiritualists have no general headquarters or organization, no Presbytery, no Conference, no Assembly, no organic authoritative body empowered to try mediums and speakers for offenses. In other words Spiritualists have no laundry in which to wash their "dirty linen," and hence cannot wash it in the privacy of their "own home" as Mediator suggests. Until within the past few years there was no place it could be washed at all, much less stiffened and polished. Indeed, such exponents as the *Banner of Light* and a bevy of lesser lights did not believe in washing; the dirtier the linen the stronger the Spiritualistic aura, was their maxim. "Magnetism" was essential and the more maggoty the material the more magnetism, was the creed of these would-be teachers. Of late years the JOURNAL has been running a large laundry with all the modern machinery, and as a consequence cleanliness is coming to be popular, so popular that many whitewash themselves or get the *Banner of Light* to do it for them, never dreaming until too late that with the first down-pour the whitening disappears, leaving a worse mess than before.

MEDIATOR.

To make it as difficult to distinguish between a spiritualistic swindler and an honest medium as between two black crows, seems to have been in the past thought to be the best way of advancing the cause of Spiritualism. It is hard to teach old dogs new tricks, and still harder to teach some people that it is injustice to honest mediums not to strive to separate them from the dishonest. Unless one is off color morally one need not expect sympathy or assistance from some people who are very good, but whose abnormal mentality has vitiated their powers of reasoning and obscured their sense of justice.

If a medium is so weak of mind as to be "irresistibly impelled" to acts which he knows to be wrong, and is by spirits in or out of the mortal body thus persistently impelled; then is such person unfit to be at large and should be brought at once before the proper tribunal, declared non compos mentis and committed to an asylum, or put under restraint and medical treatment. This is common sense, common humanity and common decency. Therefore, when any considerable number of Spiritualists agree that a medium is not responsible for his every day acts of deception or immorality, it should be regarded as sufficient ground for the public authorities to take charge of such person in the interest of the individual and of the public; and it will come to this yet, if Spiritualists do not have a care how they make so swift to put forward the plea now so common.

Friend Mediator, these are serious matters, and therefore have we been led to comment at length on your kindly words of admonition and suggestion. They are matters which Spiritualists have got to meet, and to meet them now in a courageous, rational, scientific, just and truly humane spirit, with a full sense of personal responsibility, individually and collectively, to Spiritualism and to the world.

The Publisher's Word.

Don't forget to solicit your friends to subscribe for the JOURNAL. You think we make a good paper and praise us for it. Discriminating words of appreciation are encouraging, but they will neither pay bills nor lessen our arduous burdens. If you want to see the JOURNAL maintained as a vigorous, fearless, and able exponent of psychic science, of Spiritualism, of benevolent reforms generally, you must remember you have some duty in the matter beyond the mere payment of your own yearly subscription. See how much you can accomplish this month, each and every one of you, to strengthen the JOURNAL and complete the subscription of the stock of the Relgio-Philosophical Publishing House.

Anna O'Delia Salomon, otherwise known as Madame Diss Debar, is once more the local sensation in New York since her release from prison by the expiration of her term. On Monday of last week she held an exhibition in Judge Andrews' court, where through her lawyers, Messrs. Townsend and Marsh, she endeavored to convince the court of the justice and propriety of returning to her care the two children taken from her by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Luther R. Marsh made a strong and dignified plea in her behalf. The attorneys for the Society also made a powerful argument in opposition, and Judge Andrews reserved his decision. It will be remembered that "General" Diss Debar is not the husband of Anna O'Delia,—who calls herself the "elder Messant," and that one of the two children is not hers. That the woman may possess remarkable powers as a medium is possible; Mr. Marsh and many others so believe; and if so, she is a legitimate subject of interest from a strictly scientific standpoint, and from no other. She is unquestionably a diabolical adventress, wholly unfit to have the training of children and is entitled to no sympathy in her present effort. That she has a marvellous psychological power is clearly evident, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Marsh will yet demonstrate the wisdom of what seems to the public blind infatuation on his part. It is at least safe to say that had the past two years' experience come to him twenty years earlier, his attitude and course would have been very different.

Mrs. E. B. Leyson has located at Medical Lake, W. T., and established a sanitarium, which is open summer and winter for the reception of guests. The situation is an attractive one on the lake, and row-boats are in waiting for the use of guests. Hot and cold baths are convenient, and the best of care extended to visitors and invalids. The prospectus announces that those who are versed to some extent in medicine will see that the medicinal elements of the water correspond in the main with the remedies prepared by eminent physicians for rheumatism; there is this difference, however, that the lake water is purely nature's remedy and possesses curative effects which cannot be produced by artificial or imitative means. The water of the lake is also held in high estimation for catarrh, dyspepsia, sick headache, burns, saltreum, etc.

Col. C. A. Lounsberry of the Minneapolis Tribune, in charge of the Dakota department of that enterprising paper, with headquarters at Fargo, was in town over Sunday. The Colonel is an able journalist and a man with the best interests of Dakota at heart. That territory has no abler man within its borders and the people up there will find out this fact yet, if they don't know it now.

The Chainey Professorship.

A New Year's Melodrama in one Act with many Scenes Drawn From Real Life in Three Worlds.—Showing the Struggles of a Vagabond Manlet in Search of a Soul.

"O, ye gods and little fishes! What terrible straits has 'Christian Science' reached that it should be forced to recruit this Geo. Chainey; to employ this android as its hyperspirit? Or is it through undue zeal of an ambitious disciple that this hypersarcosis has been inflicted upon the body Christian? or has that rapacious monster, Malicious-magnetism, in collusion with the allopathic-homeopathic-electric combine, charted a hominal hypermyrioma in order that the public may be prejudiced against 'Christian Science' by object lessons drawn from the career of a neurotic manlet loaded with mandarin sentiment, diseased imagination, and bursting conceit." Thus spake a truly "scientist" after reading the Boston dailies of the 24th ult., and it required all the categories, formularies, and denials of the cult, repeated forward and backward, to restore equilibrium to this tried soul.

Here is the fakir's latest announcement to the public. With singular appropriateness it is uttered in Boston and published in the daily papers of that city:

PROFESSOR GEORGE CHAINY the well known free thought orator and lecturer who for years spoke to large and enthusiastic audiences in Boston, having sailed around the world of religious thought, through Orthodoxy, Unitarianism, Agnosticism, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Rosicrucianism, Hermetic Philosophy, Esoteric Culture, Alchemy, Magnetism, and Physical Globe to the point from whence he started, flew at last "The Way, the Truth and the Life" in Christ will on Sunday night in Paine Hall at 7:45 P. M. give account of his various and interesting experiences in a lecture entitled "Is Christianity a Failure?" He goes to Boston to speak the same platform from which he so long ignorantly taught error.

"Professor" delivered himself in accordance with his modest advertisement on the evening of the 23rd ult., and brief summaries of his professions and confessions appeared in the Boston papers of the following day. As a professor he is without a rival and may properly claim the belt and the championship of the world. He has in his brief career professed nearly everything except Romanism, and will take that in within the next two years unless, indeed, the policy of Rome in disciplining flatulent novices should stay his steps toward her. "Chainey, a Christian Scientist, how can that be?" a skeptical inquirer exclaims. The most natural thing in the world. "Professor" Chainey is abnormally susceptible; he was once, in a former embodiment, an inhabitant of Venus where he filled the delicate and responsible position of Lord High Chamberlain, and ex-officio Religious Adviser General to the King's Harem. He there spent much time in offering the consolations of religion to the gray-haired women whose places had been filled by those more youthful but less wise. He never received the appreciation and reward in that embodiment which he felt his genius and devotion merited; hence at his earnest solicitation he was reincarnated on Earth that he might get further experience and full reward. He has industriously rustled for reward, but so far has only gripped experience. When quietly ministering to a little congregation of Unitarians in a village of Hoosierdom the fame of Pope Bob reached his ears and he made haste to vacate his pulpit and precipitate himself into the Society of Negation. With quotations from Shakespeare and an imitation of Ingoldsby's style he sought to capture fame and fortune. Pope Bob graciously patronized the

cific, he had found time to join a Theosophical Society; but his subsequent course, though fully in accord with the ethics and laws of Venus and observed by him as a token of respect to his former embodiment, comported not with the views of the august body known as the American Board of the Theosophical Society of India. So the A. B. T. S. of I., requested its President to go in astral form to the great head and father of the order, whose name is Kuthumi and whose whereabouts and identity none other could locate or identify; "for as bloweth the wind where it listeth, so roveth the Spirit, and taketh many forms, though always one." The mission of this adept in thus seeking Kuthumi was to borrow his boots of wild boar's hide, to be used by the aforesaid officer of the American Board in accelerating the exit of "Professor" Chainey. During the hour's absence of their chairman the Board telepathed to Adyar, requesting Colonel Olcott to send his double to the Himalaya for a brace of Mahatmas to enlighten their American brothers as to why this world should be pestered with revivified reliquias from the planet Venus. In fifteen minutes the door of the chamber in Cincinnati, Ohio, where the Board was in waiting, opened, and in strode Olcott's double escorting the venerable advisers. Half an hour was enough in which to teach the members of the Board what they sought to learn. The visitors then left for India and fifteen minutes later the members of the Board were interrupted while receiving a message from Olcott, announcing the safe return of his party to the fastnesses of Thibet, by the entrance of their chairman's double with Kuthumi's iron pegged boots of wild boar's hide. Approaching the chairman who was seemingly in a trance, though automatically smoking a cigarette, the double was reabsorbed in the magnificent physical organism; the boots alone remained as evidence of the success of the journey and the approval of the great Kuthumi.

The President now aroused from his trance, stretched out his shapely feet covered with No. 6 shoes of the finest French calf and latest pattern, and immediately the magic boots, as though endowed with life (handled no doubt by an "elementary"), seemed to pull themselves over the shoes. The President then arose, shook his long silken hair from off his marble brow and with dignity of mien made a slight forward and upward movement of his right foot. The vast hotel seemed to tremble and while his fellow members of the board were wondering if a seismic shock had occurred synchronously with the lifting of that foot, or whether the will force propelling the foot had co-ordinated with some form of psychic dynamite, the psychophone bell rang and a message came in from San Francisco to the effect that "Professor" Chainey had received the full energy of the impact and was no longer an F. T. S.—which stands for Fellow of the Theosophical Society. The elevating influence, so to speak, of Kuthumi's boot was one of the several causes which then and afterwards accelerated the professions and confessions of "Professor" Chainey.

* * * * *

Now the Gnostic navigators are once again in San Francisco, poor in purse but rich in experiences, such as they are. Certain people of that city are solicited for a loan. The return of the pair is placarded on *The Golden Gate*. Anna essays wind raising at the Spiritualist Camp, and George turns his longing eyes and weary feet eastward. Gall and wormwood are sweet compared to his hourly draughts. He has sounded the depths of his last vagary; the new-found soul which so short a time ago was overflowing with passionate ardor, is shriveling and disintegrating.

The "Mother of his Soul" has been left behind; with her he has ceased to explore fields Elysian. Alkali dust fills his eyes and cacti pierce his flesh. Before he descends the eastern slope of the Rockies the old George Chainey is no more: the Methodist-Utarian-Materialist-Spiritualist-Theosophist-Rosicrucian has died out—as Anna did once in Washington,—another spirit possesses itself of the body and George awakes to find himself the Androgynous High Priest of the Order of the Sacred Heart with a new mission in hand. But the tale must hasten and many thrilling scenes must pass unchronicled, though between the spot where the Androgynous transmogrification took place and the cities of Brooklyn and New York where he sought to found his new cult of the Sacred Heart, much transpired that may be read by the curious who can unlock the secret archives of the Order.

In New York it was so ordered by the ruler of the Androgynous Sphere—who had begun to tire of the "Professor," that he should meet another gray-haired woman. A woman of great magnetic power, a skilled and most persuasive talker, a diplomatic genius; and withal a woman who is using her vast resources of intellectual and psychic power in a way that is, on the whole, beneficent in results. This woman pitied the poor battered remnant of mortality who dubs himself Professor. She felt it her duty to rescue him from the rough seas of Chaos which were threatening to engulf him. She saw that all his previous strivings had been but those of "mortal mind." With shadows only had he been dealing. All his past was "no matter" to her and must not be to him. With softly modulated voice she taught him "Christian Science"; and in the twinkling of an eye the scales fell away from his vision. "Professor" saw all and vastly more than his perceptiveness pictured; the throttle of his imagination was pulled wide open, the safety valve weighted, and "let 'er go, George!" came the

order from the land of the Diakka. He knew the "science" from alpha to omega and would forthwith profess it, confess it, and expound it in Boston. He went! Listen to "Professor" Chainey as he confesses and professes in Paine Hall:

As I remembered how far short my achievements fall on my ideal, a great conviction swept over me that there must be some flaw in my solution of the problem of being. As I felt more keenly the pain and misery, the unrest and woe of the world, realizing that I was my brother's keeper—that I could not enter rest without finding the same deliverance for all—my every thought and breath was a prayer for light on this problem. In this eagerness to serve I put myself just where the soul could serve me. It response to my earnest application the soul sent to me one who said: "You have but one thing more to do to find the deliverance you desire. You are standing at the very temple of truth. But one veil hangs between you and the sanctuary in which there is rest for you all, and that veil must be rent in twain." What is that, I cried? The reply was: "The flesh profiteth nothing: you are depending on these external methods instead of on the spirit above. You are teaching psychic and physical culture, and both the spiritual and psychic soul may be to you as though they were not, for they are but shadows before you can know your true self." It was a hard saying and for the time I was very sorrowful. I had great possessions in this direction. I had studied. I had built up an elaborate method of psychic and physical culture. All my lectures had in them more or less concerning this culture. After a severe conflict, with every fibre of my being I cried, "Let me have the truth though I die. I know that I am immortal and can live and work in other spheres." The veil parted, and I stood face to face with Jesus of Nazareth, and found myself in a Christian temple. For a moment, in my bewilderment, I thought of flight. Intellectual pride said:

"What! you who have outgrown Christianity to become again a Christian?"

As the thought flashed upon me the features of Jesus suddenly changed into Buddha. "Yes," he replied. "I also have many forms; there is but one way. As Buddha, I taught the power of denial of sense. As Christ, the saving power of faith or affiliation of spirit." Then I was left alone in the temple, and through all my consciousness streamed the cleansing fires of infinite truth and love. I found myself saying: "It is finished; I am dead to the physical self. The flesh profiteth nothing; the spirit is all. I have been crucified, dead and buried, and still I live. I also am the way—the way, the truth and the life. The same mind that was in Buddha and in the Christ is also in me. Each man his own pri-mate. I will go into all the world and preach this gospel."

This is a pretty speech; it is full of unctuous, so robust in conceit, so confident that at last he has solved the mystery and found himself. It ought to be a fine speech for the "Professor" has made it many times before—with slight modifications to meet the occasion. It will be observed that he carefully avoids the terminology of "Christian Science," but the "science" is there. He had to have a care, for was he not within ear shot of Mary Baker Eddy who holds the copy-right and the leading strings? Before his vaulting ambition can mount him on the throne of C. S. he must first be declared the anointed successor; and he has yet to square himself with this last gray haired woman, who will have no foolishness nor insubordination. True still to his instincts Chainey caused himself to be advertised to deliver a lecture the following Sunday on Rider Haggard's "She," considered as an allegorical representation of the present state of the church. If "Professor" is not hotpotted as were some other adventurers who trespassed upon the territory of "She" it will be because he has made his peace with her at her palace on Columbus Avenue where she now reigns as Mary I.

Here the curtain must be rung down, to rise again another year to show, possibly, the dome of St. Peter's in the distance and George in the habitments of a priest reaching for a bishop's robes.

Transition of Col. Englebert.

In the Christmas number of the JOURNAL appeared on the sixth page a thrilling account of spirit intervention under the title, "Two Lives Saved by a Spirit." Only the initials of the writer were given, J. L. E.; those letters stood for J. Lee Englebert of Des Moines, Iowa, a gallant soldier and as true a man as ever drew sword or testified to the truth of Spiritualism. Our readers will recall that the Christmas JOURNAL bore date Dec. 22. The afternoon of that day brought to Col. Englebert the night of rest from earthly struggles. Death's drum beat the tattoo, and the well disciplined soldier obeyed the order to retire. With the last echo of "lights out" there came to him across the "dark river" the welcome sound of Heaven's reveille bidding him awake arise! and join the grand army of noble comrades on the shining shore where his coming was awaited. Col. Englebert knew Death well; he had met him face to face many a time in days gone by on the field of battle, amidst the roar of cannon and clash of arms; had seen him after the dreadful carnage hovering like an angel of mercy over poor tortured creatures, impatient to end their sufferings with an embrace. He knew Death was his friend, too, and that when the supreme moment came he could safely trust himself in the hands of this convoy to the spirit world.

Col. Englebert was born in 1840, in Philadelphia. His father was a merchant who came to this country from Laon, France, in 1820. When the civil war broke out young Englebert enlisted as a private; he rose to the rank of Captain and when mustered out at the expiration of his term in 1864, was breveted Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel for gallant and meritorious service. His army record is a history of brave deeds, efficient service and suffering; he was seriously wounded at Hartford Church and fell into the hands of the enemy. This capture resulted in his being imprisoned in the notorious Libby prison during the winter of '62-'63, but he was exchanged in March '63, and again took active part in the war, being wounded repeatedly thereafter. After the war Col. Englebert returned to Chester County, Penn., where he married Miss Fanny H. Davis, who passed to spirit-life from Des Moines in Dec., 1876. He held important

government positions for some years. In 1874 he settled in Des Moines, which city has ever since been his home. He leaves an only son, F. Leon, and a host of warm friends to mourn his, seemingly, untimely departure. At the battle of Malvern Hills, Col. Englebert was severely wounded; his eyesight never fully recovered from the effects of the injury, and his premature demise is directly traceable to the wound and shock then received. The funeral services took place on Sunday the 23d, under the charge of Crocker Post, No. 12, G. A. R. The JOURNAL has lost from its earthly corps a most loyal and efficient co-worker, but does not mourn him as one "gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns." No! the noble soldier will still continue to report for duty, and let us hope he may be able to far more effectively labor for the welfare of his country than when with us in mortal form, glorious as is his record of achievements here.

GENERAL ITEMS.

The striking narrative on the 8th page from Mr. J. R. Tallmadge, headed "A Catholic Priest," is worthy of careful attention.

Mr. J. C. Wright has lectured to full houses at Maquoketa, Iowa, the past two Sundays. He reports Spiritualism there as in a healthy and rational state, generally speaking. A lyceum with good attendance is flourishing.

Among the many beautiful gifts furnished for the holidays in such profusion this year, is a little gem by our talented contributor Hester M. Poole, in the shape of a Christmas Hymn, daintily done up in white and gold by H. Guggenheimer, of New York.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, is speaking at Cleland Hall, Detroit, Mich. A correspondent writes: "Every seat was taken on Sunday evening, Dec. 23d, and the society is quietly but practically moving on, striking the hammer wherever it sees any available point for impulsion."

To skeptics and weak-kneed people who think they are Spiritualists and who have been badly frightened by the spectacular lying of Maggie and Kate Fox, we commend the able article of A. E. Newton on the first page of this issue. It may also be read with profit by all.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Rich of Boston, are in town this week. Mr. Rich is here on matters connected with his theatrical business. We regret that the large supply of fine weather which has made the city delightful ever since September seems to have given out just as these friends arrived. However, if they will come again we shall be able to do better in this respect, for, as Californians say, this weather is "very unusual."

On another page, under the head of "A Phenomenal Courtship," we publish a narrative which affords a study for students of the occult. We have known of the writer for years and have full confidence in her veracity, and we credit the story of her experience. It possesses scientific value, and is not to be lightly passed over as a mere fiction, for it is the sober truth to the woman and will not be thought improbable by those really competent to express an opinion.

If any reader of the JOURNAL should, perchance, happen to think we have been somewhat too severe on Mr. Owen and his *Golden Gate*, it may modify that conviction to read the views of Dr. John Allyn on the sixth page. No one can say that Dr. Allyn has not heretofore been an active and powerful friend of the *Golden Gate*, and it is not improbable that the color of his money has frequently been seen by Mr. Owen in times of dire need. When the *Golden Gate* started we welcomed its advent with pleasure, anticipating that at last Spiritualism was to be ably, honestly and fearlessly represented by a weekly paper in San Francisco. Alas! how grievously have we, in common with Dr. Allyn and others, been disappointed by the miserable failure. If President Harrison can only be prevailed upon to give the old politician the consulship to Trebizond, or some other place, equally unknown and isolated, he will deserve the gratitude of all rational Spiritualists.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

At the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since my last letter to the JOURNAL, we have been moving on in the good work; our Sunday meetings have been very well attended, and the interest for the real solid food and demonstrable facts in the science and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, manifested in our gatherings, never was better. Miss Jennie B. Hagan was with the First Spiritualist Society during November, and met with a fine success; the audiences increased during the full month, and the people were in earnest in presenting questions and subjects for elucidations, which met with thoughtful and candid replies, thus bringing the pulpit and the pews in a closer relation to each other, and giving the people a chance to think and give expression to their thoughts.

E. B. Fairchild, of Stoneham, Mass., spoke to us the first Sunday of the present month, and Miss Emma J. Nickerson the 9th and 16th, both of them doing good service, and meeting large audiences. Joseph D. Stiles, the renowned platform test medium, occupied the platform on the 23d instant, in his own peculiar style, prefacing his séances with remarks, sensible and appropriate. His address at the 2 P. M. service was upon "Immortality and the Power to Return," closing with a thirty minute's séance, in which there were reported thirty-five full names and many incidents of earth life, that made recognition doubly certain.

I trust I shall be pardoned if I make special reference to the first name reported at the above séance, as it was a fulfillment of a promise made at a séance in another town and through the mediumship of another person.

On Friday, December 21st, 1888, Charles B. Somes, of Groveland, Mass., was having a

séance at his house, with a private medium, Miss Annie E. Ladd. During the séance the late Daniel P. Hopkinson, of Groveland, reported, and before leaving made arrangements with Mr. Somes, that he would be at Haverhill on the following Sunday afternoon and report to Mr. Somes in Unity Hall through the organization of J. D. Stiles, if possible. Mr. Somes came to Haverhill last Sunday, quietly took his seat in the audience, and waited the result. After the preatory remarks the influence changed and the familiar spirit took control, known as *Swift Arrow*. The first spirit described and named reported was that of Daniel P. Hopkinson, of Groveland, Mass., bringing with him his daughter, giving her name and the name of her husband, now living in another city, thus successfully keeping his promise, much to the delight of Mr. Somes, who cheerfully stated the facts as above.

At the 7 P. M. service Mr. Stiles spoke upon the words, "I will give my Angels Guard over Them." The elucidations were upon the facts of spirit return and spirit guidance, closing with another séance in which 74 names were reported, nearly every one of them being fully recognized.

E. B. Fairchild will be with us next Sunday, and as it is the last Sunday of the year, his theme will be Christmas in the Light of Modern Spiritualism. Memorial exercises will be held in the evening.

W. W. CURRIER.
Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 26th.

We accidentally overheard the following dialogue on the street yesterday.

Jones. Smith, why don't you stop that disgusting hawking and spitting?

Smitb. How can I? You know I am a martyr to catarrh.

J. Do as I did. I had the disease in its worst form but I am well now.

S. What did you do for it?

J. I used Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cured me and it will cure you.

S. I've heard of it, and by Jove I'll try it.

J. Do. You'll find it at all the drug stores in town.

Chicago Magnetic Shield Company.

DR. THACHER, No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR:—I received your letter, also a package of circulars. Accept my thanks for them. You are doing more good for the world than all the doctors and ministers. Your belt saved my life. My back was hurt by a fall on the ice three years ago, and when I first put the belt on it could not straighten myself without pain. I wore it about three months, and the soreness left my back and I could sit as straight as any one. When I first put it on I wore it for about an hour, and had to remove it as it was so warm. I am sixty years old and my back is strong with the belt on, but I could not do without it. I found the belt all right and I recommended it to be.

Grand Rapids, Mich. MRS. L. J. PITKIN.

Laurine Gronlund, author of "The Co-operative Commonwealth," and "Ca Ira or Danton in the French Revolution," is prepared to deliver the following lectures: "Looking Forward." The evolution of our country, during the next 25 years, towards a mighty, economic and social, change. "Intellectual and Ethical Aspects of Socialism." Showing, that true Socialism is the only social system, favorable to the highest Culture and Morality, and, far from crushing, will exalt the highest forms of Ability.

"The Great French Revolution." Its significance to France and other nations.

"Karl Marx." Who he was, and what he has done.

"The Price of Life." Increased Production, the trine answer to Edward Atkinson's question, "What can be done?" in his recent *Forum* paper.

Each lecture \$25, and railroad expenses. Special terms for series of lectures.

"Mr. Gronlund is a man to be read with respect... and his works can not be ignored by any one who wishes to acquaint himself with the hopes and motives of a very intelligent body of men."—Wm. D. Howell's in a three-page review in the 1st April number of *Harpers' Monthly*. Address: 222 East 33d Street, New York City.



FIRE UNDER YOUR FEET!

Magnetic Fire is the most powerful calorific the world can control. To have an actual living fire without combustion, is one of the knotty problems solved by DR. THACHER. To generate heat, that is, genuine Magnetic Fire, is the result of the greatest achievement of man. This masterly achievement lifts the heaviest cloud the human race has been under, and solves the much talked of "Problem of life."

If magnetic fire can be harnessed and controlled to the will of man, then, indeed, may we look for the dawn of new light on this earth. It has long been known that MAGNETIC FIRE is the connecting link in life, and some writers claim there is nothing back of magnetism but heat.

That magnetic warmth is greater and quicker than heat by common self-evident. The amount of heat produced by a magnet is proportional to the current passing through it, and the heat is distributed uniformly throughout the body, without any local action, and pain, etc. The MAGNETIC FIRE will charm you with its warming, vitalizing radiations. One Dollar a pair; three pairs, any size, for Two Dollars.

CHICAGO MAGNETIC SHIELD CO.

6 Central Music Hall, Chicago.

For Our Pictures of Andersonville and Libby Prisons.

Instead of appointing numbers of agents throughout the country to sell our pictures, and taking the cream of the profit, we have decided on the following mathematical contest, which will enrich many of our subscribers and at the same time save us money.

We have taken twenty-three pictures of our Presidents—from Washington to Benjamin Harrison—shuffled them as cards, numbered them on backs from 1 to 23, and placed the whole in a securely sealed tin box in a Safety Deposit Vault. The box cannot be opened or examined until April 23, 1889, and nobody knows which picture is numbered 23.

The following 2680 Presents will be Given to the 2680

persons making the best guesses of the picture having No.

23 on back.

1 Present to the Person Guessing the Correct Picture, \$ 500

1 " " " " nearest the correct number, 300

Voice from the People.
AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
LOOK UP, AND SUMMERWARD.

EMMA TUTTLE.

It is the noon of winter, shorn of verdure,
The dreamy landscape cannot be admired;
Stark trees, bare shrubs, and fr^zen ground are
scarce;

The pretty items beauty had desired.

Nature reminds me of a belle, who, weary
With dress-displays of yesterday, appears
Severely simple, cold, and quite insensate;
To hungry worshipers! O, frozen years

Which in the past, miraculously, wakened
From bloomless winters into perfect Junes.
Watt soft sweet memories of things you brought
us;

Roses and lilies, lark and robin tunes.

Picture a precedent, revealing knowledge
That all is well, and Music is not dead,
But concerting in balmy summer regions,
Which will not freeze the garlands on her head.

Now is the season when our souls go seeking
Along Heaven's borders for its mysteries;
We fail would parity with the generous angels
For sketches of its blissful bistoris.

O, for a glimpse of its unpainted beauty,
Which prayerful longings cannot fully win!
O for a hint about our choice-kept treasures
We have been promised when we "enter in"!

Will not some angel, bearing still the sorrow
Of separation from its loves on earth,
Gently instruct us of the compensation
The early dead receive for earth's lost worth?

I almost wish I need not long and listen,
For heavenly news, and angel promises,
But wait, a calm sailete, disclosures
Which death's white wonder quite encompass-

sea.
And I could wait, knowing if sad bereavement
Falls heavy on us mortals angels see
How brief are human lives, and separation
Seems but an hour from an eternity.

For life, to me, is full of wholesome pleasures,
Of health, and love, and tender ministries.
But many toil, and want, and faint, and perish
Borne down by their cramped lives' deficiencies.

For them I want fore-knowledge of the future,
A sheaf of promises to cheer them through.
Tales of a land where souls may grow, unstinted,
Living the good, the beautiful, the new.

But by-and-by we all shall reach the highlands
Beyond these landscapes, wintry, bare, and drear
So never mind the chilling, fellow travelers,
Look up, and Summerward! hail and good
cheer!

Notes From Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:
Mr. J. J. Morse is filling an engagement for the month of December at Conservatory Hall, and is listened to by all who can appreciate a philosophical speaker, though we must admit their number is not so large as that drawn out by his predecessor, Mrs. Brightman. This morning the subject of "Reincarnation" was touched upon in a forcible and logical manner; as it has already been done many speakers at this hall, in reply to the questions handed in for a response from the spirit school. One enthusiast said he had recently contributed \$1,000 and another \$5,000, but it would be seen that work of such general interest should entitle further subscriptions.

The American Society for Psychical Research.

The committee on haunted houses was not called upon on the evening of Dec. 12 to make a report to the American Society for Psychical Research, Boston; but 300 members had gathered to listen to the report of the committee on the subject of phantasms, premonitions and warnings. It was known that very many cases of warnings had been brought to the attention of this committee, and that they had subjected them all to a rigid investigation. Prof. James of Harvard University, took the chair. Dr. J. W. Warren, also of Harvard University, a short, stout gentleman with spectacles and a full beard, read a report of the committee on mediumistic phenomena. There is a schism in the English psychical society, it appears, on this very point of Spiritualism. Royce, professor of mental philosophy at Harvard University, arose and read a number of queer stories that could not be explained. I witnessed one in 1881, at Lake Pleasant; and those Mrs. Reynolds has been presenting to the public for more than a decade, are demoralizing and do, unquietly, in part, bring Spiritualism into contempt. But true Spiritualism is more valuable, because it is scarce and mixed with a fearful amount of chaff. If the foundations of Christianity were subjected to a rigid scientific scrutiny, all that would be left would be spiritual phenomena.

Were it not for Spiritualism I should be a materialist. If I were a materialist I should be a pessimist, and if I were a pessimist, I should probably commit suicide; but Spiritualism shows that life has value, and it is worth while to struggle to the end, and make the most of it; promote the happiness of others as much as possible, and so lay up karma for a future life.

JEN ALLYN.

P. S. Owen's desire to get up something startling and sensational has ruined his paper. Now he is lending it to sell twenty-five foot lots in a Spiritualist town near Santa Barbara; but what the settlers can do for a living is not even hinted at, as if they could live on sunshine and seabreezes. J. A.

A Former Promoter of The "Golden Gate" Criticises the Editor of That Paper and Makes Other Comments of Interest.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I consider you have fought the good fight and established the only spiritualistic paper of much value. We did entertain high hopes of Owen at first, but he has disappointed us by playing into the hands of gombeous and becoming one himself. When Dr. Stanbury was working up his "show" to "do" the East with, I was invited to attend a seance. I by letter pointed out to Mr. O., bow this whole thing was done, and he replied rather angrily, saying, "we were in conference on our friend."

Such exhibitions as Mrs. Hutton has been giving,

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JEN ALLYN.

Communication Through a Psycho-graph.

W. H. Miller of Cairo, N. Y., writes as follows in reference to a communication he received through the psychograph.

The following from a well known citizen of Brooklyn, who passed from earth life a few years since, will interest your Brooklyn and New York readers. It was obtained with facility by means of the psychograph under the hand of a very good sensitive, not occupying more than twenty minutes of time. Mr. Ricard was, I think, near my own age (80) when he died; had been president of the Williamsburg Savings Bank for many years and a member of the Universalist Church.

THE MESSAGE.

I would like to say something in reference to Spiritualism. Years ago I thought I knew all about the life to come, but now I know how ignorant I was. I thought that all there was to do was to sing praises to the lamb and play on the golden harp forever and ever. Now I think that would have been very tiresome, and I am very glad that we have something else to do. We find plenty of work to occupy our time, and we have plenty of music without the golden harp. There is much work to be done before Spiritualism can take its right place; things to be both learned and unlearned; superstition to be destroyed, and a general revolution all around; but it is coming, gradually and surely, and before many more years have passed Spiritualism will reign triumphant. When I last saw you, Mr. Miller, you lived in Brooklyn. Have you left there for good? I think you have made a good change.

I often go to the bank to see how they are getting along alone without the old man. I find they do very well without me. Well, we must all step along to church for others; some go early and some tarry long, but in time all our places will be filled by others, and we will have advanced on our journey toward forever. I shall take pleasure in giving you another call.

GEORGE RICARD.

Spiritualism at Santa Ana, Cal.

Spiritualism is receiving a new impetus here. Prof. J. S. Loveland is dealing fiery blows of logic against superstition and ignorance from the rostrum; and the medium, H. B. Allen has given four successful séances here the past week, which gave us an opportunity to ventilate the subject of Spiritualism through the local daily press. A young newspaper reporter was invited to attend one of Mr. Allen's séances, and in his report he explained all the manifestations by the theory of legerdemain; but this prop being knocked from under him, he tried to hide behind the "Cui Bono?" post. This post was also thrown down, and many of our citizens are becoming very much interested in the subject. During the newspaper war on the trickery question, I arranged a séance composed entirely of skeptics, three men, and three of the most intelligent women they could select. Two of these men were editors of influential papers; and the other is the mayor of our city. At the close of the séance they put their signatures to the following:

"We the undersigned do hereby testify that we sat in a séance with no one else present excepting Mr. and Mrs. Allen and D. Edson Smith, and that we these persons fast between us; and that while they were so held there was music and writing produced in the room. We do not know how it was done; but do not understand how it could have been done by trickery on the part of either of these three persons."

This séance was held under test conditions. It was held in an outside room, engaged for the purpose in a public building; and the doors and the window were carefully sealed by the sitters; yet with our hands all firmly held, and attention being constantly called to this fact—manifestations occurred so to intricate a character, that some of the sitters confessed that they did not believe one person could produce them in the light, with both an ds at liberty.

What Edison Is Racking His Brain Over.

A dispatch from Akron, O., where the wizard Edison is spending the holidays at his father-in-law's, says that he is working on an invention whereby electricity may be produced direct from coal, without all the intermediate processes of converting water into steam in boilers, and that into power, and that the great electrical belief that he may be able to use about half the heat units of the coal instead of from 5 to 10 per cent, as at present. This is something which Edison has been working at for ten years. With him from the scientist whom he has consulted has come many grand ideas in the solution of the great problem. From the confident way in which he now speaks he has apparently made some progress since he last spoke for publication on the subject, and has hopes that he may reach the heart and core of the mystery. If he succeeds he will be the greatest benefactor of the human race has known since the mythical days when Prometheus stole the fire from heaven and gave it to man. All the cunning and valuable inventions with which his name has been associated—the quadruplex, the photograph, and the incandescent light—will shrink into insignificance and will be regarded as the mere idle thoughts of a leisure moment. If he is able to convert into electric energy the power that lies in the carbon and hydrogen of coal, he will be given to man the greatest gift that man can ask of Nature, unless it be the control of the winds and rains. He will have multiplied by ten the present capacity for work of every ton of coal in the world, and will thereby have decoupled our mechanical powers. He will have revolutionized the world of machinery. What the Coriolis engine is to the primitive water wheel of the Egyptian of the days of Pharaoh that will Edison's device be to the present steam engine. Steam engines and gas engines will all go to the junk shop, and new plants—what we cannot yet tell—will take their place. Should Edison make such a discovery, all we ask of him is that he will be moderate, and that he will not charge so high a royalty as to heap up for himself a fortune of more than a thousand-million dollars during the life of the patent. It will be in his power to outrival the accumulated wealth of all the Rothschilds and Vanderbilts, and to concentrate on himself the hatred and abuse that are now lavished on Gould. Prometheus took no patent on his discovery and drew his pay in unending fame, but he angered the gods and had to suffer for it. It is possible that Edison may prefer not to imitate him to the point of angering Demos.—Chicago Tribune.

"I will say here that men have objected to this idea, saying that if women are self-supporting they will not care to marry. Surely, I reply, if a man depends upon his money alone to attract and keep, the time has arrived when woman should compel him to make himself worthy of her love and her possession.

"There are many bright instances where women have met and understood this condition of affairs, and have gone to work like men and made them selves valuable. They have something which they can do better than other women and as well as a man; and I am glad to say that my experience has been that such women are admired, appreciated, and valued. As one old business man said to me, 'If you want a faithful, trustworthy, employee, have a woman who understands her business.' Woman has every element of success in her; teach her to angering Demos.—L. E. Holman.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

The good work goes on. The angels are stirring the waters and the healing of the Nation will be the effect thereof.

Spiritualists and Liberalists are now having a grand treat here. Prof. W. Peck has been lecturing for the First Association during December. He is reasonable, logical and earnest. The Association was tendered a complimentary concert and entertainment Dec. 13th, by Bro. P., who is a natural born actor. He was assisted by Miss Christine Ellsworth and Miss Lula Chase, pupils of Mme. Bishop's Shakespearean College. The choir of the First Association rendered some fine musical selections. T.

WONDERFUL SECOND SIGHT.

Remarkable Gift of a Boy Who Lived in Pennsylvania Fifty Years Ago.

Looking over Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," published in 1830, says a writer in the Pittsburgh Dispatch, I came across a remarkable story, which cannot fail to be of interest both locally and generally, even at this late day. The author says:

"The good people of Caledonia have so long and exclusively engrossed the faculty of second sight that it may justly surprise many to learn that we also have been favored with at least one case as well attested as their own. I refer to the instance of Eli Yarnell, of Frankford. Whatever were his peculiarities he in time lost them. He fell into intemperance habits, became a wanderer, and died in Virginia a young man."

This remarkably gifted person was born in Bucks County, Pa., and came with his parents to the vicinity of Pittsburg. The account of him contained in the narrative before mentioned is in substance as follows:

When Yarnell was living near this city, being then a child only seven years of age, as he was sitting in the house one day he suddenly burst into a fit of almost uncontrollable laughter. His mother asked him what pleased him so much. The boy replied that he saw his father (who was not at home) running rapidly down the mountain side trying to overtake a jug of whisky which he had let fall. The jug rolled part of the way down the declivity, but was caught by the old man before it got to the bottom. When the father reached home he confirmed the whole story, to the great surprise of all. After this the boy excited much talk and wonderment in the neighborhood.

About two years later the Yarnells were visited by a friend named Robert Verree, with other Quaker relatives or acquaintances from Bucks County. Verree, to test the lad's miraculous power asked him various questions, and, among other things, inquired what was he then going on at his own home in Frankford. The boy described the house which he had never seen, stating that it was built partly of logs and partly of stone; that there was a mill pond in front of the house, which had recently been drained, and concluded with a description of the people in the house, and of two persons, a man and a woman, who were sitting on the front porch.

When Verree reached home he inquired who had been at the house at the day and hour he had had his conversation with young Yarnell. He learned that there had been a shower at the time, and several of the field hands had gone into the house to escape the rain; the persons on the porch had been faithfully described, even to the color of their hair. As to the millpond, the men had drained it in order to catch muskrats. In short, every detail given by the boy was proved to be accurate.

The habit of the young seer, when asked to describe his singular faculty, was to hold his head downward, often closing his eyes. After waiting for some time, apparently deep in thought, he would declare what he saw in his visions. He was sometimes found alone in the fields, sitting on a stump and crying. On being asked the cause of his grief, he said he saw great numbers of men engaged in killing each other. Although he had never seen a battle, a ship, or a cannon, he described military and naval battles as if he had been an actual looker-on.

Some of the Quakers who saw him became much interested in the boy, believing him possessed of a noble gift, and asked to have charge of his bringing up. He was accordingly apprenticed to a Franklin tanner, but he attracted so much attention and so many called at the shop to hold conversation with him that his master became annoyed and tried to stop his singular faculty. The boy therefore began to shun questions, as much as possible, and seemed by degrees to lose his singular gift. He drifted into bad company and eventually became a drunkard.

His mother never allowed him to take any money for answering questions, believing him possessed of a noble gift, and that it would be wrong to turn them to account pecuniarily. When he was sold into slavery, he would come to him for information. Of those still alive he would tell how they looked and what they were doing. On one occasion a man asked him in jest who had stolen his pocketbook, and was much taken aback when the lad replied:

"No one; but you stole a pocketbook from another man when in a crowd."

And the historian of the boy's wonderful deeds states that such was the fact. This is about all there is of the strange narrative, which, like Sam Weller's love-letter, ends so abruptly that the reader wishes it were longer.

What Will They Say?

It would be a curious thing were some of the labor organizations to cause the arrest and trial of clergymen who have endeavored to organize the boycott against the Sunday newspapers. Some members of some of the labor organizations believe in the boycott and hate the Merritt and Cole bills, which are directed against such conspiracies. It is argued, and logically, that what is good law to apply to a working man is good law to apply to a preacher, and that if there is a way to make odious the two measures referred to it lies in the arrest of a few clergymen.

What will a clergyman do or say if arrested on the charge referred to? He preaches that society must be organized, that the law of the land must be respected. What will be his excuse for attempting the organization of a conspiracy against the business of a certain group of men? Laws may be good, bad, or indifferent, but they express the voice of the people at a certain time; and while they remain upon the statute books must be observed by all right-minded citizens. What have the clergymen to say who break a law deliberately?

Undoubtedly most of the clergymen who have endeavored to start a boycott were honest enough, whatever may be thought of the right or wisdom or justice of what they did and probably they did not know that they were violating the law of the land. Yet clergymen should be well informed on some topic of the religion they profess to teach; and if they do not know it well, they should be educated to do so. We were very thankful not to be killed ourselves in these troublous times by our "noble" fellow creatures. Then we learned phonology so as to understand human nature better; but we found ourselves cheated and humbugged at every turn. Then we embraced Spiritualism, both becoming mediums, and though never lapsing from faith in this the greatest of all reforms, yet we could not make progress fast enough, or rather, perhaps, in raising a large family, we became engrossed in materialism to the neglect of our spiritual nature. Now what is the remedy, as this is the case with so many others. The question of how to fight our way to get a living and not become sordid by worldly cares, is the greatest of all themes to common mortals.

H. VOORHEES.

Traverse City, Mich.

A Workingman's Dilemma.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I wonder if the JOURNAL will print anything from workingmen, as they are not up to the high-sounding phrases of the literary fraternity. We (myself and wife) were young forty years ago, and after embracing all manner of "isms," we set out to reform the world. First we joined a vegetarian colony and went to Kenesaw to help make a free state; then, as far as our high ideals of teaching people out to be as cruel as to kill animals, we were very thankful not to be killed ourselves in these troublous times by our "noble" fellow creatures. Then we learned phonology so as to understand human nature better; but we found ourselves cheated and humbugged at every turn. Then we embraced Spiritualism, both becoming mediums, and though never lapsing from faith in this the greatest of all reforms, yet we could not make progress fast enough, or rather, perhaps, in raising a large family, we became engrossed in materialism to the neglect of our spiritual nature. Now what is the remedy, as this is the case with so many others. The question of how to fight our way to get a living and not become sordid by worldly cares, is the greatest of all themes to common mortals.

F. P. BAKER.

Topeka, Kansas.

A New Spiritualist Society.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:</p

Why I Am a Spiritualist.

(Continued from First Page.)

their names, and occasionally some sketch of their earthly history, if asked, and many an interesting surprise has been enjoyed this way; but more commonly no name is mentioned, or it will be withheld if asked for—the messenger claiming that his duty is strictly impersonal and official—that he comes in obedience to an authority beyond himself, and that his message must bear its own credentials.

The subject matter of these messages and conversations has been infinitely varied, and any adequate presentation of them would require volumes. Our attendants seem to have an intimate knowledge of all our concerns, and of even our thoughts; they manifest a kindly and vigilant interest in our physical health, often suggesting means for its preservation, or remedies for its restoration if impaired, and frequently impart direct healing force, of conscious, immediate benefit. They have taught us the reality of the "gift of healing" as anciently practiced, explained its rationale, and instructed in its successful exercise in numerous instances. They have warned against impending dangers—on one occasion saving our lives by preventing our taking passage in a steamboat on which a fearful disaster occurred—the occupants of the stateroom we had engaged (but did not occupy) being scalded to death. They sometimes volunteer valuable advice regarding material interests—though for reasons which cannot be fully explained here, we deem it neither wise nor safe to ask or depend upon the advice of spirits in matters not pertaining to their proper sphere, but counsel volunteered from an obviously well disposed and intelligent source may be worth heeding. They have not, indeed, saved us from all the ills and trials of life, and probably it is not best they should do so, since the discipline of suffering is doubtless an important part of life's purpose. But their ministrations have illuminated even the darkest experiences with the light of hope and trust in the eternal goodness, whose unfailing care is convincingly exemplified in and made rationally credible by these angelic ministrations.

But the chief sphere of their service to us has been the moral, religious and spiritual in the best sense of the latter word. They have seemed most earnest to promote personal improvement, roundness of character, the overcoming of all faults and the stimulation of all that is noblest and best, and to urge the application in human society of those higher principles of action—justice and brotherhood—which alone will redeem our world from its abounding evils and bring "the kingdom of heaven" on earth. Especially have they illustrated the nature and value of "inspiration," as well as other "spiritual gifts" of primitive times. But this interesting branch of the subject cannot be here enlarged upon. It must suffice to say that our celestial teachers have not led us to repudiate (as some so-called Spiritualists seemed inclined to do) all religion, nor even that form of it known as Christianity; but rather have aided us to attain a far higher sense of what religion is in its essence—to see what is valuable and permanent in all religions—and to recognize far deeper meanings in the words and life of the Christ of Judea than the Church has ever exemplified—meanings which the scoffing world is sure to miss.

I had hoped to give from my note-book some specimens of the simple and practical, sweet and hallowed lessons given from day to day from this source, but space will not permit. Nor can I more than allude to the general philosophy of life and of the universe which these teachers have opened to us—eminently rational as well as truly spiritual. I will only say that they never attempt to dominate or control, but respect one's mental and moral freedom to the fullest extent; they suggest, stimulate inquiry, seek to instruct, to enlighten, to uplift.

In all these manifestations and ministrations from the spiritual world there is nothing "supernatural" in any objectionable sense of the word. "Natural" (from *natus*) means that which is born. If man is really a spiritual being, he is born so, and in process of time he is born out of the cumbrous flesh into a more spiritual state of existence. Then, if love forms any part of his spiritual constitution, he will naturally and necessarily feel an interest in and care for those who are left behind, still "struggling in the mire of earth," and will seek to serve them if he can. Angelic ministration, then, is higher-natural, not unnatural; and instead of being a thing intrinsically improbable and incredible, to be disputed and antagonized to the last extent—"spirits are the last thing that I will give into"—are the words of a distinguished *savant*—is a thing most natural, reasonable and to be expected in a universe where love has any part—where God, who is love, reigns.

If any imagine that it detracts from the regard due to the Supreme Being to recognize the agency of intermediate beings as ministers of wisdom and of good to us, they should remember that it is the good, or the God in them, which alone prompts them to this kindly service. The infinite spirit of good surely dwells in all loyal beings, and it is by and through their personal agency that He is everywhere present "to will and to do." This affords a rational and intelligible—I think the only rational and intelligible—conception of the Divine omnipresence and providence.

While my convictions have been formed mainly on the basis of facts of the class described, occurring in the quiet of my own family, and through the instrumentality of one who has never acted for pay (and thus has no motive for deception, even supposing deception possible, which is not considered), I am also familiar with phenomena of various other classes, produced through numerous other instruments, probably equally trustworthy, which afford abundant corroboration to the general truth. Of course I am unacquainted with the various theories, often learned and highly ingenious, advanced by "scientific" men, and men not scientific, to account for and explain away these facts on different grounds. I have made it a point through all these eventful years to carefully note and consider everything of importance that has been put forth against the view which has been forced upon me; but am obliged to say, conscious of the full meaning of my words, that no "explanation" which has been offered—no theory of "automatic or unconscious cerebration," of "diseased or abnormal actions of the brain," of "separate activity of the cerebral hemispheres," of "hypnotic hallucination," "self-delusion," or what not, as urged on the one hand; or of "masquerading and deceiving spirits," "demons," "astrals," "shells" etc., as set forth by others—at all meets the case. However astute or pretentious these expositions, or however plausible the case they have made out, a single interview with one of these celestial visitors, under favorable circumstances, has sufficed to brush aside the flimsy reasonings and give to the winds any doubts they may have raised. To

question the distinct and incarnate personality of these intelligences is intellectually impossible, while to repel them indiscriminately as deceivers and ministers of evil or semi-conscious "elementaries" would be to do violence to the moral nature—in fact, to "blaspheme against the Holy Ghost."

Nevertheless, the fact is not to be disguised, because established by abundant experience, that unwise and promiscuous dealings with the unseen world are full of danger. Frivolity, insincerity, or any sinister, mercenary, or selfish purpose, invites, by the very law of spiritual affinity, the presence of beings of a corresponding quality, with whom any familiarity is unprofitable, and liable to prove perilous. Spirit communion should be sought only for the highest and worthiest ends—only in the earnest love of truth and good for their own sake. But this fruitful theme cannot here be dwelt upon. A word to the wise is sufficient.

To conclude, it will be seen from the foregoing that I am a Spiritualist perforce of proofs personal to myself, so strong that were there no other of like belief in the world I should still be compelled to be one. But the fact that millions of other persons, in all parts of the civilized world, including in their number some of the brightest intellects and acutest men of science the age has produced, have within a few years, been brought to substantially the same conviction by similar proofs, independently witnessed, does not weaken my assurance.

Nor does the fact that a body of professional scientific men and experts acting under the auspices of a respectable University in our country—some of them eminent in special departments of investigation—have, after a few ill-conducted attempts at experiment with certain professional mediums—attempt notable chiefly for what did not occur—gravely announced that they have discovered nothing but evidence of trickery and fraud, have any appreciable weight in the case. Even were all the professional mediums in the world proven to be unconscientious tricksters—which seems hardly more provable than that all other professionals are equally untrustworthy—such a fact would have no bearing upon the convictions herein set forth.

A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Though in Spirit Life he Appears to a Medium and Tries to Induce her to Enter a Convent.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

In the summer of 1853 while making my home with a brother in Fon du Lac county, Wisconsin, having previously had my attention called to some alleged spirit phenomena, it was proposed that we sit around the table and see what would result. Five of us seated ourselves, my brother's wife refusing to join us, as it seemed to her sacrilegious; but after some merriment upon the proposition I made, that if she would sit with us a half hour I would give her a shilling, she in a mirthful mood took a seat with us, putting her hands upon the table. In a few moments her countenance assumed a serious appearance, and she removed her hands; however, soon replacing them. Not more than two minutes had passed before she was entranced and soon began to describe scenes and persons she saw, opening to us in a short space of time psychic capacity of no common order. For some length of time she described beautiful scenes and persons she had known; others she had not known. She stepped to the door in ecstasy, listening to lovely music which seemed to be in beautiful gardens with flowers almost without limit;—sometimes carrying on a conversation with an invisible intelligence, the character of which we could judge from her portion of it. At length she said: "You say I must go back? I don't want to go back, it is so lovely here." The tears ran down her face like rain as she protested she did not want to return to the cold cheerless earth from a place of such in describable beauty and entrancing harmony, but at length she seemed persuaded, and soon returned to her normal consciousness with out a show of memory of that which her entranced state had revealed to her.

Before proceeding further in relating her mediumistic experience, it may be well to describe her mental and physical characteristics. She was twenty seven years of age, of good figure and height; very clear complexion, with dark auburn hair; fairly good health, doing the housework for herself and husband, on a farm a portion of the time; was of average intellectual capacity, and respected for her good common sense, spotless truthfulness, unswerving conscientiousness and good practical judgment in all the affairs of life. She possessed a level head, and was especially beloved by an extensive relationship of her husband. She was fairly well developed in the religious sentiment, though not overzealous as a religionist. She was a member of the Baptist church at the East, though at the time she became a medium the early settlement of the country precluded regular attendance at any church. At no time had she associates or friends of the Catholic faith, and like most persons of Protestant education, especially at that time, had been imbued only with prejudice against Catholicism, believing it to possess no qualities of merit.

I now pass on to the winter of 1853, during which interval of time much of interest occurred though not of a public character. She and her husband had, the fall previous, removed to a farm he had purchased some four miles distant, on the borders of a German-Catholic settlement, and some six miles from the extensive Catholic institution known as Mount Calvary.

We looked forward during the early winter to our semi-monthly Sundays that we spent with them, with a great deal of pleasure, which was usually realized; but she became so strongly exercised that I was alarmed fearing harm would come to her, and said to her husband: "We better not sit for her entrancement any more; it seems to distress her, and I am frightened without any idea of the cause of the change that had taken place." About two months elapsed when in the fore part of April I was on my way from the city of Fon du Lac to my home some twelve miles distant, when I seemed to sense, not a voice, but a thought, "Go up to your brothers." Recognizing the possibility of some spirit interposition, and as it was only three miles extra travel, I thought I would make a little test that might be of use to me in establishing the fact that when necessary we could be impressed. On arriving at the house I found nothing unusual; and I looked upon the impulse as some inexplicable mental phenomenon; decided to sit a little while and then pursue my journey. For a number of times when I desired to start, the will to do so would seem to go from me until near tea time, when I decided to remain at tea, and then go surely. Still the same deprivation of will power when I would start detained me until dark when I put up my

horse to remain for the night.

While conversing in the evening upon some matter foreign to Spiritualism (and I think the subject had not been mentioned during the time I had been there), sitting with my chair tipped back against the wall, with my feet on the round of the chair, I was struck with a force—I would call it will-power, like an electric shock, and was thrown to my sister in-law's side, some twelve feet distant. Acting, then, as it seemed to me, under some foreign will power never before experienced in that way, I said to the husband, "Come up here"; to another brother, "Come to the other side," while I made passes over her,—seeming to sense some kind of a contest, but how or what, I had not the least conception. After some fifteen minutes, entire quiet being restored, she being entranced, in a masculine voice, in substance said: "I have something especial to tell you. Owing to the proximity of this house to the Catholic settlement, and the fact that Catholics formerly occupied it, thus permeating it with their magnetism, serving as the channel of approach, this lady has come under the control of an association of Catholic spirits. We brought you here to day, that, through your magnetism, we could depose them, and your own friends again be able to approach and control her."

To conclude, it will be seen from the foregoing that I am a Spiritualist perforce of proofs personal to myself, so strong that were there no other of like belief in the world I should still be compelled to be one. But the fact that millions of other persons, in all parts of the civilized world, including in their number some of the brightest intellects and acutest men of science the age has produced, have within a few years, been brought to substantially the same conviction by similar proofs, independently witnessed, does not weaken my assurance.

Nor does the fact that a body of professional scientific men and experts acting under the auspices of a respectable University in our country—some of them eminent in special departments of investigation—have, after a few ill-conducted attempts at experiment with certain professional mediums—attempt notable chiefly for what did not occur—gravely announced that they have discovered nothing but evidence of trickery and fraud, have any appreciable weight in the case. Even were all the professional mediums in the world proven to be unconscientious tricksters—which seems hardly more provable than that all other professionals are equally untrustworthy—such a fact would have no bearing upon the convictions herein set forth.

After some farther discussion over the matter she returned to outer consciousness. We then opened conversation upon the Catholic religion, in various ways denouncing it; said that girls were enticed into their numeraries. Without knowing how exactly my remark was going to apply to the situation, I made some threat as to what I would do if they enticed away any of my friends. In the meantime her agitation had grown more and more apparent, and she replied to my remark with blushed cheeks and a good deal of warmth: "That I need not be troubled about my friends being enticed away." Things went on apparently quiet for a while, but it was found the same influence was gaining possession again.

Business brought them to my place. When the time came for them to return, the husband and I in the parlor below were talking over the propriety of their remaining—not going back to the place at all. Some impulse took him up to their room when he at once called me. The poor sensitive soul was the battle ground of the two sets of influences. The Catholic party saw, I suppose, that their only opportunity was gone, unless they could influence her to return; but that settled it. After a few weeks we accompanied them to the place,—she to pick up some of her goods. The struggle to keep free from those influences was fearful. She never returned again to the place; later on he sold it.

Gradually her secretiveness, which had been put under complete control, was liberated, and she disclosed the plot in full that had been planned by her immortal associate. A more devoted couple as man and wife could not be found. Her disclosure was in substance as follows: During the winter and up to the time of my impelled visit, as soon as her husband left the house, she being much alone (they had no children), a Catholic priest—a spirit—to her as tangible a man as she ever saw, came and remained until her husband's return or others came, talking with her, instructing her hour after hour, and day after day, an almost constant companion for weeks and months when she was alone in the house. She became much attached to him. Occasionally when a German neighbor came in, she felt a most kindly sympathy for him. In proof of some such presence giving instruction, she seemed to have gained a knowledge of the Catholic religion equal to one who had been associated with it many years as a student, and as it seemed to her, from a very high moral and religious stand-point.

A small sum of money that was in the house, she had planned to use for her expenses, having been instructed how to proceed to make her way secretly to Fond du Lac, and from there to a convent in Chicago. This plan she had fully matured, and but for the interruption of my presence and our own spirit friends, would have been attempted.

No personal harm seemed to have been intended, but the desire on the part of the good Father (or bad Father) was to use her to communicate to the brother priests on earth. Some weeks after making their home at my house, her appetite left her; she ate nothing with the exception of a thin slice of bread about two inches square, and half a cup of coffee each morning, which fast lasted three and one-half weeks. She fell away in flesh a little, but felt ordinarily well. She became wonderfully clairvoyant; had only to put her mind upon any one she knew in order to read them in their most secret selfhood. She was surprised to find them different from what she had supposed them to be.

In the latter part of the summer she and her husband returned to her native home, Chemung county, New York, where she died about ten years later, the latter part of the time having poor health from dropsical tendencies incident thereto.

I have often related the foregoing incidents, and thought many times I would write them out for publication; but this, perhaps, is an opportune time on account of the discussion among investigating minds in reference to the influence exerted upon mortals by Catholic spirits. In this instance the reader will see no opportunity for telepathic influence from mortals. The spirit-world is undoubtedly the counterpart of whatever we find here, and by the law of association, like attracting like, a corresponding subtle activity and organizing ability characterizes associations of Catholics in the spirit state, as is noted in their industrious methods in this life. The same watchful proselytizing must be active there as here.

There is illustrated in this instance of control the necessity of watchful care over sensitivities. The penalty that this good lady endured, because of ignorance of the law, is painful for us to contemplate. The position, that sensitivities should not be relieved of all responsibility, is correct in my judgment; still a greater responsibility rests with the mental conditions that environ them. While we encourage the development of sensitivities, we are responsible to that extent for their protection. Vigilance is the price of everything valuable, as well as of liberty."

Catholic influences may seek to obtain control in spiritual issues, as well as in material institutions. Other classes of religiousists may do the same. Catholic leaders would

absorb mediums into their fold and then silence them. Would it be much different in that respect with other Christian denominations?

No greater denunciations of mediums have been expressed by any one, than have come from the lips of the Rev. Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a leading light among the Protestant clergy; and no Catholic influence would be more determined to destroy every mediumistic gift than he. His reproach, heaped upon some of the best intellects this nation has produced, among the foremost in social standing, has no parallel among the Catholic clergy; would not such be the influence about him?

Through our laws we protect the weak from the strong; by bolted doors and the usages of society, the great army of obtrusive people are excluded, saving us from annoyance and even destruction. This obtrusive element is always of less growth. The grand souls that have pierced the broad canopy of freedom for themselves, comprehending the open country to which they are admitted, and while warned by its sunlight overlooking the needs of human growth, never obtrude themselves where adaptations for their presence is wanting. The vast army of spirits near the earth are ready to enter any open door, and we must know how to guard it, holding it sacred to the higher guidance, whose words, though few or many, are from the plane of wisdom.

The facts related in the foregoing can be corroborated by the lady's husband, a well known business man of Horseheads, N. Y., and who possesses the entire confidence of that community socially and in business relations; also Butler Talmadge of Pasadena, Cal.; portions of it can be corroborated by numbers of others. J. R. TALMADGE.

Glenbeulah, Wis.

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RELIGION PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

THE ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE

DEVOTED TO ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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No. 21

Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

A Discourse to the Unitarian Society of Spokane Falls, Dec. 2, 1888, By E. M. Wheelock.

And ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you Free. JOHN VIII. 32.

All growth is from the cell. From one minute organic cell another proceeds; from these, others; and the result is a blade of grass, a lily, an oak tree, an elephant, or a man. From the cell, by the process of growth, come the fields, the forests, the whole greenery of earth, the animal creation and the structures of man. But the whole universe becomes a party to this simple act of cell growth. The un-seen roots of vital relation extend to the spaces and the deeps. Before the rose can flower, or the daisy put forth its blossom, there is required the sun and the earth, and every golden ball in the sky, with all their past history and their vast system of cosmic relations. Smallest and greatest are wedded in nature; tied together by the thread of natural kinship. For the Universe is one; there is nothing outside it, it has no outside, and in the unity all is embraced. Every leaf on the maple, every swallow in the air is cousin and kinsman to the whole structure of universal life. Cosmic unity runs on the great roadway of Law through all the worlds.

The same immanent force that is working thus in the material world, urging on the successive changes from Chaos to Cosmos, works also in the spiritual, and pushes forward the successive steps in the domain of religious thought. As the law of growth throbs and beats through every atom of the realm of matter, so is every expression of the moral nature, every mould and form of the religious life, from the most degraded to the most pure, but the workings of that inward spirit that from the raw material of human passion and experience, shall draw forth, little by little, the perfect results of ideal goodness. In the social as in the solar system, in hearts and souls as in clouds and stones, in man-dust as in star-dust, the law of growth, which is the living God within us, alters, adorns and recreates, announcing afresh with every age and epoch, the incoming of the kingdom of heaven. As the quickening kiss of the sun, causes a myriad flowers to open their eyes to the day, and glitter as they gaze, so does the inner light in the breast induce and sweetly draw mankind to seek the All-Good. As the organic laws wear away Alpine peaks, change granite to soil, drape ruins with ivy, and cover the rocks with moss, so the Eternal World-Spirit, the Quick-Spirit in man, crumbles the mountains of iniquity into useful elements, and in the soil of savage life plants the fair blossom of culture.

Let us briefly note the successive steps in the moral growth of mankind, and in the evolution of the religious life of the ages. As the modern apple was once the wild crab, so civilized men were once mere human animals; unable to speak, their language was a chatter or a howl. The early wild man of the earth gazed in terror on every side. He felt his own littleness and subjection. He had neither wing nor scent, fang nor claw, clothing, fire nor weapons. He needed more, and he had less than any other creature. Around him were forest prowlers that could devour him at a breakfast. He is embodied helplessness, when the thunder breaks, when the storm descends, when the sea rages, when the lion roars, his knees knock together. The forces of the world enslave him. Nature presses on him with all her weight, and every force uses its cruel whip on his back.

These early savages, in all but a germ of known as the first record in Genesis, was a continually grow less.

their humanity stood on the animal plane. They were lower than the lowest of our species now extant, lower than the Australian or the Hottentot, or the tree men of Ceylon, being in fact but rudiments of men. They were hairy like apes; they grunted, howled and hissed for speech; they gnawed roots and bark, gathered wild fruits and the leaves of succulent plants, ate raw fish and fed on worms and snakes; they fled from the larger animals, caught in their hands the small rodents, sucked their blood and feasted greedily on their palpitating flesh, so becoming also cannibals. Marriage in any form was unknown. They were promiscuous after the fashion of beasts. They freed themselves from the vermin which infested them by rolling in the dust, as poultry do. They lived in caves, and holes, and hollow trees, daubing their bodies with grease and ochre.

Out of this quagmire the squallid creatures crept by degrees. They made garments of skins, knives of flint, and spear heads of bone; fire they found in the burning forests kindled by the lightning, and the sense of dependence taught them religion. For in this wild condition man finds himself helpless among the powers of nature, and worships the strange forces before which he trembles. All savages begin by thinking that they came out of the ground, like the trees and plants. The earth they say was their Mother and the sun their Father. They are nature-worshippers. They look upon the natural forces as gods more powerful than man; attribute to them human passions; become afraid of them, personify them, and implore their intervention and their compassion.

They find their tutelar god or Totem in the tree which has been made sacred by the lightning stroke; or the meteoric stone which they saw falling from the mysterious sky. Around these consecrated objects they gradually make circles of huge stones. Now they have their sacred place, the court of their idol; the sentiment of reverence has arisen to birth; they are worshippers; they believe in miracles wrought through their priests by the power of their God; they entertain a sense of gratitude to the being in the tree or the stone who is the friend of their tribe; they strike out the beginning of a rude symbolic writing to commemorate his miraculous and benignant interventions in their behalf. Their words of gratitude and supplication are the germ of the religious hymn, and that circle of stones the rudiment of the architecture of the temple and the cathedral. This is the first rude birth of the religious sentiment in mankind. This is the manner in which religions grow out of the early savage slime from the seeds of helpless ignorance and fear. But how cunning are the ways of nature! She from the first has been instructing her child when he seemed most alone, leading him on step by step, though in a circuitous way.

The next step is when men rise from the worship of stocks and stones and lifeless things to that of animals. This is a step in advance. Now they worship brute life, some animal, which is considered a type of the divine. Beast worship grew to its height in Egypt, and the Jews learned it there, imitating Apis in their golden calf, and worshipping the magical brazen serpent. In Egypt the forms of animal life were held as images of the Supreme, hence all that had life was in a way divine—the sacred ibis, crocodile, bull, cat, snake. This form of worship which reverenced life in its animal forms, flourished along with a very high degree of culture, political power and civilization. It was not false, but only inadequate. God is the principle of life, but he is more.

There was a primitive people living in the highlands in India, the progenitors of the Aryans, indeed our primeval forefathers, who were preserved from becoming wholly brutal in their sensations. They were preserved as the seed grain of the world—the future civilizers of humanity. These never abandoned themselves to animal promiscuity and man-eating, and they had a form of monogamic marriage. Woman was not a slave among them. They had the family and the household, and thus the germ of civilization.

They were taught to serve their parents as the king and priestess of the house, and the exponents of the Deity, and this commandment was made for them, which Moses found still extant in Arabia long ages afterward. "Thou shalt obey and reverence the father-mother of the household, for the God Goddess is over them for thee; and will make by this service a place in the land for thee to continue and increase." So there was instituted household government and household religion, and then and there the primal civilization of the world began. They conceived that God was a man-woman, who had brought them forth in some preceding state of existence. In the open space, around which they built their huts, they set up the slender straight trunk of a tree, on which they placed another branch horizontally as a cross, hence worshiping God in the creative principle; this being to them its sign. The worship of the cross extended in that day from Egypt to India.

This people dominant among the sons of man, first absorbed the inferior races, taught them the primitive arts of human society, and by migrations passed at an early date into Egypt, forming there the ruling caste, and afterwards established itself in Greece, founding the Hellenic culture. The man Abraham was derived from this stock, and the writing preserved in his family, and now known as the first record in Genesis, was a continually grow less.

poem of the early religious scriptures. They worshiped God under the name of Dayans, the Father of the day, whence comes Deus and all the divinities. They expressed Deity by the symbol O-I, He-She, Man-Woman, God-Goddess. When they saw a beautiful man, they called him "God-like," or a beautiful woman "Goddess-like;" and so they made beauty in its human likeness, a means of approach to the idea of the infinite.

It is an uplift when men rise from the worship of lifeless things, or of animals, to that of human qualities, for they are nearest the divine. Man, then, no longer reverses that which is below himself, but that which is highest in himself, and in his conception of Deity his effort is to realize a perfect human being. This is religion re-born, for man can neither adore, nor conceive of, that which is not in his own mind.

We are not, therefore, indebted to the Hebrews for the primitive idea and form of intelligent religion. From the roots of the Aryan tree O-I the Israelites derived his first feeble image, hugging himself, meanwhile in the fantasy that he alone knows the true God, and the true name of God because he has a dim and distant vision of the masculine. He did not know that his local religion was but a dwindled offshoot of the paternal tree, and that other offshoots of that tree survived, among races of a sweeter amenity, and of a deeper and loftier learning, who kept perfectly the heavenly law.

The Aryan worship of He-She at first was not an idolatry; it was an ideality, but it became an idolatry when the truth of the symbol was lost, and so the Jews lost the idea in the masculinity that was given to Abraham, diverting it into a war-god, a Jehovah made in the image of their own passions; whence Christian sectarians have evolved a devil-god, the ogre of creation, swallowing up the unbelieving or perverted of his offspring, and keeping them alive for torment eternally, in the wrath of his wicked and malignant fire. It is a question of evolution.

There was among the seed of Israel a line of free, select and protesting souls, poets-prophets, who modified by their continued teaching the despotism of the priests, seeking to shake the mind of Israel from its dependence on ritual, declaring against Moses and the Priests, that the Most High only required Justice and Mercy at the hands of his children, and not the bloody and futile sacrifices of the temple. But Israel, by its false priestly and sectarian conception of the Eternal, fought against these spiritual Reformers. It slew the prophets and suppressed the spirit of prophecy. And when He came of whom the elder seers had spoken, who was to break the iron chain that held the people in bondage to formalism and tradition, who was to lead them forth into an order of universal kindness, and abolish the evil ways of man, taking into his heart the all of humanity, they slew the gracious Teacher—that sweetest blossom on the stem of human nature, and their successors in the Church of to-day, have misconstrued and perverted his testimony, to form new links in the chain to perpetuate priest craft, and bind the spiritual freedom of the Race.

In reading the early writings which bear the name of "Scripture," we have to separate the wheat from the tares. Whatever there is in that Scripture of mercy, of humanity, and of forgiveness, is of the Kingdom of Heaven, and whatever is against mercy, and against humanity and against forgiveness is of the Kingdom of Darkness. So concerning the words that are reported as spoken by Jesus of Nazareth, the same discrimination must be made. There is much that is factitious, and that grew by subsequent accretion. Much that is inaccurately reported, because imperfectly remembered, and but partially understood. Whatever therein is of the spirit of humanity is heavenly truth, and whatever is affirmed that is repugnant to the spirit of humanity, is neither true nor good. Thus must we separate the truth from the error, the grain from the chaff, in every Scripture however venerable, however sacred, that has been written by the fingers of men.

Rational religion shatters no true sacredness, it will keep all that is true of our own Scripture with unfailing care, and welcome all that is Truth in all other Scriptures with equal joy, and thus it will never close the canon of the continually uttered Word of Revelation! It knows that all holy Scripture is not in the Bible, nor is all that is in the Bible holy Scripture. The wind of the Spirit bloweth where it listeth and whatever it touches, it consecrates. We need not go to Jerusalem to find the Word of God, and the cross of Christ is lifted up wherever temptation the chaff, in every Scripture however venerable, however sacred, that has been written by the fingers of men.

Rational religion shatters no true sacredness,

it will keep all that is true of our own Scripture with unfailing care, and welcome all that is Truth in all other Scriptures with equal joy, and thus it will never close the canon of the continually uttered Word of Revelation!

I am indebted largely for the facts here collated to an article from the pen of Mite Kermnitz of Bucharest, which was republished in a leading magazine of New York, several years since.

Carmen Sylva was born in the castle of her forefathers at Neu-Wied on the Rhine, Dec. 20th, 1843. Her family had given to the world for many generations, people of talent and worth. In her great grandfather's family were the celebrated traveller and naturalist Maximilian, and a famous painter. Her grandmother was known as a poetess, as well as others of her family. Her father would not join the Rhine confederacy, and as many of her ancestors had fallen in battle for the freedom of the fatherland, she was ever known as a patriotic German. Her father was a man of profound learning, who drew around him a large circle of artists and men of culture, to whose companionship his family had free access. Her mother was but eighteen when this child of genius was born, and it would seem as if all the virtues and rare talents of a long line of ancestors had culminated in this brilliant woman, especially fitting her for the great work of reform the times in which we live demand. Though for many years an invalid, her mother proved herself a wise and loving companion for her children, especially this one, who, as Mite Kermnitz says, was as full of motion as quicksilver, and as vigorous as a female Hercules. At three years of age she was allowed to learn to read, to satisfy her constant desire for employment. No

harder task was found than to keep her still. In her fifth year she had to sit for a portrait with her brother Wilhelm, two years younger. Neither coaxing nor sternness could keep her quiet, until she resolved to sit still, and after a few moments she fell fainting from her chair; yet even then her highest ambition was to be a school teacher. Her motto, as she grew to womanhood, was that of the famous Norwegian poet Ibsen. This motto, literally translated, is—"Nothing or All;" or, as we should write it, "All or Nothing."

Her parents directed her education, which was confined, among others, to the celebrated physiognomist.

In 1850 the family went to Bonn to be near a celebrated physician for the young Prince Otto, who was a terrible sufferer for the eleven years of his life. Here the growing words of patriotism of the gray-haired poet Moritz Arndt found an echo in her inmost soul, and he taught her to reverence her baptismal name Elizabeth.

Her mother had a farm prepared for the little invalid brother, and here she learned to milk cows, make cheese and dig potatoes, and these are accomplishments of which to-day, as Queen Elizabeth, she is very proud. She was closely attached to this little invalid brother, and her childhood had its tinge of sadness from her sympathy with his suffering, and his patient endurance and unselfish efforts to spare others; and she found also in his precocious intellect a spur to her own efforts. His death left a painful void in the family circle, which was soon followed by that of Carmen Sylva's most intimate girl friend, and in the following autumn her father, who had long been a sufferer from consumption, also died. She had gone to St. Petersburg to visit the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, to whom her father had confided her for a pleasure trip. There she lay ill of typhus fever when her father died. His last letter was addressed to her in reply to questions about a new philosophical work he had just published.

To this faith comes "eating and drinking" as did the Son of Man. Its ministry has no more formal piety than the wild roses in a hedge row, or the larks who sing as sweetly on the Sabbath as if it were a week day. "Every man will hear the gospel preached in his own tongue"—that is, through his own peculiarities of mind and ways of life. The arms of the Divine Maternity and Paternity put forth through it, will gather the desolate and Outcast from huts and kennels into new life, and fresh opportunity.

It sets men to building, not costly Cathedrals and Temples, to be inhabited during the week by rats, while Childhood and Womanhood are left crowded and smothered in the slums, but the Industrial Palaces of God and man, where labor justified at last, leaves the social hordes, sheds its sordidness and rags, and enters with singings and rejoicings. Alms-giving feeds and breeds poverty, but the organization of Industry will abolish poverty. This religion will enlist the whole of our Intelligence, and use all the tools of science and civilization, until Humanity shall be born again into its inalienable rights, in this new cradle of mankind. The Sacrament which it offers is its own worship of Truth and Beauty, whose elements it distributes to all communicants pronouncing them to be the Real Presence—the body and blood of God and His Christ.

A Sketch of the Life of Carmen Sylva, The Pen Name of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.

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QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?

2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?

3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?

4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.

5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.

6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?

7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in his relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY W. L. THOMPSON.

1. My parents lived and died members of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, of which church, until the year 1848, I was also a member. I then became a convert to, and a member of, the Established Church of England. I finally studied for the ministry of that church and was graduated in 1853, and was ordained a deacon the same year, and on the year following was ordained a priest. For nearly twelve years I exercised the functions of the priest—allow me to say—faithfully and honestly, if I knew my own heart. At the end of that time I became a Spiritualist. I will not say a fully confirmed believer as I now am, but I was persuaded there was truth in it. Before I became a Spiritualist, however, I had some doubts about the truth of some of the fundamental dogmas of orthodoxy, and among these were the reality of a life after death. I was in that state of mind in which Kant seems to have been at one period of his life when he propounded this question:

"Is there any means of knowing whether the series of states of consciousness, which has been casually associated for three score years and ten with the arrangement and movements of innumerable millions of successively different molecules, can be continued in like association, with some substance which has not the property of matter and force? If any body can answer that question he is just the man I want to see."

I met with no man nor book which could answer that question to my satisfaction; but Spiritualism, if true, seemed to me to give a complete answer to it and I became a Spiritualist. I then of my own free will and accord resigned my priestly robes into the hands of my dear old bishop, with a somewhat fearful and troubled heart, but I could not eat the bread of a church whose doctrine I could neither believe nor teach.

2. For the past twenty years I have been what may be denominated a "rational Spiritualist" of the Religio-Philosophical type.

3. Allow me here simply to repeat, by way of emphasis, that after the most careful study I have found no answer to that question of the ages, "If a man dies shall he live again?" but Spiritualism, and if that be not true, the question of a future existence remains yet to be answered. In my long and somewhat extensive and careful investigation of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, if I were to say that during all that time I had never once been humbugged, the readers of the JOURNAL, I think, would have good reason to believe that I was either an exceptionally fortunate man, or a very unscientific investigator. I wish I could say so with truth; but that is not the matter to be here discussed. The most satisfactory evidence, taking everything into the account, in the way of physical phenomena I ever received came through what may be called private sources. I will briefly relate the phenomena which occurred at the séance and which fully convinced me of the truth of Spiritualism. It was not, comparatively, a very wonderful or remarkable séance of the kind; but to me it was a very important one, not only because it was free from all suspicion of fraud, but also because it was at that scéne I became a confirmed convert to the faith I now hold.

Of the little band of three who formed the circle on that occasion, two, my dear old friend William Baker, and Mrs. Coburn, both well known in Boston, have passed to the higher life; I alone remain. My friend Baker had rooms in the old Marlboro Hotel where I used to frequently visit him evenings. On one occasion the subject of Spiritualism chanced to come up in conversation. He asked me what I really thought of Spiritualism. I replied I had good reason, I thought, to believe that it was true, but I should be glad to have some more evidence looking in that direction. My friend said, "That is just my case in regard to it." Then it was suggested we should have a séance in his room, which was brightly lighted up at the time with gas and never darkened during the séance. I replied such an arrangement would suit me, but I feared, as neither he nor myself was a medium, the result would not be a success. He said he knew the matron of the house, Mrs. Coburn, and if he could persuade her to come and sit with us we might get something of value, as he had reason to believe she was very mediumistic. Mrs. C. was sent for and very reluctantly consented to form one of the circle as she was opposed to that kind of thing.

We sat around a small deal table about 2 feet 1 inch in length by 18 inches in width, for rather more than 20 minutes, but no response from any quarter came to our anxious inquiries. In about half an hour, however, I thought I heard some faint rappings. My two friends depicted me to ask questions.

"Is any spirit friend present?" I inquired. Three distinct raps came in response, meaning yes.

"Will you give your name through the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"Professor Williams" was then rapped out. The spirit claimed to know me. None of us knew him.

"What were you professor of in earth life?"

"Of music."

"Where did you die?"

"Lancaster, England."

I knew the place very well. My friends knew nothing of it, never having been across the Atlantic.

"Can you name any town not very far from Lancaster?"

"Whitehaven."

I also knew the place very well, and the name was correct.

"Can you, Professor Williams, call to your remembrance the name of any educational institution not very far from Whitehaven?"

"Saint Bees College."

Correct; the college from which I was graduated.

"Williams, you said you were a professor of music in earth life; can you give us any evidence of that to-night in any way?"

"I will try. Sit back from the table, neither touching it with hands or feet, the room perfectly light. In a few minutes

the table seemed to become, as it were, instinct with life, and it appeared to us as if there were half a dozen persons engaged drumming out a tune in unison on the table with little hammers. Each one of us in turn laid one side of our heads on the table whilst the drummings continued, and then they suddenly ceased. When we were again seated away from table as before stated, I asked the Professor if he could not move the table some distance without human hands. "I will try."

In a few minutes the table came walking, or rather jumping on its legs towards me, and tried to climb on my knees, and that without human aid. This ended the séance. Here were a few simple phenomena. What was I to make of them? Were they the result of trick or fraud on the part of my two friends? That was not to be thought of. I knew I had no conscious hand in producing the phenomena. Were we all three hallucinated, and no such things occurred? I couldn't believe that. I was shut up to one of two conclusions: either the phenomena were the result of the presence of a spirit calling itself "Prof. Williams," or I could give no rational or satisfactory reason for their occurrence under the circumstances. It seemed to me, on the whole it was more reasonable to believe that the performance was just what it claimed to be, the result of spirit power, than to attribute it to anything else. Many years have passed away since that night, but I have never had any good reason to change the opinion which I then formed that evening with regard to the origin of those simple, but to me important physical manifestations, in my dear old friend Baker's room. If they were not what they claimed to be, were not the result of either delusion or trickery, pray, then, what were they the result of? I have for a long time been honestly and earnestly in search for some other reasonable solution of this conundrum, but so far I have completely failed. Shall I be more successful in the future? I doubt it; but I am willing to receive it whenever I get it.

5. When any one honestly and earnestly believes in a theological creed and strives to live up to its dictates, we in common parlance, call such a person "religious," and the creed he believes we denominate "his religion." This makes a written or understood creed necessary to the true definition of "religion." Webster defines the word "religion" thus: "A system of faith and worship; pious practice." It seems to me that any definition of the word "religion" that shall in any sense be distinctive and comprehensible, must include some kind of belief in spiritual things, and no belief that does not include a belief in immortality, deserves to be called a "religion." If this definition of "religion" be correct then, surely Spiritualism is a religion, and such we believe it to be.

Nor does the belief in Spiritualism make it any less a "religion" because the evidence of its truth rests upon facts, and may possibly be demonstrated like any other fact in science or philosophy. I suppose, it may go without saying, that a man may be a good man; that is, be a kind, generous neighbor, truthful and honest in all the relationships of life, a loving husband and father, and a good citizen, and yet have no belief in a personal conscious future life after death; but such a man's belief, whatever it may be called, does not deserve the name of "religion." That word, I say, as I have explained it, must include at least a belief in the spiritual nature of man, and a belief in a future state of existence. The belief in Spiritualism does include these, and therefore it is a "religion." No age of the world and no race of people, civilized or uncivilized, have been without "religion," and to this extent, in so far as they were in earnest in their belief, might be called religious. Saint Paul in preaching to the Athenians declared that in all spiritual things they were "too religious," or "overmuch religious"; not "too superstitious" as we have it in our Bibles.

6. In all departures from old time religious beliefs—among which we place Spiritualism—their success, apart from the truth or falsity of the grounds for such departures—in a great measure we find depends on the honesty and earnestness of those who take part in them, as, witness the early history of the Christian departure from Judaism, and the Mohammedan departure from heathenism.

It may be admitted that truth is mighty and will prevail against all opposition; but we think it will hardly be denied that its march may be either accelerated or retarded according to the character of its advocates.

We do not mean to insinuate that believers in Spiritualism, as a whole, are not honest and earnest; but the question is, ought we not to be more in earnest than we are? That many of our public mediums have talents and gifts far above the average of orthodox ministers will hardly be doubted; and yet they are comparatively poorly paid is what we are forced to believe: yea, we know it is so. Many of them have been forced to leave our rostrums on that account. This should not be. We could, if it were not an invidious fact, name many known to us personally who are endowed with such gifts of eloquence and learning, that if exercised in a Christian pulpit instead of on our rostrums would bring them as many thousands per annum as they now get hundreds.

Spiritualists in proportion to their numbers are not as a class poorer than other religious denominations; and yet, how liberal the latter are when compared with the former. How well, as a class, they remunerate their ministers, support their religions and benevolent institutions, and their religious literature. Can this be said of us to the same extent? I fear not. Our meetings generally are supported with the greatest difficulty; our newspapers and publications languish, and struggle with pecuniary difficulties for an existence. Is not there one reason for all this as a body a lack of more earnestness in the cause; a lack of appreciating the full value to humanity of Spiritualism? If so, is it not about time we got out of that Laodicean condition and be one thing or the other, either earnest friends of the faith or its determined foes? In earnestness of faith, and in liberality of purse, and good works I fear it must be confessed that our orthodox brethren put us to shame. Performance of duty will generally be in proportion to earnestness of belief. I question whether there is any more dishonesty among us than among Christians in general; but that we have enough of it, the exposures often made of fraudulent mediums by the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, if nothing more, would be ample proof; for which good works it surely deserves, not only thanks, but the earnest and liberal support of all the well-wishers of our philosophy. We certainly need more honest mediums; no cause can prosper with such moral rotteness within its bosom; and one of the most painful and baneful things connected therewith is the fact that there should be so many among us who seem to be willing to become not only us apostates, but actual defenders. I have no real apology to offer for fraudulent medi-

ums, and yet, I have a kind of personal sympathy for such unfortunates. I think we Spiritualists are measurably to blame for their condition. Have we done our duty by our mediums? This may be questioned. Have we protected, respected, supported, and educated them as the churches have done their ministers? As yet, we have not made even the attempt to do it. Mediums are of much importance to Spiritualism, as ministers are to the orthodoxy, and just as worthy of remunerat-

on psychology is by far the most important in this respect.

The proper study of mankind is man." Man may be defined as a "rational soul possessing a body." Spiritualism has done much to render this definition a very much better one than that man is a "rational being with a soul." It has also done much to teach us something as to the nature of that chief part of man, more indeed than the study of any other science in modern times. And yet, by the way, it must be confessed, that with all our boasted enlightenment, we know but little of either the nature of the soul or of the nature of that matter through which it manifests itself to the senses. The result, however, of the study of the psychic nature of man in the light of modern Spiritualism has been felt directly and indirectly in almost every department of life and knowledge, in science, art, philosophy, literature, legislation, etc. Like the little leaven which the parable tells us the woman hid in her meal, it has leavened to some extent, at least, the whole lump. The meanest part in the business, however, is, that many who have secretly stolen most of this heavenly fire have not had the manliness to acknowledge the theft.

No great artist now, for instance, represents, either in marble or in paint, an angel with the wings of a goose to give an idea of motion. Novelists are stealing our psychological knowledge to render their productions interesting and instructive. Physicians—I mean the liberal and enlightened part of them—are beginning to recognize that many physical diseases, perhaps the most of them, as well as mental diseases, originate in the soul, and cannot be successfully treated by the base elements of salts, senna, opium, or mercury; hence in a measure the modern departure from the old-time method of treatment. In education similar change has been effected. We are beginning to learn that real knowledge cannot be crammed into the cranium of our children, as one would put stinging into a duck by brute force. That knowledge comes more from within than from without, and is a growth, not a manufacture. The word education means to bring out, rather than to put in. In fine, we make no hesitation in saying that no physician can be as successful as he might be in the treatment of diseases in general; nor Judge from the bench deal out to the criminal before him humane and even-handed justice, as he ought to; nor father of a family know how properly to educate, in the large sense of that word, and bring up his children, who is not measurably acquainted with the psychic nature of man as developed in the light of modern Spiritualism.

Again, are we not at fault in not making our social Sunday gatherings a little more attractive? As a rule I am bound to say that the mental pabulum furnished by our speakers will favorably compare with orthodox ministers in general. Our greatest defect in this respect seems to be a lack of variety of subject. Why should our lecturers as a whole confine themselves so exclusively to spiritual subjects? Our liberal ministers have taken the hint and do not occupy all their time on subjects necessarily connected with Christianity. I have more than once, for instance, on a Sunday evening, slipped away from our meetings to hear a liberal preacher discourse on some one of the plays of our immortal bard, and felt refreshed. The mind as well as the spirit must be fed. I am aware that there is an abundance of food for the mind in Spiritualism, more than my poor mind can ever digest; but whilst I am an inhabitant of this world the things the roof more or less delight me.

I wish, too, we could have some of the grand old music in our assemblies I used to enjoy so much in that venerable institution I have forever abandoned. It may be said with truth that we can hardly expect to have such auxiliaries to worship as they possess in an old and comparatively rich establishment like the church of England; but can't we do a little more in this direction? Our music and singing in general in our assemblies is simply painful. I am not speaking of what is called "classical music," I mean good simple music. What a harmonizer, solmnizer, and refreshment to the soul of man is good music! How it elevates a man's spirit above the things of time and sense! Is not this one of the objects of public worship? No religious institution that does not provide food for the whole nature of man can ever be a success. The Catholic church knows this better than any other denomination. I have no sympathy with that venerable ecclesiastical despotism, except in one thing: I envy her her grand old music. She knows that this is a great attraction and a necessity, and takes the utmost pains to sustain it. "Est bene doceri etiam ab hoste."

Spiritualists should be honestly critical. As a rule we are skeptical enough as to matters outside of our faith, but in matters that pertain to Spiritualism we are gullible enough. I suppose one reason of this is that we allow our feelings and desires to get the mastery of our judgment. How else could such gross fraud have been permitted to exist so long in our midst? I can myself remember a time when, for instance, at a materializing séance my dear old mother was supposed to have come to me. I tried hard to believe it was a reality, notwithstanding my judgment slightly rebelled. At the time, I actually in a measure persuaded myself it was a genuine phenomenon although afterwards I had reason to believe it was a fraud. We should be certainly honest to ourselves and this in the end would redound to the welfare of Spiritualism.

I know the value of physical phenomena and, therefore, have not one word to say against them. It was these phenomena that compelled me to become a Spiritualist; but is there nothing higher and nobler in our philosophy than this? I hope so. I know so. A knowledge of the alphabet enabled me to read and understand the literature of my mother tongue, a priceless acquisition. But am I, therefore, to be forever poring over the first elements of culture? I can remember the time in my early spiritual experience the physical phenomena were everything. Now it is comparatively of little value to me personally. I want to go up higher. Why should we old Spiritualists still covet to dwell in the basement of the Spiritual Temple when so grand a superstructure awaits our occupancy? Let the babes of Spiritualism enjoy their milk, but let us who profess to be men spiritually, covet stronger and better food. For one I desire and even crave that kind of Spiritualism that will make me wiser, purer, nobler, more humane, more loving and a better man in all the relationships of life. This we cannot get from the physical phenomena. Spiritualists, as a class, should inscribe on their banners, "Let us go up higher."

Ignorance must ever, more or less, be a barrier to the progress and welfare of the human race. He who does not think rightly can never live rightly. Of course knowledge may be perverted to the worst uses. The learned villain is the most dangerous member of society, but he is a villain in spite of not in consequence of his knowledge or learning. The value to humanity of our knowledge of the sciences of astronomy, geology, chemistry, theology, ethnology, botany and political economy, etc., can hardly be overestimated; but in my humble opinion the study

of psychology is by far the most important in this respect.

"The proper study of mankind is man." Man may be defined as a "rational soul possessing a body." Spiritualism has done much to render this definition a very much better one than that man is a "rational being with a soul." It has also done much to teach us something as to the nature of that chief part of man, more indeed than the study of any other science in modern times. And yet, by the way, it must be confessed, that with all our boasted enlightenment, we know but little of either the nature of the soul or of the nature of that matter through which it manifests itself to the senses. The result, however, of the study of the psychic nature of man in the light of modern Spiritualism has been felt directly and indirectly in almost every department of life and knowledge, in science, art, philosophy, literature, legislation, etc. Like the little leaven which the parable tells us the woman hid in her meal, it has leavened to some extent, at least, the whole lump. The meanest part in the business, however, is, that many who have secretly stolen most of this heavenly fire have not had the manliness to acknowledge the theft.

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It certainly, for instance, can be no advantage to Spiritualism that so many of our public speakers misuse and torture the English language. In the early days of Methodism it used to be said in defense of the ignorance of many of its ministers that God had no need of education in his servants. That was replied to, however, on a certain occasion very happily, by saying that if God had no need of man's knowledge to advance his cause; it was hardly credible he could be in need of his ignorance. Is it possible that the Spirit-world can advance the cause of Spiritualism better through the ignorance of our mediums? Christianity itself might have perished but for the labor and learning of the great Apostle of the gentiles.

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I have already spoken of a native named Purnia, who was regent and prime minister during the minority of the late Rajah, whom the English Government placed on the throne of Mysore in 1799. A lineal descendant of Purnia, named Krishna Murti—Purnia's grandson or great grandson,—is now about twenty-seven years of age. Being a young man of education and possessed of considerable talent, he has been raised by degrees to the post of Deputy Commissioner of a district in Mysore. Owing to a curse which was laid upon his family, it is his fixed idea that he will not survive his thirty-second year. Purnia is said to have been an excellent administrator; but for some reason he caused one of his sons-in-law to be falsely accused of a crime, and afterwards executed. This man before his death, declared that no son or descendant of his father-in-law would ever live to reach more than his age, thirty-one; and we were informed, as a positive fact, that since that time it has invariably been the case, that the male members of this family have died before attaining that age. Probably the feeling that their doom was fixed has worked upon the minds of these persons, and contributed to the fulfillment of this prophecy.

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Doubtless many believe that stories like the above will only find credence among the ignorant half-civilized Hindoo; but what will they say of the following press report sent from Springfield, Massachusetts. December 15th, 1888?

The death of ex-Mayor and City Physician O'Connor, of Holyoke, of apoplexy, yesterday, is regarded by the superstitious Catholics of Springfield as the sequel to a priest's curse uttered twenty years ago. A Catholic priest in Springfield named Dougherty was accused of the betrayal of a highly connected young lady. The excitement was great, and the scandal was brought into the courts. Dougherty was finally forced to leave the city. On Sunday before his departure an angry crowd of parishioners assembled at the church doors, and when he tried to enter the church to say mass he was thrown down the steps. Picking himself up, the priest faced the angry mob and bitterly cursed those who had turned their backs against him. It is a remarkable fact that nearly all of those cursed met horrible deaths, and what is more remarkable still, their children have met the same fate as their parents. Only three of the original forty accused men are alive today. One of these is Owen O'Connor, of this city. About two years ago Mr. O'Connor's youngest son, Dr. J. O'Connor, of this city, blew out his brains in Worcester; to-day another of his sons, ex-Mayor and City Physician O'Connor of Holyoke, died suddenly of apoplexy.

These unnatural deaths set all the superstitions tongues in Springfield wagging, and when the news of the ex-Mayor's death was brought to this city to day it was mentioned as the natural result of the priest's curse.

One of the witnesses against Dougherty was a Dr. Swazey. He was "cursed" with the rest of the fatal forty, and he met his death a few years ago by falling through dry bridge near North Hampton.

John Cardiff, who was one of the foremost prosecutors of the priest, fell down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

John Topping, another of the priest's prosecutors, ended his life by a fall of forty feet in an ice-house several years ago.

John Madden, who was worth \$100,000 a dozen years ago, was under the priestly ban, lost all his wealth and died practically a pauper, in a country town last fall.

Michael Barnes, of Park street, never recovered from the effects of the "curse." He became a bitter atheist and died with the name of Dougherty on his lips.

Edward Riley, an armorer, became a ravaging maniac while at work at his bench in the United States Armory only last week, and in his delirium to-day he was heard to say: "I am—cursed—I am accursed by Dougherty." Other persons whose names can not be mentioned for good reasons, have died of unnatural causes, and the superstitions are now gossiping about the probable fate of those who remain.

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Can any of our readers furnish corroborative evidence of the truth of the following report?

TIFRIN, OHIO, Feb. 2, 1888.—A very strange and remarkable illustration of the mysterious bond of union and sympathy which exists between twins has been brought to light here within the last few days.

Charles Foncannon, aged twenty-five, got his arm in a planer at the churn factory, and it was ground to pulp to the elbow. At the exact time this happened, a quarter to three P. M., his twin sister, living over a mile away, suddenly cried out in great agony, saying that there was a fearful pain in her arm. She suffered so in a few minutes that a physician was sent for, and soon after he arrived three other physicians arrived bringing her brother, whose arm they proceeded to amputate at once. When the sister had been taken with the pain she had cried out, "Oh, Charley is hurt."

While the arm of her brother was being amputated, the sister, who was kept in another part of the house and did not know what was going on, suffered terribly and screamed with agony. It was necessary to give her an injection of morphine in the arm to quiet her. Since then, whenever her brother is unusually restless or suffers much, the sister suffers in a similar degree.

Two years ago while away from home the brother had his nose broken, and at the same time of the day the sister complained of a great pain in her nose. Within an hour it had swollen alarmingly, and it was necessary to summon a physician.

Every circumstance in this case is known to be true and it is puzzling the physicians greatly.

A New York college of massage has been incorporated.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom are said to have in contemplation the establishment of a girls' boarding-school in New York.

Mr. Mackay, the silver king, it is said, contemplates endowing a college as a permanent memorial of his name and as a thanks offering to the Providence which made him so rich.

Gen. Lew Wallace, it is now said, desires to be made Minister to Rome, so that he may continue his researches for material for a historical novel of the Eternal City which he has in preparation.

Mrs. Newton, one of the four women who were given the Crimean medal, which Queen Victoria personally pinned on her, is still living in Toronto. She was a nurse in the Crimean War, and was shot through the knee in a trench before the redan.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Matter relating to this department should be sent to Mrs. Underwood, 86 South Page St., Chicago.

THE COMING WOMAN.

O Prophet of our Century!—What do thine eyes desire? say, canst thou truly tell us of the future night? Dost see the coming woman?—use thy gift, and prophesy!

"Adown the future's vista, a vision fair I see—A sweet and stately presence, glorified by being free—A loving, thinking, dauntless woman she seemeth unto me.

Her brow is wide and thoughtful;—in her pure eyes lambent light. Burns no disturbing passion; their gaze, is calmly bright. These are eyes that weep for suffering—eyes quick to know the right.

On her cheeks glow health and vigor: she borrows no disguise From art's transparent trickery, for she has learned to prize Nature's truthful purity in lieu of painted lies.

Red, and ripe and sweet, her lips are, yet held in firm control Since she knows they are the guardians of each impulse of herself; so, reason is the master of the words that from them roll.

Her right hand holds the ballot—her touch hath made it clean, Strong and pure power she stands erect in womanhood serene; No more a strangling, helpless "vine" upon the "oak" to lean.

While by her left—O, glory of the com'ng motherhood! She leads the happy healthy child, the youngest of her brood. Whom her loving care and wisdom shall make both wise and good.

She is clothed in robes of beauty; harmonious and fair Are the tints good sense hath chosen as meet for her to wear But no tyrant fashion tortures, or condemns to useless care."

"A rare picture this, O, prophet! yet tell us, if you can, Will not this enfranchised woman retaliate on man. The wrongs which he inflicted when she was under ban?"

"Nay, fear not—thou forgettest man is already free—And woman craves not mastership, but freedom, liberty—And equal rights hath never yet given birth to slavery!"

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

LADIES' NIGHT AT THE GOETHE SCHOOL.

Of the ten lectures of the Goethe Course given in Madison St. Theater, during Holiday week, one only was by a woman, although women were among the chief promoters and attendants of the School, one lady coming from as far as Cleveland, Ohio, expressly to attend, while others came from suburban towns in addition to the large number of leading women of Chicago present at every lecture.

Thursday evening, December 27th, though not called so on the programme, was emphatically "ladies' night" of the school, when Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman gave a scholarly and thought inspiring lecture on "Goethe's Portraits of Women," the after discussion of which was conducted mainly by the ladies in the audience. The lecturer and audience, as foreshadowing the advance of woman in the realm of intellect made an impressive scene to a thinking observer. The lecturer herself with her clear-cut features, glowing eyes, buoyant air, and graceful figure clothed in esthetic draperies seeming the embodiment of Goethe's dream of the "ever-womanly" which "leadeth us upward and on," while the refined faces, earnest eyes, and intellectual air of the women, young and elderly, who made up the greater part of the audience present, was a tribute to Goethe's genius which would have delighted the poet-philosopher could he have witnessed it.

In the opening of her lecture Mrs. Sherman gave all the great poets, such as Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare credit for a just portrayal and appreciation in their poems of the women of their times, but Goethe's women she thought exceptionally well drawn, and more interesting to us because of their nearness to our own day. She claimed that they were genuine portraits of just such real women as he met in life, and not a poet's idealizations; that he did not hesitate to draw with as strong a pen, the wicked, the weak, and the common-place woman, as he used in describing the good, the wise and noble of the sex. Goethe's design in this was to show that as man advances intellectually and morally he needs and ever seeks a higher type of womanhood as his mate, but that the lower he himself is, the more content is he with weak, superficial, silly and sensual women. This design, she thought, was strongly brought out in his greatly misunderstood work, "Elective Affinities." To emphasize this point, she gave brief characterizations of some of the leading women of Goethe's works, from the silly Marianne of "Wilhelm Meister," Margaret in "Faust"—whom she considers the type of the thoroughly pure-minded, trustful, innocent, all-loving woman—the strong-souled Charlotte, the shrinking and saintly Otilie, up to the cultured Natalie of the "Elective Affinities." These were types, she thought, not merely of German women, but of the world's womanhood.

In the discussion of Mrs. Sherman's lecture by the cultured ladies present, there was exhibited a pretty general acquaintance with Goethe's work and genius, as well as a healthy diversity of opinion about both the poet and the women he portrayed. Margaret's character was particularly criticised, some being enthusiastic over her as an ideal woman, and others declaring her "nanny pamby." At the close of the discussion, Prof. Thomas Davidson being called upon, after giving his opinion that Margaret was not Goethe's ideal of womanhood, drew a charming word picture of an ideal woman, who to a deeply loving nature with just a hint of true passion in it, should unite strength of will and intellect, while all the forces of her being should be held in wise control by a high standard of morality, and a sweet ableness.

Letter from a Colored Woman.

The following note, which comes written in a neat and beautiful handwriting and faultless in spelling, etc., is gladly given space. In any person it is a noble thing to desire knowledge and to courageously work for its attainment. How much more so is it in one handicapped as this young girl is, by the prejudice against her race, and the disabilities of her sex. It is cheering to know that such as she occasionally finds helpful friends among educated and philanthropic white people:

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, N. J., Dec. 20th, '88.
Mrs. UNDERWOOD—Dear Madam: I saw your article on the "Prudence Crandall Club" of colored people in that liberal paper the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Dec. 22d, 1888, and as I long to the colored race, in behalf of my race I would like to give, through your paper, my experience to our people in my efforts to obtain a higher education than is common to young girls of my color.

In April, 1887, I saw the following letter in the New York Freeman:

"DEAR SIR: In behalf of education for colored people we are willing to take several who have not the means to pay for an education, but who desire to be educated, and let them work in the house and garden, say five hours each day, as compensation for a home and tuition. But they must come free from any bad habits and with a good recommendation for the rules of the school. Two girls and a boy old enough to work intelligently and be responsible for it, will be accepted for a year or more on application and a chance given them to obtain a good education free of expense. Yours truly,
B. FRANCIS."

I answered this letter, and sent my references, and was accepted; and I desire here to state publicly that I have received very kind treatment from Miss Belle Bush, the principal of the school; her sister, Mrs. Clark, the doctor, and all the teachers and pupils of the seminary, so that I have made such rapid progress in my education, as to surprise my friends in Connecticut (where I belong), on my visit last summer during vacation. I desire to say all this publicly to encourage young colored girls to make an effort for a higher education, that they may be received into all kinds of good society, as I have been here. I wish to thank yourself, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and the Belvidere Seminary for their kind efforts to help the colored race.

Yours truly,
L. FREDERICK FLEETWOOD.

BOOK REVIEWS

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at or can be ordered, through the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM; A Novel. By Ralph Iron (Olive Schreiner). Boston; Roberts Brothers. 1888. pp. 375.

This is quite the strongest, and perhaps the strongest of the novels which have excited public attention and criticism during the past few months. From the first chapter to the last, it arrests and holds the reader's attention, yet it scarcely can be called a story. There is no plot; it is not carried even along by turns, it is disconnected and jerky; it is often ridiculous, it ends suddenly, it ends suddenly, not even a wholesome moral taken as a whole, though every reader is sure to derive from it his own particular moral, perhaps a number of them. The scene of the story is new to most novel readers. It describes colonial life on a South African farm, and the picture drawn is wonderfully vivid. A glossary of the Dutch and colonial words used in the book is given, which helps to familiarize us with the new surroundings; Germans, English, Dutch Boers, Hottentots and Kaffirs, are the actors in the drama, for it is a tragedy of souls. We are called upon to witness, the chief actors being Waldo, the ever-seeking, never-finding soul; and Lyndall the passionate, disdainful one; these hold the reader's painful attention throughout the book, but many others grow very real to us for we have seen their counterparts, in our own experience. The simple minded noble-hearted Christian, Uncle Otto, who could think no evil and love his enemies even unto death; Bonaparte Blenkins, bully, braggart and coward by turns, cruel to the weak, treacherous to the true, and groveling before the strong; Tan' Sannie, the coarse-mannered, vulgar, yet not essentially bad, Boer woman; Em the generous, sweet tempered forgiving girl, whose lack of beauty and brilliancy is atoned for by her goodness, and her faithless lover Gregory, sentimental, romantic, weak, yet doggedly devoted to the woman who did not care for him. These are the main characters which find their home on this "African Farm."

The principal purpose of the book seems to be to exhibit the workings of religious doubt in earnest human souls; the story is, one long question as to "our being, end and aim," a question to which the writer has apparently found no answer. Lyndall's personality radiates through the book. We are attracted by her beauty, intensity and power. We sympathize with pity, dislike and contempt over her by turns, and we weep at her death, and sigh over her as we close the book. Nowhere throughout the story is intellectual weakness shown, and there are passages of wondrous power and beauty. Full of such passages are the chapters entitled "Times and Seasons," "Waldo's Stranger," and "Dreams."

New Books Received.

The Virtues and Their Reasons. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: Geo. Sherwood & Co.

The Ruins Re-visited and the World-Story Re-told. By the Americanist. Lamoni, Iowa: S. F. Walker. Price, \$1.00.

Why I am an Agnostic. By Saladin and Joseph Taylor. London: W. Stewart & Co.

The Nun of Kenmare. An Autobiography. Boston: Ticknor & Co.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; Chicago. The following: Our Glorified Poems and Passages of consolation. Edited by Elizabeth Howard Foxcroft. Price, \$1.00. From Lady Washington to Mrs. Cleveland. By Lydia L. Gordon. Price, \$1.50.

The Presidents of the United States from Washington to Cleveland. By John Frost, LL. D. Price, \$1.00.

Andersonville Violets. A Story of Northern and Southern Life. By Herbert W. Collingwood. Price, \$1.00.

The Year's Best Daya. For Boys and Girls. By Rose Hartwick Thorpe. Price, \$1.00.

Muddy Moments. Poems. By Edward Doyle. New York: Ketcham & Doyle.

The World of Cant. A Companion book to Robert Elsmere. New York: J. S. Osgood. Price, 50 cents.

The Bible and Land. By James B. Converse. Morrisstown, Tenn.: Rev. James B. Converse.

Magazines for January Received.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) There are four illustrated articles this month, one of which, The Guiding-Needle on an Iron Ship, opens the number. Lieutenant-Commander T. A. Lyons, U. S. N., tells why the various masses of iron on Shipboard interfere with the working of the compass. House-Drainage from Various Points of View describes the present condition of this complex problem. Very timely and interesting is the paper on Sea-Lions and Fur-Seals. Two articles that will interest teachers and parents are The Sacrifice of Education, and Intellectual Geometry. The Snæfellsians and their Home is an account of an interesting people dwelling in the Caucasus region.

The Century Magazine. (New York.) The article on Old Italian Masters deals with Giotto and his work.

Horses of the Plains will interest many.

The third installment of The Romance of Dollard is given, and the Strange True Stories of Louisiana edited by George W. Cable take the reader back to the old days. George Kennan's article on Siberia, and the Lincoln history are continued. There are many other valuable articles, and essays, with poems, which complete a most delightful number for the new year.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) A charming variety of good articles appear in the January number of this much sought after monthly. The Tragic Muse is a new novel by Mr. James, which introduces a party of English people at the Paris Salon. Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has a poem entitled Alec Yeaton's Son. Mr. Tommy Dove is written by the author of John Ward Preacher. Palm Sunday at Pueblo, de la Angeles is described. In the department of political and social science are the following: A Difficult Problem in Politics, and The American and the Mill. Papers, reviews and poems close this instructive number.

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When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

R FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to address in the United States or Canada E WEEKS, ON TRIAL.

CABO, ILL., Saturday, January 12, 1889.

A Demand of the Times.

Sunday's Chicago *Times* contained a "Minister of the Gospel," presiding for that paper and delivered, to say, to a larger audience than the led congregations of all the preachers Illinois. The JOURNAL quotes his opening and closing words:

"Whose fan is in his hand."—Matt. iii: 12.

This man carried no summer fan. It was an instrument by which he thoroughly purged his floor and separated the wheat from the chaff. As minister of the gospel, he is at once our master and our model. The faithful minister, like his fearless master, must be a man whose fan is in his hand.... This man who is at broad as the love of God and narrow as his law. The minister of the church will with the fan in his hand sweep aside the subtleties of scientific skepticism and扫除 the recitals of revelation from the crudities of speculation. He will separate clerical millinery from spiritual manliness and will show men that in more respects than one being is better than believing. He will win men by winnowing rather than by wounding, and will feed them on wheat and not on wind. Very many churches surely need the man with the fan. He is wanted in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher to give the dry bones a breeze, and the Church of the Heavenly Rest would be none the worse of a stirring up. He is needed in Grace Presbyterian to blow the rust off the pillars, and in Unity Baptist to wake up the sleepers. The non-evangelicals need him to blow the vapors from metaphysical metaphors; and the Spiritualists need him to lessen their numbers. We need him in our prayer meetings, for purposes too numerous to mention, and a glad greeting awaits him from the ungodly when he gets down to our fairs. If he can resist the charms of options there is work for him on the board of trade; nor is the medical profession at present without need of his service. But, pleasantly aside, the man with the fan must come from our profession. The purity and perpetuity of society depends upon the fearless fidelity with which we discharge our solemn functions. There must be no skulking under sullen tents when the enemy is to be met, and no skulking at the rear when our place is at the front. We must not shrink from the responsibility of public denunciation of social dangers nor shirk our duty as allies of a purifying press. Our Master with his fan came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and our ministry, however humble, will ever be holy if only it be true. David taught the people the use of the bow. A greater than David has taught us the use of the fan. Its right use will bring its right results.

From the general tenor of the sermon the reference to Spiritualism may be interpreted as meaning that a judicious winnowing is needed to lessen the nominal and cement the real Spiritualists; to segregate the truly spiritual.

It is easy enough to picture the man with the fan, but not in a pulpit—leastwise not in the latter-day pulpit. The popular church, the influential church of to-day is, as a rule, little more than a social club with more or less, generally less, literary features; to which influential members lend influence and money with the certainty of increased return. The nominal leader of this club, who by courtesy and for conventional and business reasons is called a "Minister of the Gospel," is nearly powerless to work reforms in his bailiwick or to turn the crank of the fanning mill. He seldom is foolish enough or courageous enough—whichever one may choose to think it—to attempt any real leadership; if only he has tact enough not to disgruntle the god of Mammon whose concrete expression fills his best pews, and discretion sufficient to hedge against the infatuation of some of his female parishioners, he goes on to the end of his career as a respectable pulpiteer and purveyor general to his club. He is numerous and ornamental, and more handy to have around than any other of the ordinary non-producing elements of the sociologic realm. The day has passed, however, when a strong man stimulated by love of humanity and equipped with a good intellectual furnishing can do his best work for the world and make the deepest dent upon current events as a "Minister of the Gospel" in a sectarian pulpit. There are grand souls in the ministry—and we have no disparagement to make of ministers as a class—who feel the fitters and know they are not doing their best, yet cannot see their way clear to

a larger field and more effective work; so they prudently go on doing the best they can.

The press has overshadowed the pulpit; with the aid of type and machinery, and the accessories for quick, cheap and wide dissemination which commerce supplies, the moralist, the religious teacher, the scientist, or the editor can sit in the privacy of his sanctum and influence thousands and hundreds of thousands, even millions who never saw his face or heard his voice and never will.

He has free scope, untrammeled by those social, psychical and physical fetters which hamper and circumscribe work in the pulpit, the college and the class room. The journalist, if he be able, brave and honest, may make his personality felt in legislative halls, in council chambers, in the homes of the rich and the sheltering places of the poor; he can send consternation to the king on his throne, and comfort to the sorrowing; he can dethrone vice and crown virtue; he can trip up "trusts," carry confusion to "combinations," and make "honesty the best policy" among those who in their present development know no higher motive than policy. The man "whose fan is in his hand" is the journalist, and he is winnowing the whole world with it. The minister whose ability, courage and zeal outstrip and overtop his petty environment clasps hands with the journalist and begs to be allowed to join the army of aggressive, practical righteousness. He is welcomed as a promising ally; and thus is the press daily growing more potent despite the wiles and bigotry and jealousy of those preachers and priests whose only hope of continued prestige lies in holding the people in the old bonds which these blind leaders of the blind do not see are broken and no longer able to restrict the moral and intellectual forces which are sturdily pushing man forward to higher achievements and grander possibilities.

Truly the demand of the times is for the man "whose fan is in his hand," and that man is the journalist; not the "minister of the gospel," as such. The demand is being met, too; and the more the public learns to appreciate and support these men whose fans are in their hands the more effective will be their work, the more lasting its results, and the better will the world grow. May the man "whose fan is in his hand" multiply and wax exceeding numerous.

Laurence Oliphant.

The eventful life of this remarkable man closed on December 23rd, after a long illness. He passed from his earthly body in the full certainty of a continuous life of activity and usefulness to which the grave could bring no hiatus. After a life spent in all parts of the world and a career full of uncommon vicissitudes, and experiences such as come to a few, he breathed his last breath in England. While in America last summer he called at our office twice, and we were impressed with the feeling, and so expressed it to friends, that he seemed to live more in another world than this, to have passed beyond all the passions, hopes and ambitions that usually incite men in the struggle of life and to be held here by only a thread.

His last visit to the United States was prompted by a variety of motives. His property interests on the shores of Lake Erie, where he at one time joined forces with that erratic phenomenon, T. L. Harris, demanded attention; his last book, "Scientific Religion, or Higher Possibilities of Life and Practice through the operation of Natural Forces," which he held to be the most important work of his life, had just been brought out in Great Britain by William Blackwood & Sons of London and Edinburgh; and he was anxious to find an American publisher, and in person sought to interest different American publishers in the book, but up to the time of his departure did not succeed in finding one who was willing to risk the outlay; and last but no doubt the strongest incentive was to meet Rosamond Dale Owen whose mind he had discovered, almost by accident, was grappling with the same stupendous problems as his own, and along the same lines and stimulated by inspiration from the same thought sphere.

Upon visiting Miss Owen, which he did between his visits at the JOURNAL office, he found what he had anticipated after hearing a letter read written by her to a mutual friend in Paris, a congenial spirit enthused with purposes and views identical with his own. Speaking of this visit in her preface to the American edition of "Scientific Religion," Mrs. Oliphant—then Miss Owen—says: "We found on comparing the manuscript I had written with his newly issued work, that the inspiration was identical with regard to the whole atomic theory of the universe, and the descent of the 'Sympneumatic Life' in these latter days." This oneness of purpose seems to have led them to unite their work in a marriage, which took place in August or September last in England. Almost immediately after marriage Mr. Oliphant was taken ill and never recovered.

In her preface to the American edition of "Scientific Religion," Mrs. Oliphant answers the often repeated objections that the title is not suitable thus:

"My husband gave the book this name, not because he claimed to have fully discovered and formulated a new science, but because he considered that he had sufficient data upon which a religion might be founded.... He believes that religion and science are in no wise antagonistic, provided religionists will recognize the fact that psychical phe-

*Now in press by Chas. A. Wenborn, successor to Monson, Wenborn & Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Price \$2.50. For sale as soon as published at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL office.

nomena are law-governed and not miraculous, and that scientists will recognize the fact that spiritual things are discerned, not by the senses of the flesh, but by a sub-surface consciousness which can only be developed through a long and arduous spiritual training."

"Scientific Religion" was written in the summer of 1887. The author, then living at Haifa in Palestine, withdrew into the solitude of Mount Carmel to a summer home he had built and where his wife had died a little more than a year before. There, in the room from which the spirit of his wife had passed into the unseen, he wrote the work as he believed under the direct inspiration of his spirit wife. As works of reference with which to compare the conclusions reached in the book were not accessible in that remote land, it was necessary for Mr. Oliphant to go England where, he says, in the preface to the English edition in speaking of the support given his book by works of science, his researches more than fulfilled his expectations. This preface was written in April, 1888. A few months later he married Miss Owen, who, as Mrs. Oliphant, on November 16th of the same year concluded her preface to the American edition of "Scientific Religion" in the following words:

It further increases our hope and faith in the new dispensation, when we trace the mysterious way in which the hand of God has led us one to the other, across thousands of miles, in order that we may become fellow-laborers in His Kingdom. Although bred in entirely different surroundings, and taught through entirely different means, we find that we have unconsciously been trained in a common school, and that our unity is not only absolute in thought and purpose, but even in the sensational consciousness revealing the dual life.

New and unlocked-for developments have been vouchsafed to us since our marriage, chief among them a realization of the exquisite union awaiting humanity when all jealousies and divisions shall have been merged in the supreme desire to become one with our fellow-creatures, and through them with our God. We realize that our union, instead of separating my husband from the sainted wife whose influence overshadowed him as he wrote the pages of this book, has, in truth, bound him only more closely, for she has become actually wedded with me, and their wife in the union and the wife in the sun, have become as one; her life is poured through me as an instrument doubling my own affectual consciousness. Truly, when we come to realize that all sense of division between the fragments of God, called human beings, is an utterly false sense, then shall we be prepared for the in-pouring of the perfect, the universal life. Whether God purposes to associate my husband and myself in long years of labor in the flesh, or whether we shall be in an even closer companionship as fellow-workers in the visible and invisible worlds, none can tell; but of this we are convinced, for each day's experience makes it more manifest, a new revelation is bursting upon the earth, and wherever men and women are found ready, the consciousness of the "Sympneumatic" life will develop in an ever-increasing force and purity.

While we cannot believe in Mr. Oliphant's theories in essential particulars we do believe the book to be a valuable addition to religio-philosophical literature. There is a vast amount of valuable matter in it, instructive, suggestive and inspiring. That some later writer will clear away the fog that obscured Mr. Oliphant's vision and caused him to see some things with imperfect sight is certain; but in the meantime the product of his experience will help on the world to higher reaches.

Lawrence Oliphant was born in 1829. After receiving his education in England, he took part in the Italian revolution, went to Ceylon, where his father was chief justice, there he met Jung Bahadur, the Nepalese ambassador and accompanied him to Kathmandu, and on his return published a narrative of the journey (London: 1852). He prepared himself for the bar at the University of Edinburgh, then travelled in Russia, in 1852, published an account of the tour in 1853, and soon afterward became private secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor General of Canada. He was made civil secretary and superintendent of Indian affairs, and in that capacity did important service. He accompanied Lord Elgin to Washington, assisted in the negotiation of the reciprocity of trade and fisheries treaty of 1854, traveled through the Southern States, where he made many friends, and at the instance of Pierre Soulé, joined an expedition to re-enforce William Walker in the filibustering expedition to Nicaragua, but was arrested at the mouth of the San Juan river by the English and taken on board their fleet, the commander of which was his cousin. He returned to Europe, published an anonymous pamphlet, recommending a campaign against Russia in the Trans-Caucasus, and accompanied Omer Pasha's army as a correspondent, describing the operations in a volume published in 1865. In 1857 he went with Lord Elgin as his private secretary to China, and on his return published a narrative of the mission (London: 1860). He was chargé d'affaires in Japan in 1861, and while there was attacked and severely wounded by persons hostile to the Europeans. He was a member of parliament in 1865-6, but during this time he became interested in the teachings of T. L. Harris, who had gone to England on a missionary visit, and resigned in order to accompany his teacher to America. He brought a large amount of money and joined with Harris in establishing the Brotherhood of the New Life, at a point on Lake Erie, in Chautauqua County, New York. The history of Oliphant's life for the next few years is full of pathos and pain. He was the victim of tyrannical and most cruel oppression at the hands of the fanatic Harris. Yet in referring to that period, during his visit with us last summer, he spoke in terms not unkindly of Harris and affirmed that while those bitter experiences were not necessary for the purposes which led Harris to inflict them upon him, yet they were essential to his spiritual growth and final deliverance from the thrall of the world and the flesh.

After the disruption of the community on Lake Erie—Harris having previously gone to

California—Oliphant temporarily returned to the world and became American manager of the direct cable company (1873-5). He afterward returned to England and interested himself in planting Hebrew colonies in Palestine where he made his home henceforth, with frequent visits to England and his final trip to America as above spoken of. Among his published works are: "Minnesota, or the Far West," a narrative of his travels in Canada and the United States (London, 1855). "Patriots and Pilgrims or Incidents of Political and Exploratory Travel" (1861). "Masollam—a Problem of the Period," a novel in three volumes. "Sympneumata; or Evolutionary Forces now active in Man." "Fashionable Philosophy, and other Sketches." "Episodes in a Life of Adventure; or, Moss from a Rolling Stone." "Haifa: Life in Modern Palestine." "Traits and Travesties: Social and Political." "Altiora Peti." "Piccadilly: A Fragment of Contemporary Biography." "The Land of Gilead." "The Land of Khemi." Last of all "Scientific Religion." He is the reputed author of "The Tender Recollections of Irene MacGillivray," a satire on American society, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and afterwards (1878) republished in book form in New York. There is scarcely a doubt but that he wrote it; even in his waning life, as seen by us the past summer, could be discerned the shadows of those intellectual characteristics which are essential to successful satire.

Outside Views.

As regular readers already know, the JOURNAL is an independent, unsectarian paper; and as such is of interest to people of all shades of belief who are desirous of knowing more about psychics and the philosophy of Spiritualism. Spiritualists can hardly realize the important work the JOURNAL is doing in familiarizing the public with the bona fide claims of Spiritualism, and in popularizing psychical investigation; in these directions it is not to be successfully disputed that the paper is doing vastly more than all other Spiritualist publications in America combined. The following evidences, selected at random from those constantly accumulating, will give some idea of the wide field the JOURNAL's readers cover, both geographically and in beliefs. Rev. J. H. Palmer, minister of the Universalist Church at Lansing, Michigan, contributed an article to the Christmas number, and as is customary we sent him extra copies of that issue. He writes as follows:

LANSING, Michigan, Dec. 24, 1888.
To the Editor of the Relgio-Philosophical Journal:

The bundle of JOURNALS December 22nd, came to hand last evening. I thank you a thousand times. A better Christmas paper, with more catholic spirit and a broader gleam of joy in the present and trust in the future, it would be difficult to find.

I couldn't think of a better thing to do with them than to take them down to my church, place them upon a stand in the vestibule and tell the people to help themselves. I trust that the distribution of them in this manner will aid you to some subscribers; but whether you get the names or not, you have already the proud consciousness that you have done something to brighten the skies of these holiday hours. What a pity that there is so little bread and butter in these hard-trod paths of duty. But thank God, though we may not be rich, nor always find happiness, when we are servants of truth we lose not, in the eternal years, our sure reward.

Truly and thankfully, your friend,
J. H. PALMER.

The Boston daily *Globe* notices the JOURNAL thus:

The Christmas number of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL of Chicago, a Spiritualist newspaper whose secondary aim is to purge Spiritualism of ignorance and fraud, is remarkable as illustrating the large hospitality with which men of national repute have come to entertain a faith which the Christian church at large stigmatizes as a pernicious heresy. Among the friendly contributors to the journal referred to are Rev. Drs. Heber Newton, David Swing, W. O. Pierce, H. W. Thomas, Revs. Minot J. Savage, Reed Stuart, W. F. Dickerman and Prof. Elliott Cone. Dr. Pierce tells of a message through a lap placette from Anarchist Spies, who gruffly confessed that anarchism was a mistake, and forgave his executioners. But the doctor's faith in the identity of the communicating intelligence is evidently a little languid.

The *Hartford (Conn.) Daily Times*, one of the ablest and most influential papers in New England, published the following editorial note in its issue for Dec. 23d:

No doubt the ablest publication devoted to the Spiritualistic philosophy is the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, of Chicago. Its pages have been, for years, as much devoted to the exposure of the endless frauds and humbugs as to the relation and exposition of the impressive genuine facts of the modern development. Its Christmas number has a large number of original contributions of interesting papers from all over the country.

Every religious writer and thinker knows of H. L. Eade, the venerable Bishop of the Shakers. He writes from South Union Kentucky, as follows:

...I think it (the JOURNAL) is the best paper in this or any other country on religio-philosophical thought, as also on the Spiritualism of the day. I would recommend it to all who are in any way interested.

Gov. Ames Urges Woman Suffrage.

Governor Ames of Massachusetts has long been known as looking kindly upon the Women's Suffrage Movement, but last week he astonished the public and disgruntled the massbacks by inserting the following passage in his Message to the legislature:

"I earnestly recommend as an act of simple justice the enactment of a law securing municipal suffrage to women. Recent political events have confirmed the opinion which I have long held, that if women had sufficient reason to vote they will do so, and become an important factor in the settlement of great

questions. If we can trust uneducated men to vote, we can with greater safety and far more propriety grant the same power to women, who as a rule are as well educated and quite as intelligent as men."

It may well be asked if municipal suffrage is good for women, why not an unrestricted ballot? However, for many reasons it may be better to have women come gradually into the political arena.

A Unitarian Tournament.

Mrs. Celia P. Woolley read a very able paper last week before a Unitarian Club of women in this city, to which on this occasion men were admitted. Her subject was "The Ideal Unitarian Church of the Future." The JOURNAL can object to nothing in the paper so far as it went, but thinks it did not cover the ground entirely nor give that weight to the knowledge of continuity of life which the "Ideal Church of the Future" will. It is very safe to say, as, indeed, the essayist was inclined to think, the coming church will not be called Unitarian. After the essay the usual sparring between the four ministers filling the four so-called Unitarian pulpits in the city began, and waxed warm-warmer even than is customary. Brother Jones was the wisest, as he declined to assist in the sparing exhibit, leaving it for Utter, Blake and Milsted. Why Jones and Blake should continue to flaunt the Unitarian name is hard to tell—leastwise for an outsider. They are awfully nice men, and the JOURNAL is fond of them, but it feels like holding a séance for further light with them when conditions are propitious. Mayor Roche, who is a member of Brother Blake's society, being present and regarded as an authority on matters of the soul, was called upon to speak to the paper. The chairman made a mistake by addressing him as Mayor, evidently; for he forthwith made a speech

GENERAL ITEMS.

Giles B. Stebbins has been lecturing at Athens, Mich.

Dr. J. K. Bailey was in the city last Monday on his way to the interior of the State.

Frederick Douglass autobiography is said to have had a great sale until he married his white wife—then it fell dead. It seemed as if the negroes felt that he had gone out from them by that act.

Prof. Felix Adler of New York thinks that general improvement in government, industry, and society is constantly going on, and that all necessary reforms will yet be won, as the result of experiment and effort on the part of the laboring masses and their friends.

A. P. Miller, for many years editor of the Worthington (Minn.) *Advance*, and a poet of considerable repute, has sold his paper and is to return to Ohio. Mr. Miller has been a power in Worthington; he published one of the best country papers in the west and his place will be hard to fill.

Dr. S. J. Dickinson, well known in Chicago and the west as a most successful healer, has invented a new bed. Experts affirm it surpasses all others, and the editor of the Jamestown, New York, *Sun*, evidently sleeps on a dozen or more of them every night; his editorial endorsements are too robust for anything less.

Mrs. Antoinette Von Hoesen Wakeman, an industrious journalist wielding a facile pen and widely known in the west, leaves Chicago this week for New York city where she is under engagement on a large salary. She will be greatly missed here in journalistic circles as well as in the Woman's Club and various other activities which are making a national reputation for Chicago women.

A man of national reputation, whose life is a constant succession of generous deeds, sends the JOURNAL ten dollars and orders the paper sent one year to four Soldier's Homes, Leavenworth, Kansas; Dayton, Ohio; Milwaukee, Wisconsin; and Washington, D. C. As an old soldier we thank this friend for remembering our wounded and crippled comrades; may their blessings further enrich the abundant stores he is "laying up in heaven."

Mr. B. F. Underwood lectured in Oakland, Cal., on the 22nd ult., to a crowded house, taking for his subject: "Science and Faith." The Oakland Daily Tribune reports the lecture very fully and comments favorably. Rev. G. W. Sweeney of the Christian church who heard the lecture rose at its close and complimented the speaker in glowing terms, agreeing with him in many things, but, of course, expressing dissent with some of Mr. Underwood's views. Mr. U. began a course of lectures in Salt Lake city last Sunday.

According to the Unitarian year-book, there are now in this country 375 societies of that denomination. Of these 64 have been organized in the present decade. In 1830 there were 193 societies. The gain for the following decade was 37; for the next, 16; for the next, 8; for the next, closing in 1870, the gain was 74—the number of societies in the west having nearly doubled; for the decade closing in 1880, the gain was only seven. The increase in Massachusetts, where half of the Unitarian societies are to be found, has not been large. There were 147 societies in 1830, and 176 in 1880, a gain of 29 in fifty years. Of Unitarian ministers there are 488, of whom 186 are not in pastoral work, leaving 302 who are pastors or stated supplies.

Gov. Ames's commutation of Mrs. Robinson's death sentence in Massachusetts is made the text for a plea for the abolition of hanging by the *Christian Leader*. The hanging of a man, it says, may have a worse look than the hanging of a woman. But the difference is purely that of sentiment. For man or woman it is a disgusting and demoralizing practice. The unmistakable sentiment which has pleaded for Mrs. Robinson logically pleads for every wretch of either sex whose brutal instincts, and possibly malformed moral sense, have brought them to the same plight. The one thing, the only thing, that law has any right to take into account, is that of the safety of the innocent, and life imprisonment of the offender, thinks the *Christian Leader*, is sufficient for this purpose.

An arrangement has been made by which the *Political Science Quarterly* and *The New Princeton Review* are consolidated. The publishers of the *Political Science Quarterly* (Ginn & Co.) have purchased *The New Princeton Review*, and the latter journal will be merged into the former. The political and economic questions to which *The New Princeton Review* has devoted so much of its attention, and which are engrossing more and more the attention of the public, will form, as heretofore, the special field of the *Political Science Quarterly*. The point of view and method of treatment which have won for both journals such cordial recognition and such extensive support will remain unchanged. Certain features of *The New Princeton Review* which have specially commended themselves to the public will be incorporated in the *Political Science Quarterly*; and as Prof. Sloane, the editor of *The New Princeton Review*, will be associated in future with the work of the *Political Science Quarterly*, the cause of sound politics can only gain by this union of forces.

Mrs. Ada Foye spent a few days at her home in Chicago last week, taking a vacation between the close of her Cleveland engagement and the beginning of another in Boston. It will gratify her host of friends throughout this country and Europe to know that her health is better than for some years

past. Such platform test mediums as Mrs. Foye are very useful at this time, especially in the East where the effects of the Fox Sisters' course has created a necessity for aggressive demonstrations of the verity of Spiritualists' claims as to raps and kindred phenomena.

Mr. H. C. Hodges of Detroit, paid the JOURNAL office a fraternal call last week. He was in town in the interest of a new steel railroad car owned by himself and brother, which is to revolutionize car building and eventually reduce the cost of transportation by greatly decreasing the cost of rolling stock and increasing its carrying capacity. This steel freight car will carry three times its weight, and costs no more than the ordinary car which carries a weight only equal to its own. The steel car will wear from three to seven times as long as the wooden one. The same ideas concreted in the steel car can be utilized in express and delivery wagons and in a hundred ways calculated to benefit the public. If Hodges Brothers don't make a huge fortune within the next few years it will not be for want of merit in their invention, nor from lack of energy and capital in pushing it.

According to English advices, amazement is a mild word wherewith to express the feelings of Gladstone's friends at his extraordinary attitude in recommending international arbitration on the position of the Pope toward Italy and the question of restoration of his temporal power. No one will probably credit Gladstone with sincerity in this matter, for his worst enemies admit his intellectual ability; and no man with even ordinary sense and not a papist would for a moment soberly entertain, much less put forward, such a scheme, except as a lever to boost some other plan of more importance to himself. His action bears all too close a resemblance to the tricks of ward politicians in America to entitle it to respect. A priest king has no reason for being in this age of the world, and no one knows this better than Gladstone, whose audaciously impudent proposition is an insult not only to Italy but to the civilized world; it is as ridiculous as it would have been had he recommended international arbitration between this Nation with a big N and the so-called Southern Confederacy after the fall of Richmond and surrender of Lee. One more such blunder and Gladstone's friends will want to banish him to the Canada pineries there to exercise his penchant for tree-felling during his remaining years; or, what may be were safer, to lay him away in Westminster Abbey.

The residence of Dr. U. R. Milner, number 86 Marengo street, New Orleans, La., is for sale. Dr. Milner lately passed to Spirit-life, after a successful medical practice. He was well-known as a prominent Spiritualist and physician and the residence he occupied so long is now offered for sale. This is a rare chance for any one who wants to buy a southern home. The house is well furnished, with stable and carriage house, etc. The location is a desirable one and the street cars and markets near, so that it is convenient to all parts of the city. Any and all information can be had by addressing Mrs. U. R. Milner, 86 Marengo St., New Orleans.

Another installment of answers to the JOURNAL's questions is published this week on the second page and with others to follow, is interesting and valuable. Professor W. L. Thompson's progress from the Episcopalian priesthood to Spiritualism is told in a simple and earnest manner, as it should be. We commend his entire paper to the sober consideration of all. The crisp and pointed reply of Dr. Alyn also contains much meat and timely suggestions.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes: "After a long vacation from the lecture field, because of sickness, I have spoken during December at various places in Michigan, closing my efforts in that State at Edwardsburg the 6th inst.

An Episcopalian Opinion of Dr. Coues' "Signs of the Times."

The following review of Prof. Cones' lecture appears in *The Episcopal Recorder* of Philadelphia in its issue of the 3rd inst:

The curious pamphlet contains an address delivered before the Western Society for Psychical Research by one well known for his attainments in the physical sciences. As a consequence of his training Dr. Cones expresses himself with a clearness and distinctness not often observable among those who think with him. Because there are things beyond the reach of our philosophy, Dr. Cones maintains the probable existence of sciences as yet unknown. He believes that the manifestations of Spiritualism "are substantially true as alleged," that it is largely dependent upon animal magnetism, and is no more necessarily the domain of the dead than the living. Dr. Cones believes that it is as scientific to believe in a law of "levitation" as of "gravitation," apparently assuming that the former is as constantly self-acting and influential as the latter. Spiritualism, divested of fraud, is looked upon as about the same thing in essence as theosophy, and the lecturer gives more information about this modern cult than can be readily obtained from other publications belonging to it, with which we have come in contact. That the pamphlet is able will be denied by no one; that it is conclusive will be admitted by hardly any one who does not already agree with its author. The book is suggestive, and can hardly fail to interest the thoughtful reader, while the devout one will sorrow that one so highly endowed by nature and by training should turn away from the truths of Christianity to accept that which seems to most men to make so much larger demands upon the credulity of those who believe in it. It is curious to find among those endorsing the work of the Society publishing this lecture the name of

Rev. R. Heber Newton, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman.

The *Recorder* speaks too sweepingly as to Dr. Newton's views. His attitude is one which should be held by all Episcopalian, to wit: One of perfect candor toward the whole subject, and sympathy with the aims of those endeavoring to bring psychics within the field of acknowledged sciences.—ED.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer has the following criticism on Miss Clair Tuttle, at her recent engagement in that city:

"Little Lonesome, a touching poem of child life followed by The Angel Escort, were finely recited by Miss Tuttle, who certainly shows dramatic talent of a high order, combined with a face and figure sure to please. The young lady has a rich, sympathetic voice and a happy faculty of mimicry, which was brought out in the next number, the Soldier's Joy, in which all the gentler feelings were displayed. In these two recitations Miss Tuttle wore a costume of pale blue satin, with hand-painted panel, and was the personification of youth and joy. In the next number she recited a tragic tale, and was arrayed in costume of black which heightened the effect of the wailing, desolate tones of a woman maddened by the result of her own hasty actions. The piece was entitled Sister and I, and gave an opportunity for an imitation of the moaning of the wind and the notes of robins which were remarkably true to life. There was an utter lack of the tendency to overdo the emotional parts so common to beginners and not even suggestion of stiffness. In the next piece, The Gypsy Flower Girl, Miss Tuttle appeared in the conventional Gypsy costume, a short blue skirt, red bodice and full white sleeves. All the wild passions of Wild Zingarella, the Gypsy girl, were brought out in striking contrast to the former pieces and exhibiting the versatile talents of the debutante. Laume: The Marble Dream, was a statue costume recitation by Miss Tuttle, in which it was noticed that the young actress bore a resemblance to Mary Anderson."

The Cleveland Leader has the following notice:

"Miss Clair Tuttle has an attractive presence, a good voice and is a promising aspirant for dramatic honors."

General News.

The sixth annual convention of the American Pilots' Association will begin at Washington, Jan. 8.—Judge P. O. Cassidy was elected president of the Lincoln, Neb., branch Irish National League Saturday afternoon.—The Board of Health of Holland, Mich., ordered the Sunday-schools and public schools to remain closed until further notice on account of scarlet fever.—The schools of Plattsburgh, N. Y., which were suspended for about a month on account of diphtheria, will resume to day, the disease having disappeared.—Nye Epesey and Charles Wise were drowned at Cadillac, Mich., Saturday night, while attempting to cross Clam Lake. Their bodies were finally recovered.—Great suffering is reported among poor families in Wayne county, Dakota.—Jennie the famous lioness of Central Park, New York, died recently, aged twenty years.—By the fall of an elevator in a coal mine near Uniontown, Pa., Saturday, three men were killed. At Paris Ill., a coroner's jury has declared Marion Amburger guilty of the murder of Lester Wood.—In a collision on the Pittsburg & Western railroad near Carbon, Pa., five men were seriously injured.—Ten cases of smallpox have been reported in Syracuse, N. Y., of which six are in the county penitentiary.—Officer Daniel F. Binkley of Kansas City has been appointed to hang the three Bald-Knobbers at Ozark, Mo., Feb. 14.—Thomas Stone, a teamster at Fall River, Mass., died recently of hydrocephalus. He was bitten by a dog last spring. President Young of the Louisville Southern railroad has resigned and Theodore Harris has been elected in his place.—Gov. Martin of Kansas, Saturday issued a proclamation organizing Walloo county. This makes 106 counties in the state.

By an explosion of natural gas at Mount Blanchard, Ohio, recently, Alonzo Dickins was killed and several buildings were badly shattered.—John M. Lingle, postmaster of Webb City, Missouri, committed suicide recently because of the discovery of a small shortage in his accounts.—The board of managers of the Missouri state lunatic asylum, has released Dr. S. A. Richmond, who in 1886, murdered Col. Strong, editor of the St. Joseph Herald.—Near Waterloo, Iowa, recently, a young man named Arney, while working with a power wood-sawing machine, was struck in the face and instantly killed by a bursting pulley.—A young merchant named Brooks of McDowell's Mills, Tenn., went to a neighboring town Saturday to procure a marriage license, and on his return was murdered. A rival named Smith is suspected of the deed.—The steamer Katie Robbins of the Parrot Line, and plying between Vicksburg and Sharkey Landing on the Tallahatchie river, struck a snag in Tchula lake and sunk. The steamer with her cargo was valued at \$15,000.—Searl C. Hilliard, commissioner from the 6th district in the Jersey City board of public works, says that he was offered \$40,000 to cast the deciding vote on the resolution to award the contract for a new water supply to the Mont Clair water company.

Zapped to Spirit-Lite.

On Saturday, December, 22nd, at her home in Philadelphia, Mrs. Lydia P. Martin, a Spiritualist in different parts of this country and Europe, Mrs. Martin was better known as Mrs. L. Parks. She was a born Spiritualist and medium, and a public medium for sixteen years. She was in this respect a born gift, having no equals, and no superior. She was in every respect a pure, noble and lovable woman, with a heart that went out to all mankind, and her purpose, which was met most literally at the conclusion of any given session, never failed to move us to aaged men and little children. The cause of Spiritualism loses an earnest worker and an ornament in the removal of this true woman. She leaves a very devoted husband, and a son of fifteen, to whom she promises to return spirit.

SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS

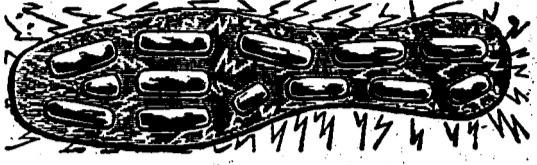
run over the Michigan Central, "the Niagara Falls Route," between Chicago and Buffalo. These trains are not only equipped with the finest Wagner palace sleeping-cars, but are made thoroughly complete by having vestibuled dining, smoking, first-class and baggage cars, and although constituting the famous "limited" of the Michigan Central, carry all classes of passengers without extra charge. These trains carry through vestibuled sleeping-cars between Chicago and New York, via New York Central & Hudson River railroad, and between Chicago and Boston, via N. Y. Central and Albany railroads. The east-bound "limited" also carries a through sleeper, Chicago to Toronto (via Canadian Pacific), where connection is made with parlor-car for Montreal. Accommodations secured at the Michigan Central ticket offices, No. 67 Clark street, corner Randolph, and depot, foot of Lake street, Chicago.

Dr. P. Kaynor can be addressed until further notice in care of this office for medical consultations, lectures in the vicinity of Chicago.

How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor, Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feeling, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

No paper in this country ever was sold at the low price at which the *Chicago Weekly Times* is now offered, viz., 50 cents a year (postage paid). The offer is open till January 1st. Subscribe now. It is so cheap everybody can buy it.



FIRE AND SMOKE BLAZE AWAY!

You can't make any smoke around our camp. Magnetic Fire makes no noise or smoke. But Dr. Thacher's *ANTI-MAGNETIC SHIELDS* make such attacks upon all forms of sickness as fire makes upon wood and coals, that is burns and destroys sickness. MAGNETIC FIRE is the most powerful and indispensible agent. Without a newspaper, the most eloquent and logical lecturer or writer would have but a comparatively limited field; with aid he can reach into thousands of homes and wield a world-wide influence. That is true of the lecturer for the Spiritualist Movement has reached a stage where it imperatively requires an able press, a higher standard of culture in its teachers, a more orderly, dignified and effective and business-like propagandism, a system of investigation and development of science and medicine, and a more scientific and systematic approach to the study of cause and effect.

C. L. Thacher is a live man, he has been a close student and possesses a thorough knowledge of science and under stands the therapeutics of mind, body, and o-hem and agents known, he effects learned men will controvert it. Expects to be met in the future as in the past, by the old fog notions of superannuated bairns. He has fought too long to give up a family after a lifetime of labor and to let out at once, but is convincing the world of these important truths quite as fast as the education of the age will permit. Hide-bound, mockish skeptics can not believe, but thinking minds will read our literature and judge for themselves.

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THE CHICAGO ADDRESS

SIGNS OF THE TIMES:

From the Standpoint of a Scientist

An ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

Western Society for Psychical Research

BY PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES, M. D.

Member of the National Academy of Sciences; of the London Society for Psychical Research, etc., etc.

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This Address has attracted more attention and a wider reading in America and Europe than any other upon the same subjects. It should be read by all Spiritualists, Theosophists, Christian Scientists, Materialists, Evangelical Christians, and Liberal Christians should study it. It may be considered as a

GATEWAY TO PSYCHICS

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Capital \$50,000.

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Voice from the People.
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A DREAM.

M. P. PHINNEY.

At the close of a day in winter,
When the winds blew bleak and cold,
And the raindrops pattered fiercely,
On casements brown and old,—

As I sat dreaming in the twilight,
Dreaming of the long ago,
Forms were gathering 't yon firelight,
In that chamber, dark and low.

As they gathered there in stillness,
Those vapory, shadowy forms,
I could hear their low-toned voices
Calling me from earthy storms:

Storms that all men encounter
As they tread life's rugged way,
Till at last they rise triumphant
In one bright immortal day.

In my dreams I was transported,
From all earthly cares and woe,
Till at last we left the azura,
That o'erlaps the world below.

And in that great, bright soul-land,
I met friends who had gone before,
Friends whom I had loved and cherished,
In the long past days of yore.

As I felt the throb of gladness
Through the hand-clasp given,
This thought went seeking through my brain,
Have they taken me to Heaven?

I saw no God, no angels;
I saw no great white throne,
But I saw my loved, my dear ones,
Whom I thought dead and gone.

The forms that I saw covered
In the casket with a shroud,
Were standing now beside me
Like some bright ethereal clouds.

Their voices were sweet and winsome,
Their eyes shone with delight,
That I had burst the thraldom,
Born of darkness and of night.

They led me on through arches
Formed by grand old forest trees,
From whose branches drops love tendrils
Fanned by a spicy scented breeze;

Till at last we reached a home-neat
By a limpid sparkling stream,
Fringed by flower, bright and fragrant,
Neath the moonbeams silvery sheen.

And there amid such splendors
As I never saw before,
As aroused by deeds of kindness,
The dream of life was over.

for the Reformer and Philanthropist.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ports be true, Hayti affords a vast field for Reformer and philanthropist. It is stated that there is a tendency on the part of the Haytians to sink into the state of a savage African tribe. The mass of population are indolent physically and mentally, ignorant beyond belief, unambitious, superstitious, in fact brutish. The negroes have forgotten even what little they had been taught by their white masters in slavery times. They have wandered far from the highways of civilization; and, betrayed by their own ignorance and superstition, are in danger of sinking to the level, not to the semi-civilized tribes discovered by Stanley and Livingstone in Central Africa, but to the lowest level of the most superstitions, barbarous race in the world. It is a fact not denied by even the best friends of the Haytians that Voodoo worship and cannibalism are practiced openly in all parts of the island, and horrible orgies, the occasion of unutterable excesses, are held under the auspices of Voodoo priests and priestesses—savage rites at which dozens of human victims are sacrificed at a time. The masses of the people are wholly unintelligent and ignorant, deeply tainted with fetish worship, and although it is true that fetish dances were forbidden by a decree it is also true that this decree has been since repealed and high officers of the Government now attend these meetings to distribute money and appliances to the most frantic immorality.

In Hayti, its degraded inhabitants, the friends of humanity could find ample work and no doubt be instrumental in doing great good. The strong hand of the law, administered gently, yet with well disciplined force, would soon cause a change there for the better. Some millions should take the matter in hand.

The Duty of Freethinkers.

The course of those who worship Truth above all other consideration is plain. There are abundance of duties clear enough for men of all creeds; the difficulty is to live up to them. But for those who hold the larger views the first duty is to be doubly careful as to conduct. It would be too great a scandal if the larger creeds were made the excuse for a loose life. Those who are Darwinians in theory ought to try to be like Darwin in practice; like him, high-minded, modest, gentle, patient, honorable in all relations of life, loving and beloved by friends and family. This, at least, is within the reach of everyone, high or low, rich or poor, if not to attain to, at any rate to aim at, as an ideal. Nor do I think that Freethinkers will be wanting in this passive side of conduct. On the contrary, as far as my experience has gone, while more liberal and large-minded, they lead lives quite as good, on the average, as those which are more directly under the traditional influences of religion. But what the Agnostic must beware of is, not to be content with the passive side of virtue, but to cultivate also its active side, and not let himself be surpassed in works of charity and benevolence by those whose intellectual creeds are narrower than his own. There is no doubt that the evangelical faith in Jesus has been a powerful incentive with men like Lord Shaftesbury, General Gordon, Dr. Barnardo, and thousands of other devoted men and women who fight in the foremost ranks against sin and misery. With such as these all men can sympathize; and a more intellectual creed ought to be no obstacle in giving aid and co-operation, but rather an incentive to show that a belief in the truths of science is not inconsistent with active charity and benevolence.—*Light, London.*

December in Philadelphia.

Much good work of Spiritualism has been accomplished by the First Association during the past month of the old year. Prof. W. F. Peck has continued the revival he began by Mrs. Foye, and added philosophy to the phenomena in a masterly manner, after expunging the funds of the society by tendering to it a sumptuous entertainment consisting of music, recitation, and dramatic impersonation of a grand degree of excellence.

On the 17th inst. he was called upon to perform the memorial services of an aged and estimable member of the society, Mrs. Mary Folker, the members of the Ladies' Aid attending in a body. On the 25th he assisted Prof. Haskell in the performance of a like painful duty for the late Mrs. L. Parks, a well known and esteemed medium of this city.

A "surprise" reception was tendered him on the 28th, in which about a hundred friends participated, who came laden with flowers and delicacies to express their appreciation of his good work for them. Prof. Peck has been re-engaged for the months of May and November, 1859.

Mrs. L. H. Frank writes: The nearer I approach the other shore the more do I appreciate and realize the beautiful and natural religion, in which I feel that your whole life is centered, and which prompts your every honest and manly effort. It will be a pleasure for you to feel that there are so many who can say from their innocent souls, "God bless you." May the JOURNAL prosper financially as well as spiritually is ever my wish.

MARY H. WATKINS.

S. H. Garretson writes: I am very glad to see a woman's department again in the JOURNAL.

Danger Signals.

It is a mere truism to say that it behoves all who care for the future of Spiritualism to see that it is kept pure and above reproach. When, in days past, there was some risk, and indeed some painful experience, of grave scandal, from the methods of conducting promiscuous séances, we uplifted our voice in favor of reasonable and exact methods of investigation. We carried the day, and that which was a serious danger is now almost—but not quite—to be disregarded.

Public mediumship, as it now is found, is free largely—but not quite—from the dangers that then beset it. It has diminished in quantity, and it has improved in quality. The Phenomena presented to the five-shilling inquirer are better worth the money than they used to be. Phenomenal Spiritualism, if it is to exist—and we take it that there will always be a demand for it, varying in proportion to the intelligence and development of the inquirer—must imperatively be presented under conditions absolutely precluding the suspicion of fraud. That truism may pass without discussion.

Here arises the difficulty that has always been felt by intelligent observers with regard to public mediumship. All who have any personal acquaintance with mediumship know that it is impossible for any medium to command phenomena. Day by day, at a given hour, he sets himself to satisfy the demands made upon his powers. In many cases it must be that his powers fail. Yet, if that be so, his income fails too, and people begin to say that it is no use to go so-and-so, his power is so uncertain. Very soon "Othello's occupation is gone." He has to depend on the credulous who will accept anything, on the easily duped, on the open-mouthed wonder-seeker, on the ignorant; in short on that large class whose testimony is valueless, and whom we should most desire to avoid. The temptation to supplement phenomena which are genuine by spurious imitations, that practice makes hardly distinguishable from the real, is enormous. We should not like to estimate the exact value of the turpitude that a man, perhaps with his life and that of his wife and family depending on his earning, incure by gulling those who are only too ready to be gulled.

But it must always be a first consideration with us, how to defend an impugned truth, to keep the truth pure. We do not care whether it is a question of the reality of a rap, or of the actuality of a materialization. Let us have every phenomenon presented under conditions which leave the observer's mind free from that perplexing condition of doubt which is engendered by a suspicion that he is being fooled. That is a sine qua non.

It would not be necessary to say this at the present time were it not that there is apparent a certain inclination in some quarters to insist on a general acceptance of "facts," from whatever source derived, and on an exclusive attention to them. We shall not be suspected of any desire to undervalue any fact. What we want to know is whether it is a fact. And then we desire to know what it means. We need not point out to any student that the world has been enriched, first, by the accumulation of facts carefully observed, and next, by the interpretation of those facts by some master mind which can correlate them and show their meaning. We have our facts in plenty. We want their interpretation now.

Another danger signal it may be necessary to raise. There has been a foolish attempt in uninformed quarters—whence, however, it may spread—to claim a monopoly of truth for what the writers understand as Spiritualism, to the exclusion of the best consideration of any other forms of thought on the subjects with which we, as Spiritualists, concern ourselves. The arrogance of such a view is obvious, and need not be dwelt upon. But it may be a serious matter if views, entertained in the early days of investigation before we had much knowledge, become crystallized to the exclusion of a candid consideration of other views entertained by other students of our subject. That is a real risk, and against it we raise a danger signal.

We have no such exculpation of knowledge as entitles us to take up any such attitude, which in being less than candid would be indecorous. In those who deal with a confessedly obscure subject about which we all know very little it is merely ludicrous.

Yet, again, a danger signal. We have always recognized the risk that there may be to the individual in unknown research. The physician who carries into the slums the blessings of his healing art during a small-pox epidemic must undergo grave risk to his own life. The patient who submits to an experiment, respecting the result of which uncertainty exists, does so at his own peril. It is at least to be expected that any such experiments should be carefully guarded, should be in the hands only of qualified men, and should certainly not be practised for amusement, or otherwise than in the interests of research calculated to increase our store of knowledge. Risks in new research must be faced, but they should be as few as we can make them.

Now, is that the case with hypnotic experiments as now conducted? We have more than once expressed our opinion as to the general and promiscuous practice of hypnotism. There can surely be nothing much more to be deprecated than the domination of one will by a stronger one; and when the hypnotized is a man and the hypnotist is a young girl, any parents will be able to say how far that would meet their approval. But this is not all. There enters into the practice of these occult subjects a certain development of natural powers which may involve risk. The ancients, wiser than we, refused to permit the sporadic exercise of powers which they were acquainted with. They confined them to those who knew how to use them, and how not to use them. The babes and sucklings now-a-days are playing with fire from heaven that we have stolen.

These results are disastrous, and may be worse.

We do not desire to draw added attention to a painful case by mentioning names. But we are aware that a recent trial which occupied some attention in connection with Spiritualism was resolvable into just this magnetic influence of a powerful will, with a dominant idea to which all else must bow, over two feeble wills that had no chance against the powerful one. Hence misery, scandal pain and something hardly short of that which is worse.

The more attention is directed to these occult powers of humanity, the more they are likely to be used. And, even in the honest man of integrity and uprightness, they are a most dangerous weapon. What are they, we pray then, in the hands of the sensual and depraved, and the unscrupulous.—*Light, London.*

A Curious Dream.

I was living at Ypsilanti, Mich., and was in my usual health and good spirits when I had the following remarkable dream: Between 6 and 7 o'clock on the morning of the 9th of April, 1858, I dreamed that I was standing on the shore of a large lake or sea, with a wall extending for some distance along the bank between myself and the edge of the water. Suddenly I became conscious that people were hurrying around the nearest end of the wall and knew that something had happened. But when I attempted to follow the crowd, I could not move. I was powerless under the terrible realization that some one dear to me, I knew not why, lay drowned on the other side.

Just then I awoke, weeping bitterly. All that morning I was oppressed by a feeling of impending evil, a feeling that I struggled unsuccessfully to throw off as having its source in the unreal experience of a few hours previous.

On my return from school that noon I found the household in a state of great agitation caused by the receipt of a dispatch from a friend in Chicago saying that the Sea Bird had burned on Lake Michigan that morning; that Steve, my brother, was among the passengers, and was supposed to have perished. As my mother broke the sad tidings to me, she hastened to add: "But we do not think that Steve is lost; he is a splendid swimmer always self-possessed."

"Oh, but he is lost; he is drowned, I know it, and that is why I had that terrible dream." And I could receive no consolation.

I then related my dream, and the intensity of my belief in the truth of its effect so affected the rest of the family that I think their loss of hope dated upon the telling of my tale. A few sorrowful days and the uncertainty was ended, my dream was a reality.

My brother cared more for me than for any one else in the world, and when he realized that his hours were numbered his thoughts would naturally turn to me; and that in this case at least mind was stronger than matter I have always believed.

MARY H. WATKINS.

S. H. Garretson writes: I am very glad to see a woman's department again in the JOURNAL.

A Seance With Winan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Since writing you I have been present at two materializing séances. Yes, you were correct, the medium mentioned by me in my last was Winan. I attended these séances fully determined to get the bottom facts with regard to the genuineness of this man's mediumship, and after most careful investigation, and relying upon my reason and common sense, I pronounce the manifestations genuine, and without any attempt to practice fraud upon the sitters.

The medium, before being placed under what I consider to be strictly test conditions, was controlled by what purported to be his spirit guide, and addressed the sitters, to the effect that his medium had three or four phases of mediumship: materialization, transmigration, personation, etc.; that he could promise nothing as he could not tell what would be the result; if the sitters were not satisfied with the results, and accepted, he might be pressed into a more active rôle, as he did not want their money without a perfect understanding. Now, it may be said that in this he had most admirably paved the way whereby he could beautifully hoodwink the gullible sitters who, with open mouths were ready and anxious to swallow all that this clever trickster might palm upon them as genuine, in that he could come out of the cabinet and, if caught, could claim personation, and no exceptions could be taken.

Here arises the difficulty that has always been felt by intelligent observers with regard to public mediumship. All who have any personal acquaintance with mediumship know that it is impossible for any medium to command phenomena. Day by day, at a given hour, he sets himself to satisfy the demands made upon his powers. In many cases it must be that his powers fail. Yet, if that be so, his income fails too, and people begin to say that it is no use to go so-and-so, his power is so uncertain. Very soon "Othello's occupation is gone." He has to depend on the credulous who will accept anything, on the easily duped, on the open-mouthed wonder-seeker, on the ignorant; in short on that large class whose testimony is valueless, and whom we should most desire to avoid. The temptation to supplement phenomena which are genuine by spurious imitations, that practice makes hardly distinguishable from the real, is enormous. We should not like to estimate the exact value of the turpitude that a man, perhaps with his life and that of his wife and family depending on his earning, incure by gulling those who are only too ready to be gulled.

But it must always be a first consideration with us, how to defend an impugned truth, to keep the truth pure. We do not care whether it is a question of the reality of a rap, or of the actuality of a materialization. Let us have every phenomenon presented under conditions which leave the observer's mind free from that perplexing condition of doubt which is engendered by a suspicion that he is being fooled. That is a sine qua non.

It would not be necessary to say this at the present time were it not that there is apparent a certain inclination in some quarters to insist on a general acceptance of "facts," from whatever source derived, and on an exclusive attention to them. We shall not be suspected of any desire to undervalue any fact. What we want to know is whether it is a fact. And then we desire to know what it means. We need not point out to any student that the world has been enriched, first, by the accumulation of facts carefully observed, and next, by the interpretation of those facts by some master mind which can correlate them and show their meaning. We have our facts in plenty. We want their interpretation now.

Another danger signal it may be necessary to raise. There has been a foolish attempt in uninformed quarters—whence, however, it may spread—to claim a monopoly of truth for what the writers understand as Spiritualism, to the exclusion of the best consideration of any other forms of thought on the subjects with which we, as Spiritualists, concern ourselves. The arrogance of such a view is obvious, and need not be dwelt upon. But it may be a serious matter if views, entertained in the early days of investigation before we had much knowledge, become crystallized to the exclusion of a candid consideration of other views entertained by other students of our subject. That is a real risk, and against it we raise a danger signal.

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Let us give credit where credit is due. My calm and considerate judgment is that the medium could not, even with the assistance of a confederate (though he had none), have cut loose from the conditions in which he was placed, and again placed in precisely the same without leaving evidence of tampering with his surroundings. Under all the foregoing circumstances if the medium himself came out of the cabinet and moved about in view of the sitters, passed so close to me that her dress brushed against me. It seemed to be a flowing robe of some white material, with a trail of nearly a yard in length. Many sitters were called to the cabinet and claimed to have met friends, husbands, wives, children and acquaintances. The lights being turned on immediately after the appearance of the last form of the evening, the medium was found intact, hands full of meal, every thread unmolested, feet in the flour, and not a particle of dust upon the carpet.

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Test of Spirit Power.

PETER THOMPSON.

My late wife was a medium from childhood. In her mature years she had only to make herself passive, and an intelligent power would move her hand to write, not only in her own language, but sometimes in writing she did not understand; those understanding the language would interpret. Her inner vision would often be so quickened that the spirit forms of those she knew before they passed away, could be seen and recognized. Physical phenomena were also common in her presence. Faces would be photographed upon any clear white substance, and upon cloth window shades, so perfectly that others could see, and often recognize them as persons known before death. Character writings, in which she would give no look or attention, would be made by the involuntary movement of her hand, combining human forms and faces, as well as animals, birds, etc. I have now a great amount of these character or hieroglyphical writings, so complicated that to copy them would be impossible.

But we may ask to-day, what do these intelligentances teach us? They urge nature as the most reliable guide. All past systems are mixed with truth and error. They accord to all mankind equal opportunity, but that I must work out their own salvation, and that all violations, followed by human effect, and that there is no evidence in this of an angelic God. Spiritualism recognizes a supreme and infinite Ruler of the universe, but not a personal devil. Heaven and hell are conditions, a never-sleeping, but always increasing influence towards improvement. No soul can be eternally lost. The entire tendency of the teachings of to-day in Spiritualism is to encourage hope, strengthen and stimulate effort, and to overcome evil with good. Foreign missions simply convert to Christianity the adherents of other systems of religion in order to save their souls; that we regard as an expression of selfish egotism. All our efforts should be put forth to relieve suffering and to educate all classes in order to qualify them for self-government.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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Cough Medicine to every one afflicted."—Robert Horton, Foreman, Headlight, Morristown, Ark.

"I have been afflicted with asthma for forty years. Last spring I was taken with a violent cough, which threatened to terminate my days. Every one pronounced me in consumption. I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Its effects were magical. I was immediately relieved and continued to improve until entirely recovered."—Joel Bullard, Guilford, Conn.

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A Sketch of the Life of Carmen Sylva.
(Continued from First Page.)

One of her friends years before had expressed an opinion that her "talents were peculiarly fitted to grace a throne." "Ah!" she replied, "what is a throne? The only one that could offer me any attraction would be the throne of Roumania, for any one filling that would find something to do." And her people are proud to tell what she has done, and is doing for them to-day. The great Roumanian Benevolent Society owes its origin to her. She founded a German Woman's Club, which employs several hundred women of all nations, and the Queen Elizabeth School where the children are instructed in all the old national employments, and which has been the means of restoring to favor the national costumes. She drapes her own form during her summer residence at Sanssouci in the rich materials of which this costume is composed. The Queen displays it to advantage, for she is an attractive woman. She is tall, slender and superbly formed; has large dreamy blue eyes, beautiful teeth, luxuriant hair, and exquisitely molded hands. She takes her place, as might be expected, as a natural leader of society, and is to others what the Grand Duchess Helena was to her, a tender guide, counsellor and friend.

It cannot be long before Carmen Sylva is better known than she is to day. As Miss Kermartin says: "This rare woman unites the beauty and dignity of woman, with the vigor and courage of the man, and the susceptible heart of a child. The keys of the piano alone she is forbidden to touch, but skillful musicians produce for her refreshment the richest treasures of the realm of sound. I will close this paper with a few extracts from her album or diary in which through life she has been in the habit of penning her innermost thoughts. In one of them is a prose poem beginning thus:

"I longed to find Truth, when sorrow took me by the hand and said, 'Come, I will lead you to Truth, but you must not be afraid of the way!' 'No! I am not afraid. I could move mountains.' Sorrow viewed the speaker with tender pity, and led her to the arts; to these she yielded herself, and wished to become a musician. She played and sang until her hand became lame and her throat weak, but she failed to satisfy her own ideal, and in her secret verses bewailed her lot because she was 'no artist.' Then Sorrow led her to Science, and she studied and toiled striving to gain wisdom to lead her to Truth. But her eyes grew weary, and her own thoughts came surging forward with restless activity, and refused to be banished by the thoughts of other minds. Then again she took up her pen, and in verse poured out her lament that she could not become learned, and that it was impossible for her to fathom Truth by means of Wisdom. Sorrow, however, appeared anew and showed her Life. She saw her dear ones die; saw the boundless anguish of existence and decay; saw the restive humanity of the North and of the South, and she said: 'I cannot live; even in life there is no truth.' Again she seized her pen and comforted her. Sorrow led her to Love and Marriage, and made her a mother. Sorrow again put in an appearance, and it was the pen that consoled her for the death of her child."

"Ever swifter flew my pen," she writes, "Ever richer the stream of my thoughts; ever more extended the field of my labors; and I wrote and wrote and did not know that I was exercising an art." Thus it was she became poet.

Although a queen over ever so small a province, she gives grace and dignity to the sphere in which her lot in life is cast, endearing herself to all classes and beloved by all, and the name of Carmen Sylva is wafted to us to-day from other lands, and with it the story of the aspirations of her girlhood to do good to humanity, to relieve suffering, and dispel ignorance from her realm, as Queen, Wife and Mother.

These examples of women in the various walks of life are more numerous than we know, and forever raise woman above the mental servant and slave of man's desire, and is placing her to-day, despite prejudice and love of domination in man, on a level with him in the strife for mental culture and honors, which many times outstrip his previous record, and enables us to firmly look forward to the time when all opposition to her advancement to any and all positions occupied by man shall cease and her rights of equality acknowledged; and to such as Carmen Sylva and others like her in the old world, as well as the new elements that enter into woman's life in our own land, and which are rapidly giving her equality and often precedence, are we largely indebted for proofs of woman's capacity for future development in science, in art and belle lettres, and all the practical that in this country she is destined to perform.

The Early Days of Modern Spiritualism.

D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

It may be interesting to note some of the facts connected with the advent of Modern Spiritualism and its relation to the now notorious Fox Sisters,—made so through the self-incrimination of one of their number. The mysterious "Rapping" at Hydesville, in 1848, which imparted such an impetus to investigation of occult phenomena that it has wrought out marvelous change in literature, in philosophy and in religious teachings, and has been so widely accepted as the A. B. C. of the unfolding here of the elements of knowledge of the inner and higher life, was it a sham, a fraud and a delusion, or a living reality?

In view of the recent "confession" (?) of Margaret, how can its real reality be proven? Not by any assumed or theoretical hypothesis, I claim, but only by the presentation of indubitable facts; and first as to the Fox Sisters themselves:

When the movement extended to Rochester, after being thoroughly tested by them at their own house, under the direction of Isaac and Amy Post—two honest, earnest and highly intelligent Quakers, whose integrity and business capacity placed them in the front rank among the best citizens of that city—the girls gave a test séance at Corinthian Hall, where a committee of three—one clergyman, one doctor and a lawyer—were selected by the packed audience to investigate the phenomenon of the sounds, and report.

It was here the "toe joint" rapping idea was first sprung upon the public by Prof. Eastman, upon which Margaret has now fallen back as something with which she can use as a lever to overturn the movement she was then instrumental in helping to set afloat. But was it true then? If not, it cannot be true now. What of it then? Simply this. After the report of the Committee—the M. D. claimed the "toe-joint" theory; the Rev. Dr. thought it was concealed "machinery under their clothing," and the lawyer that it

was "knee-knocking" or some unknown movement, and the audience were ready to mob the girls as frauds. Amy Post stood before the angry audience and quieted the surging mob, saying:—"Friends, before thee condemn these children, give them another opportunity to prove they are innocent of fraud in producing the sounds. To-morrow night let the wives of the committee take the girls into the dressing room and disrobe them, and if the sounds are not produced without their making them, it will be time then for thee to condemn them." This, in substance, was agreed to.

The next evening the girls were disrobed, seated on pillows upon chairs placed on sand and toe joints and knee joints closely watched, while raps were heard upon the stage in the room in front and in the auditorium.

The "toe joint," "knee joint" and "machinery" theories were dispelled, and the committee compelled to report: "The sounds are produced in some manner which we cannot determine."

But three or four years afterward I frequently attended Mrs. Underhill's séances; the manifestations were as satisfactory when only Leah was present as when Kate or Margaret was in the circle. Now, what becomes of the theory that this "toe-joint movement" can only be acquired in very early life, when the manifestations were of a clear and distinct intelligent force operating to produce audible sounds when neither of the other members of the family were in the house?

To what, then, can we attribute the present attempt to belittle the cause on the part of Margaret and Kate by assuming the attitude of self-confessed frauds?

Three things, in my own opinion, have conspired to their downfall—licentious visitors, rum and Romanism. It is a fact altogether too patent, that the professional "masher"—one of the most detestable vermin that crawls upon the earth—seeks by every art known to him to psychologize and drag down to his own level every "sensitive" he comes in contact with, and the influence such have exerted over these women has doubtless contributed much to hasten their downfall and drive Kate to her "cups." But even these were not enough to make her deny the truth till the fatal touch of Roman Catholicism placed the seal of impious falsehood upon her sister's brow.

To that centralized power it is Christ-like to lie for the advancement of the Church. But even that power did not seek to act openly until the depravity of one of the sisters had been attacked in the removal of her children from her custody by her nobler sisters' appeal to the courts for their protection from a life of debauchery and shame. Then the plot the Papists had been weaving to bring Spiritualism into disrepute, was sprung. "They will compass sea and land to procure one proselyte, who will do anything to prevent children from being taken out from under their influence, and it was simple work to induce the alcoholized brain of the mother through Margaret's influence and co-operation, to do anything they said with a view to furthering their cause."

I noticed that rational Spiritualism is making some progress at all points I have touched in the West. My visit to Iowa has been extremely pleasant to me, and I hope some day to tread those prairie lands again, and meet with the old faces once more. At present I am returning to the East, to Troy, N. Y., a camping ground of last year, where I hope to meet old and new friends W.

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SOMETHING NOVEL IN CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS.

Mr. L. M. Walters, the Veteran California Excursion Manager, is Creating Quite a Revolution in California Travel.

Mr. Walters Guarantees to Save Those Who Patronize His Excursions Between \$25 and \$35.

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Only second-class tickets are honored in these cars. Passengers are charged \$3.00 for lower berth and \$2.50 for upper berth, from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Where two persons occupy a birth together, an additional charge of \$1.00 is made for the second person.

Considering the price of a first-class sleeping car, these charges are very moderate, and save the passenger everything claimed by Mr. Walters.

These excursion parties leave Chicago every second week via the Chicago & Alton R. R. For further particulars apply to any ticket agent Chicago & Alton R. R., or to L. M. Walters, General Excursion Manager, Sherman House, Chicago.

Low rate excursions South, January 15th and 29th, and February 12th and 26th, 1889, the Evansville route will sell excursion tickets to Columbia, Tenn.; Florence, Ala.; Sheffield, Ala.; Decatur, Ala.; Culman, Ala.; Evergreen, Ala.; Chipley, Fla.; Ocean Springs, Miss., and Tennessee City, Tenn., at one fare for the round trip. For further information call upon or address Wm. Hill, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

In May, 1853, as I sat down to breakfast at my boarding house one morning a stranger lady sitting opposite raised her eyes to mine, and with surprise and sorrow in her countenance, exclaimed, "Oh! Doctor! Why did you not tell me I would lose my child if I went to California? I should never have undertaken the journey." I could only assure her I was not permitted to tell her at that time.

Now in giving this writing I had no knowledge of what was being written until I read it; nor could I have known that her then healthy babe would pass away on the journey.

There was both intelligence and foreknowledge manifested through my hand, unconsciously to myself. That power and intelligence claimed to be the spirit of a disembodied human being. How many negotiations would it take to disprove the fact when my own consciousness says I did not do it myself, only as I was moved upon by some other intelligent, foreknowing power?

Passing over multitudes of other intermediate facts I will refer to one which occurred in the summer of 1854 in Milford, Conn. A stranger, a cooper by trade, had just moved into the town, and on the Sunday morning following invited me to come to his home and witness some manifestations and test his mediatorial powers. In company with a friend, we visited the stranger-medium that evening. James Graham, the friend, was a member of the Congregational church and a disbeliever in Spiritualism, but by my persuasion consented to accompany me and see the performance. We were soon after arriving invited to take seats at a small table with several others, when, in response to the question, "Are there any Spirits present who desire to communicate?" the table on which our hands were resting, some on all sides, moved back and forth three times. On being asked if they would spell out their communications by the alphabet, five tips of the table were given in response. I was asked to call the alphabet and the table responded to the

letters as follows:—Geo-r-g-e G-r-a-h-a-m. Turning to James, I asked him if it was any relative of his? He requested me to keep still and let him investigate. To help the investigation, I asked if the Spirit present was a relative of James Graham, when three quick, distinct tips of the table occurred. I then inquired if it was his father? One tip—"No." "Grand-father?" "No." "Uncle?" "No." "Cousin?" "No." "Brother?" "Yes."

"Will you tell us how old you were when you departed this life?" Twenty-eight to and fro tips and one partial one. I asked if it was between twenty-eight and nine? "Yes." "How long have you been in Spirit-life?" Response eight and a part. "Where did you die?" The alphabet was called for, the place spelled out. "Will you now tell us what disease you died of?" It was here suggested that to shorten matters, I should call over different diseases and the spirit would tip the table at the right one. Calling over a number of diseases with no response I finally asked if it was a disease of the brain? when the table gave three quick movements—then five. Again calling over the alphabet we received the following: "Inflammation of the brain caused by religious insanity."

I said, then turning to my friend, "James Graham, is this true?" He replied, in a choking voice: "As true as God, and I know this is my brother George. For no one here, not even my wife ever knew I had such a brother. The circumstances of his death were so painful to me I have never mentioned him. He went to a camp meeting, got under religious excitement, went raving mad and in six or eight weeks died where he said. He was some months over twenty-eight, and it was between eight and nine years ago."

What educated "toe joint" told these facts, which made a confirmed Spiritualist of James Graham, and restored to him communion with the brother he had mourned as lost?

J. C. Wright in Maquoketa.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:

The Liberals and Spiritualists of the above city have a good hall, a Lyceum and a Ladies' Society. There is quite a large number of people there addicted to modes of thought into which Robert Elsmere drifted. Some of the Spiritualists are getting old, but their interest keeps up. Some prefer to hide their light under a bushel, and some are bold, with a strong love for radical slugging. I found them a pleasant people to live among and to talk to.

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

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Readers of the JOURNAL are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to say, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

A Narrative Abounding in Incidents Illustrating Spirit Power.

In the year 1879 I left San Francisco for Arizona. I was then 53 years of age. My life had been spent in business pursuits which were full of sad disappointments. Domestic afflictions overshadowed all others, and a more forlorn—yea, I may say disheartened individual, never left the land of gold than the writer of these lines. I had been beat and baffled in all the pursuits and aims of my life; my soul was full of bitterness and I longed to leave a world in which I had found only sadness and suffering. Such were my feelings on a December day as I on foot followed a well mounted band of five explorers. We were descending the Patagonia Mountains of Southern Arizona, along the Mexican boundary, intending to cross into Mexico for the purpose of finding gold, copper or silver mines. While I trudged along on foot old memories would bring to mind the blotted hopes of other days, but I had resolved to banish the past, and grumble no more over my sad destiny. I said to myself: "With God's help I shall do the best I can. I shall shun no labor, no matter how humble, to get an honest living." While thus musing I was suddenly aroused. I heard an inward voice saying, "Look to the east and the west, to the north and the south, as far as the eye can reach. This land will be given to you," and then in a lower and sadder voice, "to your children also if they keep the commandments."

A sudden thrill of joy animated me as I looked to the east, west, north and south, for before me was the beautiful valley of the San Rafael, its high grass waving in the gentle breeze like the waves of the ocean; the Santa Cruz River running through it, while from the surrounding hills and mountains there could be seen hundreds of smaller valleys and canyons. What a splendid view, all bespangled with oaks and other trees; the taller hills with pines, while over all hung the canopy of heaven, a cerulean blue; but the mountains and hills appeared as if robed in bluish purple, which is peculiar to many of the mountains of Arizona. In the magnificent amphitheatre spread before me, I beheld an earthly paradise, but how it was to become mine, as foretold by the voice from the spirit-land, I will relate, bearing in mind that my sole reason for giving this experience is the hope that it may be useful to others—especially to those who are, as I was at that time, without money, and hopeless bordering on despair. Such was my wretched condition when I was rescued by spirits or angels from that unhappy state, and through their guidance I was brought out of gloom and sadness into sunshine and joy, and out of poverty and misery into a state of comparative wealth and happiness.

I trust that none of your readers will think that I suppose myself any better than others,—no not the least, for God's blessings, like the sunshine and rain, come down for the use of all. I would much prefer to have your readers take hope, have courage, and do likewise if placed under similar circumstances, for what am I but one among the thousands of living witnesses who can testify positively from actual experience to the great fact that Spiritualism is true, and also to the truth of scripture in this respect—"The angels of the Lord encampeth roundabout them that fear him, and delivereth them."

The expedition into Mexico for mining purposes was broken up because of the severe sickness of one of the strongest among our party. I took him to a ranch on the Mexican

side of the line, and attended him until he recovered, when we separated, he going southward to look for mines, while I returned to the small Mexican Puebla de Santa Cruz, which is situated about seven miles south of the line dividing Arizona from the Mexican State of Sonora; the Pueblo lands of Santa Cruz bound the beautiful tract of land which the reader will remember the spirit or angel told me would be mine. Many years before this I had traveled and done business in other parts of Mexico, at mining and raising cotton, and while so occupied I had, through necessity, learned the use and practice of medicine. I had prescribed for the poor, generally without fee or reward. God had blessed my efforts while laboring to heal the sick and indigent, for I cured all manner of diseases. I now remember of curing those afflicted with leprosy, cancer, black vomit or yellow fever. I do wrong probably in saying I cured them; what I mean to say is, that I was in so doing, a medium, under the control of intelligent spirits. Often when perplexed in my own mind as to the proper remedy to be administered, I would silently utter a prayer for help, and I think I can safely say it was always answered by a voice from the Spirit-world. If the reader will pardon the digression I will relate one remarkable case; what was then revealed has been of benefit to thousands:

About 1866-7, in the Villa of San Ignacia, State of Sinaloa, Mexico, I was suddenly called to visit a widow whose only son had been stung by a scorpion. I found her supporting a boy of eight years in a standing position on a table. It was my first scorpion case, although death therefrom was a common occurrence in many parts of Mexico, especially in the city of Durango, which at that time was fast declining in population because of the destruction of children by scorpions. I first observed that the disease centered in the throat, for no matter what part of the body is stung it always centers there, ending with lockjaw and convulsions. I first gave the boy belladonna, which acted as a narcotic, and while he dozed I examined the index of a large medical work, with the hope of finding some remedy, but no remedy was found therein. I found ammonic prescribed, not as a remedy but as a palliative, thus acknowledging the ignorance of the medical profession in relation to scorpions. As I closed the book I observed the death struggle, lockjaw, and then convulsions, while beside me stood the mother in great agony. I felt my own weakness. "Behold," I said to myself, "the meager knowledge of the nineteenth century; with all its learning no one knows enough to cure or stop the ravages of a little reptile that yearly destroys its tens of thousands." Then silently in prayer I confessed that I knew nothing, and asked for help. Quick as the lightning's flash came the responses from the Spirit-world, "Aconite!" "Aconite!" "Aconite!" Hastily I put five or six drops of the strong tincture of aconite (*Aconitum Napellus*), in half a tumbler of water and forced into the boy's mouth a teaspoonful of the liquid. It cured him instantaneously; it always does that, and never fails. And I tell you the mother's joy was great. Since then I have visited Durango and many other places in Mexico afflicted with scorpions, taking with me the remedy that never fails; also the seeds of the plant that will in due course of time deliver that land from this terrible scourge.

I instructed the people to a limited extent in the doctrine of spheres, showing them that from everything in all the natural kingdoms, and likeness in the spiritual kingdoms, there flow forth substances from all created things; and that the sphere which comes from the aconite plant is death to the scorpion; and by planting the seeds in their flower pots, gardens and other places, they could save their beautiful city, which their leading men had told me they supposed would have to be abandoned, for the yearly census showed a gradual decline. Despite the continual expenditure of large sums of money the scorpions were increasing, so that in case they had not got the remedy there was no hope for the city. Father Olea assured me that of late the scourge had become worse, with the appearance of scorpions with double tails. I could relate many strange and some humorous events that transpired, showing the official recognition of my services, and the grateful offers of rewards and honors, all of which I declined receiving; for without cost it came to me, and is it not "Freely ye have received, freely give?"

A rich Spanish house in the City of Mexico had, only a few weeks before tendered me a proposition to make money out of the remedy, which I declined. Right here I would like to utter a warning to all Spiritualists: If you desire gifts from heaven for selfish or personal ends, they will not be granted; and should you receive a gift and abuse or misappropriate it, it will be taken from you. I know of several mediums who had precious gifts, and because they abused them they were taken away. I will relate an instance that transpired in the City of Durango: The antimento, or City Council, was convened after my arrival in special session. A committee was authorized to wait upon me and present me a copy of its proceedings, requesting an interview, and for me to make known what honors or remuneration it could confer upon me for the great boon bestowed by me upon their city. The committee that waited upon me was composed of venerable old men, and singular to relate, all of them had lost children by death from the sting of scorpions. I notified the coun-

cil that I neither sought nor expected any pay, rewards or honors; that I was well rewarded if I could do the people any good, etc. The day following I met the council and a number of citizens. I spoke to them only a few minutes, telling them about the plant, and how to use it, and that it was infallible. When I had concluded, the leading Doctor of the city, a man of considerable wealth and influence and pompous demeanor, replied, stating that the scorpion scourge had existed from ancient times, and that no remedy had been found therefor, and that the most they could expect to do was to palliate the sufferings of the afflicted. Saying this, which amounted to a flat denial, he sat down. I then arose and began to speak, at the same time baring my arm to the elbow. I said: "Upon my bare arm you may place from one to ten scorpions, and I will not take over three drops of the remedy." Profound silence followed this remark. The Doctor did not reply, but a man hastily entered the assembly; he was stout and puffy, and even out of breath. He said he had just had occasion to use the remedy I had given them; it was a perfect success. Then a sudden change of feeling came over those present. The kind, genial father embraced me again cordially, exclaiming as he did so, "I tell you, Señor, we will erect in your honor a statue of gold in the Plaza de San Francisco." I replied: "My good friends, I request you to hear me. When you want the statue, please don't make it of gold."

"Why not," responded the priest and a hundred other voices? "Because," I answered, "if you do there will be none of me left in twenty-four hours." I thanked them cordially, declining any honor or remuneration, and the next day I left the city. Many years have elapsed since that time, but I have heard nothing further about scorpions in that city. Thanks to the knowledge from above, the scourge is fast declining, and let us hope that from the Spirit-world will yet come specific antidotes for many other evils that still afflict mankind.

With this digression ended I will resume my story of the ranch. The town of Santa Cruz, seven miles south of the boundary line, had been during the last hundred years

several times nearly extinguished by the Apaches; in 1834 only seven survived.

Thirty-five with their priest had been killed by the Apaches in one day. The seven survivors had a few old flint muskets. Four stood guard within a small enclosed patch of land, while the others guided a wooden plough drawn by a half-starved ox and one cow, the last of their herds. They lived upon roots, and for fuel burnt the rafters and furniture which they obtained from the houses of their slaughtered relatives and friends. When I first visited the town, it had about three hundred inhabitants. I lived and slept in a small room, which looked old and antiquated. The people I found generally quite different in many respects from those in other parts of Mexico. Their isolation from the rest of mankind, surrounded continually by enemies, had made them wary and suspicious; they lacked many of the fine traits of racial hospitality which make the stranger feel so happy and welcome in many other parts of our sister republic.

One night while sleeping in the old adobe room, I happened to awake and saw, without any evident surprise, a man and woman (spirit), both Mexican, standing near me. The man appeared about fifty years old; the woman, his wife, somewhat older. He was dressed in a style common among the better class of Mexicans forty years ago; a wide rimmed hat of a tawny color, and sugar-loaf style of crown; the jacket gamusa or deer-skin with silver buttons; pants open at the sides with a row of jingling buttons from the hip down each leg; his waist girded with a red-silk sash; his complexion, light brown with rosy cheeks. His character might be depicted as rather careless, pleasant and jovial. The woman was dressed, as I have seen thousands of others, with a linen chemise, slightly bordered; a common dark-colored petticoat, while around her shoulders she wore a common rebozo of black and white thread shawl. She appeared not only older than her husband, but anxious and careworn, as mothers do who think much about the sufferings of their children.

When I beheld them I was neither startled nor frightened. They recognized me by a simple bow or inclination of the head, and both seemed to talk, or rather the man talked and the wife assented. I can't say that I heard distinctly the tones of their voices, yet I clearly understood everything they said, as follows:

"The tract of land which you admired, and about which you have been thinking and inquiring, belonged to us; it now belongs to our children. They are scattered; find them, and it will be good for you and good for them."

Having delivered this message they disappeared, smiling as they gradually faded away. After they had gone I kept thinking, how strange this interview with departed spirits; and then I thought as if talking to myself. It is not stranger than many other things which have happened to me through life, the spirits having told me not to go on the steamer when I was about to embark on the Mazatlan for San Francisco, because she would be lost, and was lost as the spirit had predicted; nor is it stranger than the voice which revealed aconite as the true antidote for scorpion's poison, and so my memory kept reviewing many remarkable incidents where in my life had been saved through the guardianship of spirits. I had made many journeys through Mexico, and several from ocean

to ocean, but this was about the first time spirits had appeared at my bedside to talk with me, except upon one occasion in 1857, when on official business for the state of Jalisco. While traveling through the state of Calima my life was miraculously saved at night by the appearance of an angel sister, who awoke me and told me what to do to save myself, as two assassins, one with a sword and the other with a broad-ax, were in the act of attempting my assassination. She was clothed in white, and appeared over my head. Those who now appeared were not angels; to me they looked like the ordinary inhabitants of our daily life, hence I may truly say that this was the first time spirits had appeared to me to talk about material interests. Through the knowledge they imparted, I was to gain money and land. The day following my vision I set out with a fine team at eight in the morning upon a journey a hundred miles to the south. "Be sure," said the letter that came with the team the day before from my brother, Col. George, at Tucson, "to call at the Cacapari Ranch; the Barredas are dear friends of mine." Well, thither I started down the Santa Cruz River. What a drive! How bracing the winter air! How fine the scenery all around (the Apache raids of late years had been less frequent)! Fat cattle were grazing along the route. For the first ten miles I followed the winding course of the Santa Cruz River; majestic trees lined its banks, while on either side were fields so well irrigated that they yielded two crops yearly to their owners. Then I crossed easterly a range of hills which divide the Santa Cruz from the Cacapari Valley. The whole country was beautiful, save here and there I saw deserted fields and orchards. Further on were the ruined church, houses and gardens of the once beautiful and flourishing mission and village of Cacapari. I had no guide. I needed none to tell me why lands so rich and buildings so fine had been abandoned. I asked, "Where are the people who once dwelt here and worshipped in yonder magnificent temple? Who massacred them or drove the few that survived away? What desolation is this?" Alas! I knew too well the bloody Apaches had done it, and even now my spirited team sped along as if aware of danger. Not a living soul or traveler had I met since I left the Santa Cruz. At two o'clock I drove up to the door of a rather small new adobe building erected near the ruins of the others. Then what a welcome I received from the Barreda brothers, one of them a member of congress. They were strangers to me, but when they found I was the brother of Col. Don George, who for twenty years had helped fight their battles in their war against the Church and to whom Maximilian surrendered at the siege of Querétaro; then both warm and enthusiastic was the reception I received from these patriotic brothers. That evening as the older brother Don Antonio and myself sat conversing, I said, "Who owns that beautiful tract of land to the north of Santa Cruz?"

"Why do you ask?" was the response. "Excuse me, Don Antonio, I had a strange vision early this morning before leaving Santa Cruz," and then I told him the vision I had had.

"Blessed be God, how strange, and yet how true," he exclaimed with a look full of astonishment. "Yes," he continued, "I know both the man and woman who appeared to you—Don Ramon R. and his wife. Many years ago that land was granted to them, but because of the ravages of the Apache Indians and the jealousy of the people of Santa Cruz, they were forced to abandon it. They went to California after the gold discovery. The old folks died there. A few years ago the boys returned, built a house and corrals, and tried to establish themselves on the ranch, but they had to leave on account of Indians, and went to live at Santa Cruz; but the people of Santa Cruz, because the land had been abandoned for some time, persecuted the boys so that they had at length to go away again. Those Santa Cruz people you will find different from all others. They are not like the people who once occupied this Pueblo; they perished by the hands of the Apaches, like the frontier towns—Tucson, Frontonas, Tulac; in fact all the frontier towns were extinguished by the Apaches. The present inhabitants of Santa Cruz are a set of outsiders who, of late years, have congregated there from all parts, cut off from all intercourse, and thus abandoned they have become inhospitable, cruel and unkind for many years. They have had no priest, and none dare live among them; in fact they don't desire any other Mexicans or Americans to settle there, as they want to grasp all the land for themselves. That is why the poor boys, the heirs of Don Ramon and his wife, have had to leave; and that is the reason why these spirits have come to you, so as to enlist your help on behalf of their children."

"Where are the boys now?" I asked?

"They are living about forty miles below."

I then instructed Don Antonio to see them, and, if possible, to buy them out, and to make only a small offer of ready cash; the chief payments I would make on time. Several weeks after this I had a visit in Tucson from Don Antonio, bringing the deeds of the two sons, the only heirs at law as then supposed, of the parties I had seen in vision; but in this I was mistaken, for upon examining the records I ascertained there were five other heirs still living in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties.

I would not bother the reader with any further details of my journey in search of the remaining heirs; but I think it best to be somewhat precise in my statements, for the simple reason that from the first appearance

of Don Ramon and his wife, until I had arranged with all the heirs, their children and grand children, they were continually with me, and apparently engaged in helping me; even helping me to obtain the money which I had to pay their children, for all of them were living in poverty.

After buying out the interest of the two sons, I started late at night from Tucson, Arizona, bound for San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties, where the other heirs resided. Awakening the next morning, a voice which I understood to be that of Don Ramon, said to me: "You are not alone; others are going with you." I looked through the Pullman car and could see only one passenger and the porter at the farther end. These were the only persons in the car, and that passenger told me later in the day that he was bound for Northern California, so I felt satisfied, as no persons were near me, that Don Ramon and his wife were going with me to see their children.

Besides the knowledge of their accompanying me in this journey, I had another singular spiritual experience which I will relate, as probably some of your readers may know something of the science of correspondence, which is now beginning to be understood by a very few. I am instructed that, in ancient times, it was the science through which angels and good spirits communicated with the inhabitants of earth. After Don Ramon spoke to me, and seeing no person near, I looked out of the window of the car. We were speeding along through the desert, and there, moving along with the same speed as the car, I saw on the wing five large white birds. Their distance appeared to be at few hundred yards. I watched them for nearly half an hour until my eyes grew weary. On, on, parallel with the car, they continued their flight, and as there was no diminishing or change in their progress or direction, and being different also from any birds in that country or any other that I had ever seen or read of, I am convinced that they were not real birds, but an appearance; probably caused by some spirit then accompanying me on that strange journey.

I am aware that to many of your readers who are not deeply versed in the hidden and mysterious realms of Spiritualism, this statement of mine, that the birds were merely an "appearance," will appear strange, and they may probably think it an illusion or fantasy. Not so, my friends. I have had nearly forty years' experience in the different phenomena of Spiritualism, and I can distinguish clearly, and draw the line that divides genuine appearances from fantasies or illusions, although both of the latter are common among a certain class of mediums. Let me try and explain what I have learned about this from seers and prophets, and which I have verified with much experience; and when I have made my statement some of your readers will comprehend the meaning and the cause of the birds appearing on the wing. I will quote a few passages to elucidate my meaning, from the writings of the great seer, Swedenborg: "The things in the other life are correspondences, and thus real appearances."

"In the other life there appear animals of many kinds, for in that life there appear animals of numerous genera, and of innumerable species; such animals there are appearances which have an exact and living correspondence with the affections and the thoughts pertaining to spirits and angels."

"In the spiritual world spaces are appearances; there appear spaces like the spaces on earth, but still they are not spaces, but appearances."

"Since, therefore, spaces in relation to spiritual things are appearances, distance and presence are also appearances."

"Spirits and angels know diseases by correspondence; they have medicine which corresponds."

"All the visible things of the spiritual world are correspondences of the affections, which are with spirits and angels."

Thus the appearances of beasts, birds, fish, flowers and animals in the spiritual world are the efflux from the thoughts, ideas and affections of the inhabitants thereabouts.

Now I trust with these extracts some of your readers will understand the meaning and significance of the birds in flight that appeared to me as above related; but in case some do not, I will say that their appearance and movement corresponded to the thoughts or ideas of the parties with me, namely, the spirits, and the business upon which we were bent. The old Romans were no fools, nor a superstitious people as the modern philosophers suppose. They had their Augurs who interpreted the flight of birds and other strange phenomena, for their Sibylline books told them how to explain all marvellous and mysterious appearances by the eternal and unchangeable laws of correspondence.

I had but little money when I undertook the task of buying this great ranch. I had none whatever when the spirit or angel told me it would be mine; but under their guidance I was enabled to buy out all the heirs and within one year take up all my notes, mortgages and indebtedness. I had bought upon time, and when the notes became due, and I was puzzling my brain, wondering how I would meet my obligations, my spirit friend, Don Ramon,

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?

2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?

3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?

4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.

5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.

6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?

7. In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY S. L. TYRELL.

To the question, "What are the greatest needs of the spiritual movement to-day?" we abruptly answer that Spiritualism is a religion, as the word religion is defined by the best authorities; it is a new religion claiming to be more scientific and reasonable than any other, and aiming (presumably) to radically reform the morals and theologies of the world. Cheerfully conceding its ultimate aims to be pure and philanthropic, we venture to suggest a few things which seem especially needful to extend its influence and insure permanent success. By reading its miscellaneous religious literature we are strongly impressed that the Theistic theories of modern Spiritualism are (with some prominent exceptions) too vague or pantheistic to be an efficient working force in the movement. Finite, angelic divinities, or abstract, impersonal laws and principles, do not meet the wants of man's religious nature. A misty agnostic theism has little moral power over individual character, and little cohesive organizing force in any distinctively religious enterprise. We suggest, then, that a fundamental need of Spiritualism to-day is a more definite conception, and a more personal representation of the Deity in its worship and theology.

Another obvious need is a searching revision and expurgation of its theological authorities. So much apocryphal, contradictory matter has accumulated, that there now seems no certain means of knowing the false from the true, and a paralyzing skepticism seems on the increase. Some strictly scientific and very generally accepted ideas and principles should at once be condensed in a statement which all intelligent Spiritualists can frankly endorse, and thus speedily relieve themselves from the humiliating charge of believing all the obsolete matter that sectarian enemies can exhume in spiritual libraries. It has become a popular mode of attacking Spiritualism by quoting publicly the most objectionable parts of its poorest literature as the "Science and ethics of Spiritualism." This serious, growing evil should be corrected by the repudiation of this obsolete matter by some authorized public expression. The spiritual press has evidently been much too lenient in permitting the crude fancies of trance, psychometry and clairvoyance to go out in this scientific age, as the science of Spiritualism. The old religions are all dying under the insupportable weight of the false science on which they rest, and the new religion of Spiritualism should be warned by their fate, to risk no such fatal alliance with ignorance, in this plastic, formative stage of its development, and thus escape in the future scientific attacks which have proved fatal to the old theologies. We suggest, then, that the spiritual press, which in an important sense must be regarded as the "Defender of the Faith," needs more careful and independent discrimination in its publishing departments.

A religion to have wide and lasting influence must not only be scientifically true, but must also be especially adapted to man's moral nature, and to the stage or plane of his religious development. Religion presupposes moral law; and law, moral or civil, without penalty is meaningless. The author of human nature, who, we must think, well knew the complicated elements composing it, seems not to have had wisdom enough to govern man without attaching penalties to violation of law. Such is nature's thought. The great religions, both pagan and Christian, derived their power over mankind mainly from their doctrines of retribution. What a marvelous missionary force was the old Calvinism, with its material hell, compared with the "New Orthodoxy" with its revised "hades," and its elevating dogma of "future probation."

Assuming that the central aim of Spiritualism is to exert the greatest possible moral influence, we suggest that it needs in common with the other rationalistic religions (especially in this defiant agnostic age) speakers and writers of the best abilities; teachers of sublime poetic genius, who can bring the fearful, self-executing penalties of nature's laws clearly within the mental vision of ordinary unimaginative minds, and make them a full moral equivalent for the unphilosophical, outgrown dogmas of the supernatural faiths. Although a morality induced by fear is not of the highest conceivable type, yet since humanity has not yet reached that ideal moral plane, where men "do right for the love of right," and are a "law unto themselves," society needs to protect itself by means of a lower grade of morals enforced by prospective penalties.

We suggest, then, that Spiritualism which reasonably holds to the philosophical doctrine, that moral character in earth life determines the condition of the spirit in the life to come, could very largely increase its religious, reformatory influence, by giving the unwelcome truth of retribution greater prominence in its ethical teachings than it now receives. This unpopular suggestion may seem retrogressive and obsolete, yet when we reflect that human nature is not yet obsolete; that natural law is not repealed, but still in full force, that "reaping as we sow" is a fearful fact in nature which agnostic sneers cannot laugh down,—we believe this suggestion has sound basis in natural religion and will grow in importance the more it is calmly considered. The long felt need of organization and co-operation among Spiritualists we regard as another pressing want at present. Although Spiritualism—in numbers—ranks among the strongest denominations, it is apparently among the weakest in aggressive missionary work, for want of concentrated effort. Among the many promising missionary plans, too large for private enterprise, we can only abruptly refer to a few. The Spiritualist movement to-day most imperatively needs a "book concern" or publishing house, financially strong enough to place before the public a popular literature, as attractive in all respects as Europe or America can offer and thus incidentally bring its philosophy in constant contact with the reading classes, which lead the thought of the world and mold its theology.

The profound sensation throughout ortho-

dox Christendom, caused by the theological story of "Robert Esmere," shows what a vast and inviting field for aggressive missionary work lies in this direction. Mrs. Ward's novel has stirred the conservative masses more than all the deep metaphysics of Spencer and the unsettling theories of evolution. Another immediate need in this direction is a widely circulating, secular paper, to counteract the false reports spread by the sectarian press, and seldom retracted by them. Another obvious need is a denominational university, where psychology, in all its departments, can receive competent and unbiased investigation. The evidences of the spiritual religion are so largely external evidences, its data being mainly historical, it seems superfluous in the present epidemic of fraud to say that honest mediums, tested beyond suspicion, are an especial need of the times. The isolated, scattered condition of Spiritualists urgently calls for a "licensed" itinerant lecturer or "ministry," modeled on the wise, practical plan of pioneer Methodism. The peculiar adaptation of some such system to the present condition of Spiritualism is seen at a glance. Too many incompetent adventurers (unaccredited ministers) are abroad, claiming to represent Spiritualism.

A juvenile theological literature is badly needed to protect the children who are drawn into orthodox Sunday schools from the demoralizing, dwarfing tendency of the lessons they hear. Religions spread more by inheritance than by logic. The hope of the churches for the future is in its children. Romanism shows profound sagacity and far seeing statesmanship by its untiring efforts to save its children to the church. Spiritualism, we judge, needs to devise some more efficient plan to reach the children outside large towns and cities. The "Spiritualist Movement" is emphatically a religious movement, and an unselfish enthusiasm in its adherents and leaders, we finally suggest as the indispensable motive power upon which the success of all religious work depends. The religious thought of Christendom is in chaos; faith throughout the world is growing nebulous, and ready for reconstruction. Men are weary of negations and doubt, and crave something positive and restful in their theology. Spiritualism is not fatally committed to any unscientific creed, is free to embrace the truths of all the theologies, and if it is wisely led, it seems destined in the Providence of Progress to become the final, universal religion.

Fox Lake, Wis.

Straws Show which way the Wind Blows.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some thirty odd years ago, my wife and I united with the 2nd Congregational Church of this town. In less than one year I was almost compelled to accept the position of superintendent of the Sunday School, and was retained thus for seven years. During that time a new church edifice was built up on the site of the old one, and I was elected one of the building committee. I had made the Bible my study, and the more I studied it, the narrower the church creeds seemed to me, and I became quite dissatisfied, and earnestly desiring something better, I commenced the investigation of Spiritualism, but with many misgivings, some fear and trembling; but before the church building was completed I had become satisfied that our spirit friends can communicate with us occasionally when conditions are favorable, just the same as they did with mortals in Bible times; therefore I could read that book with a better understanding of its spiritual manifestations as recorded there than ever before.

About the time the church edifice was completed, I had become an outspoken Spiritualist, and resigned my office of superintendent of the Sunday School. Some of the more bigoted of church members expressed deep regret that they had had such a heretic on the building committee. Then persecution, and what is to day called boycotting, commenced. After trying this for two years and finding it had no visible effect, they gave it up. The last sermon I heard preached in that church, with the exception of two or three funeral discourses, until last Sunday, was about twenty years ago. The minister (and by the way he has left the ministry and gone into the fire insurance business,) said:

"A man may live one of the worst lives that ever was. I don't say it is right or proper, but it is possible. He may oppress the poor and the needy, the widow and the fatherless, and, in fact, everything that is vile, mean and wicked, all through a long life; but if the very last he repents and accepts Jesus as his savior, he will be saved from all his sins, and be forever happy with the saints in heaven."

"Whereas, on the other hand, a man may be ever so good a man; he may be always doing good to those around him, and be in every respect a model man; but if he doesn't believe in Jesus, and accept him as his savior, he will be forever and eternally damned to perdition."

Now, my seat was next to, and directly back of, one of the deacons, and without thinking what I was about, I said, "Bosh!" so loud that it disturbed all those in my immediate vicinity. The deacon turned around and looked at me. When we got out of the church, I said to my wife, that if I had got to that pass, when I could not go to church without disturbing the congregation, I would stay at home, and did so. So much was said to me about my being a Spiritualist, and so much ridicule cast upon it, that I told some of the church members that I should live to hear Spiritualism preached in that church. Last Sunday, December 23d, 1888, my wife and I attended this church to hear the singing (which we were told was to be pretty good), not knowing or caring in particular what the sermon was to be; but to my utter astonishment it was upon the "Ministration of Angels," as recorded in the Scriptures, and was a fulfillment of my prediction made twenty years before. The text was from Luke, 2nd chapter, 13th and 14th verses: "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

He then went on to state that if Herod, Agrippa or some others had been there, they would not have seen or heard anything, and that the shepherds did not hear the song of praise to God, or the voice of the angel of the Lord announcing to them the birth of Jesus, the Son of God, with their natural ear or eyes, but with their spiritual senses of hearing and seeing. Then he quoted the case of the young man who was on the mountain with Elisha, the Prophet and Seer. 2nd Kings, 6th chapter, 15th, 16th and 17th verses:

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, a host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, master, how shall we do?" "And he answered, fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

"And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire roundabout Elisha."

He then went on to state that there had been cases all through the history of the human race where certain individuals had caught glimpses of the heavenly hosts, and heard their voices, not with the natural eye or ear, but with the spiritual. He then quoted two cases of somnambulism; one from a French Cyclopaedia, of a young clergyman who would arise in the night and write his sermon while in this somnambulic condition, with his eyes closed. He would write a page and then read it over aloud, and if there was any passage not satisfactory he would erase it, and rewrite it, and would do this just as readily when a thick card board was held between his eyes and the paper.

The other case was that of a young lady who was studying art. She was passionately fond of painting, but could not bring out with her brush what she felt in her soul she was capable of doing. A prize had been offered for the best painting. She had labored diligently, but without satisfactory results. One morning upon rising, she discovered that some one had been at work on her picture. This happened for several mornings in succession. She made inquiries among her companions, but all denied having touched it. She then placed chairs before her door in such a manner that should any one attempt to come during the night they would fall and awaken her, and still the work progressed on her picture beyond her ability while in her normal condition. At this stage she was secretly watched, and after passing into quiet sleep, was seen to arise; and with her eyes closed, prepare her paints and brushes, and go to work. This continued until the picture was finished, she being entirely unconscious of what transpired during the night. She was awarded the prize.

"This," said he, "shows that we have spiritual faculties which are not fully developed in the normal condition, and that there is but a thin veil between us and the heavenly hosts; and although I am fully convinced that there is occasionally a person in our own day, whose spiritual eyes and ears are opened, I am not a Spiritualist." Then he alluded to the frauds and shams perpetrated by the mediums, and could not forego his little fitting at the Spiritualists on "free love," forgetting evidently that the members of the Jewish church in the days of Jesus accused him of associating with publicans and harlots. He closed this portion of his sermon by saying that the churches had ignored the fact of the ministrations of angels as recorded in the Scriptures too long.

I was happily disappointed; for, with the exception of his belief, that Jesus was God incarnate in the flesh, it was just as good a spiritualistic discourse as I have heard for many a day, and I feel decidedly thankful that I was there to hear it.

JOSEPH BEALS.

Greenfield, Mass., Dec. 26th, 1888.

A Defence of W. W. Aber.

to the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In the JOURNAL of the 13th, is an attack on the moral character of W. W. Aber, and by innuendo, on his mediumship. Last August I wrote to him at Topeka, Kan., proposing to employ him for an indefinite time, stating that inquiry favored his being a medium for materializing; but he knew as to that, and if he was not, I would certainly detect him. Furthermore, he must be a man of good moral character. The rest of the correspondence I left to my wife, resulting in his coming to my house on Sept. 22d. Since then, with the exception of three weeks at Paola, at which time I was with him, he has given ten séances a week in my parlor, to crowded audiences. The cabinet he uses was constructed under my supervision, and out of my own material. The séances have been free to the public, I being at the full expense, with \$35.00 contributed by friends. I have been to the expense so far of \$275.00. I did not need this phase of phenomena, but I desired to investigate it, and if worthy and convincing to give the public its benefit.

I have been in active business for forty-five years, and successful, and in all my career, I have been afflicted with but one fraud and them in my twenty-third year. I have ever hated and loathed frauds, as the blackest villainy. I have been thirty-seven years a Spiritualist, and so careful and critical have I been, that I have yet the first fraudulent medium to impose on me. I have never patronized a public or commercial medium, and never will; and so scrupulous was I that, in the case of Mr. Aber, I extracted his commercial teeth. Spiritualism from the start has been too holy and sacred a science to drag down into the lower galleries of the soul for mere personal ends.

Hundreds have attended the circles in my parlor, and with three exceptions, have recognized their exorcised friends at the first, second or third séance, while mental tests have been as profound as those of those in the May-day of life.

I have enjoined the coolest interviewing, frowning down all prompting to recognition by third parties, insisting that facts must come unprejudiced to the inner consciousness of each investigator to be of such value as would drive away incredulity and prejudice. I have seen at the aperture, to full recognition, at least thirty friends long lost to physical sight. We have talked of the olden times, as if just met from a long absence. Tender memories, long swathed by the mold of years, stood up as fresh as when in the May-day of life.

At the séance of the 6th inst., there were 13 in the circle, of the most intelligent critical, truthful and candid people of our city, and we all saw 13 full form materializations outside of plain view, talked and gesticated. There was no excitement, nor cause for any.

As to the antecedent moral character of Mr. Aber, I know but little. This I know, that he has been a medium before the Topeka public for six years. He left Topeka the seventh day of September; was at Lawrence two weeks, reaching my house on Sept. 22d. He went to Paola on Nov. 12th, and gave séances there until the 25th. It was while at Paola, two months and fifteen days after Mr. Aber left Topeka, that the Topeka Commonwealth was handed to me with the scurrilous article referred to by Mr. Ormsbee, written and published two months after Mr. Aber left Topeka. The article itself disclosed the ignorance and animus of the writer. It stated Aber to be a German from Pennsylvania, and had psychically told his wife that her son was dead, but who by his return, proved contrariwise.

Now the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, a host compassed the city both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas, master, how shall we do?" "And he answered, fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."

I have been present at 176 séances given by

Mr. Aber, and my conclusion is that those having ignorant and lying friends on the other side, are such by the law of race, as is disclosed by the quality of the interviewers: they get messages on the plane of their own integrity. For nearly three months Mr. Aber and wife have been under my constant observation, and I have failed to see anything but what emanates from a gentleman and lady of rigid morality.

Mr. Aber has shown me letters received while at my house from gentlemen at Topeka, of as high standard as Mr. Ormsbee, expressing their esteem and regard, and soliciting his return to that city.

J. H. PRATT.

Spring Hill, Kansas, Dec. 1888.

The Divining Rod.

Far be it from me to throw doubt on the magical virtues of the divining-rod. Good reason have I to be grateful to the blessed little instrument of white magic; for well do I know its singular power to cut short illness caused by sorrow or worry, by inducing a short, pleasant fit of cheerful clairvoyance, which soon disappears, leaving no trace except better spirits and the solid possession of some sort of buried treasure seen during the seer-fit. (What I see when I hold the rod is not ore or water, but usually some secret of ancient mathematical conjuring.)

But when we pass from the simple narration of our experience to an attempt to explain facts, we must take into account all the converging causes. The singular vitality of such trees as the hazel has an effect not only on man after the rod is cut, but on the tree itself all through its growth. Nearly every tree has either some tendency to curvature in the branches, or thorns, or dead buds, or zig-zag growth, or abortive and dead twigs; all which things are due to not possessing quite vitality enough for the bulk. The hazel, the olive, the mistletoe, and other sacred trees, are (when growing wild) free from abortions; being so full of vitality that they grow straight ahead, in clean, even forks. To show the significance of this fact, I must tell how I first came to use the dowsing-rod.

I was asked to translate the Life-Laws, or Laws of Thought (of Gratry and Boole), out of the language of the Modern Calculus into that of the simple geometry used of old. To exhibit the most important law I had to use a diagram in shape like a capital V. I had to draw the thing open end upwards, and afterwards shut end upwards. I noticed that my stupid pupils were sometimes confused by the first V remaining on the paper; I wished I could pick it bodily up and reverse it, to show that the same thing was seen alternately in the two aspects. A pair of compasses, open at the Freemason's Angle, would have an effect exactly, except that it did not show the process of becoming, as a drawing made before the pupil does. What was wanted was, a thing that would first suggest growing from one into two, and that I could then turn upside down. In fact, a natural forked stick. While thinking this over, I suddenly remembered seeing a miner doing something (in my childhood) with a stick the very shape I wanted. This excited my curiosity, and I went to a country parish where I had heard there was a lady dowser, and asked her to show me her magic.

The whole process is this. The dowser voluntarily goes through, in dumb show, half of a logic lesson on the first Law of Thought. While he is doing so, his arms begin to tingle, and as he passes over ore, or running water, his hands automatically complete the lesson by reversing the rod. The dowser, who knows no logic, does (one half by tradition and the other half automatically) what I do on purpose to teach the first Law of Thought.

To produce this effect we have a combination of three forces:—(1) The overflowing vitality of the hazel (or other sacred tree). (2) The magnetism that may reside in ore or springing water. (3) The unconscious effect of hereditary association in man. A tiger, brought up in cage, will exhibit terror at the sight of a boa, not because he has reason to know the boa is dangerous, but probably because of the sudden combination of serpent-magnetism with the sight of an object that his ancestors had objective reasons for dreading (as well as magnetic ones). Instinct is usually, I think, the combined result of magnetism with hereditary association. A duck, at the first touch of water, is moved to exert its paddles in the manner suited to propel it. Just so, the muscles of the dowser tingle at the mere touch of the wand; partly from hazel-magnetism; partly from hereditary association with the logical science of his ancestors. Those two causes only succeed in making him tingle. When the magnetism of water or ore is added, the induction is complete, and his muscles go through the great old ceremony, without his knowledge or consent.

From my own experience I incline to think:

(1) That the fresher the stick, the greater its power.

(2) That its power is increased by the operator cutting it from the tree himself.

(3) That the power of the one in use is increased by having several others very near the operator.

(4) That the action is of the nature of a pure exhilarant; it quickens the faculties for a time, but the effect soon wears off if frequent use is made of the stick. In very great weakness I have found it useful to have one continuously within reach of my hand; but its effect in inducing seerhood is greater when I have not touched one for some time. For which reason I now make a rule to give in giving mere logic lessons, a fork too dry and too small to have any magnetic effect.

I have cut hundreds of forks from non-sacred trees. None of them could safely have been used to give a logic lesson to ignorant people, because they either suggest in the first position, the horns of some animal, or in the second position, something more or less like hind-quarters

minor orders. Power is still given to drive out the devil, but the exercise of the power is restrained and the Order of Exorcists has come to be regarded chiefly as a step to the priesthood. Unbaptized persons, even if not possessed, still belong in a sense to the kingdom of darkness, and exorcisms were from early times employed as they are in our present Ritual to snap the band between the soul of the candidate for baptism and the devil.

"As even baptism does not completely destroy the devil's power over the soul, these exorcisms are supplied after baptism, when a child in danger of death has been baptized without the ceremonies and afterwards recovers. Hence the exorcists of the ancient church came to practice a general superintendence over those preparing for baptism as well as over the possessed."

"One of their offices, for example, was to remove these classes, known as fatechumens and energetums, before the more solemn part of the sacrifice of the mass."

"Exorcisms are also used by priests at this day over inanimate objects; for instance, in blessing the water for baptism and the oil for other sacraments."

"This ceremony is very ancient, for St. Cyprian of the year 70 alludes to it. It springs not from any Manichean idea that matter is evil, but from the Christian doctrine that all creation since the fall has been marred by the powers of evil." —*Examiner*, San Francisco, California.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Matter relating to this department should be sent to Mrs. Underwood, 86 South Page St., Chicago.

THE STUDY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY BY WOMEN.

One of the fallacies of a period now fortunately passing away was that having passed through a course of (mostly superficial) school and home training, a girl yet at the threshold of life, and with no true conception of the real work of the world in which she was about to take an active part, had "finished her education." Much of that education, such as drawing, music, dancing, and the smattering of languages she had acquired, she found practically useless to her as soon as she had slipped into her allotted "sphere" of wife, mother, and housekeeper; her education in these departments only in rare cases being sufficiently thorough to make her competent as teacher of them to her own children. They were ephemeral accomplishments, fitted only to enhance the graces of youth, and not education at all in the best sense of the word.

It is only recently,—and this mainly as a result of the agitation for political enfranchisement and educational advancement—that women generally have become aroused to their need of a wider knowledge of the conditions which surround them; they have found out that education can never be "finished" while life lasts, and that they are yet woefully ignorant of almost everything save superficialities; that even in their peculiar province of ethics they know only the surface effects and but little of the laws underlying those effects.

They have found, too, that by economy of time hitherto given to unprofitable pursuits, such as interminable frilling, crocheting, and patchwork, they can set apart a certain number of hours or half-hours for inspiring if not helpful study—and they are joining Chautauqua circles, home study associations, Browning societies, Dante classes, Shakesperian clubs, and like organizations.

I use the phrase "inspiring if not helpful," advisedly.

In the first strivings of this new felt sense of ignorance, and longing for knowledge, there has been, as always in the beginning of any movement, there must be, mistakes made as to the road leading most directly to the sought for goal, and there has been much misdirected effort, and also most fruitless zeal in pursuit of elusive and impractical knowledge. But if the knowledge gained was not that sought for, and most useful, or directly applicable; yet ambitions in the line of Browning societies, Dante classes, and Shakesperian enquiry, help the growth of mind, and widen our area of observation, even if they do not immediately enlighten us as to the best mode of lessening the sin and suffering in the world, or explain the reason why sin and suffering must exist as the effects of certain causes.

But to women really in earnest to make the most of the precious time which can be given to study, who wish to attain some definite, practical idea of the real state of society, and the why and wherefore of the social problems staring us all in the face and imperatively calling for solution, no study can be of more profit than that of political economy.

Some women may smile incredulously at this assertion. They will ask, "Of what use under the sun can political economy be to women?" They have, perchance, glanced into some work on that subject; it seemed to them dry, involved and tiresome; replete with unfamiliar phraseology, and where they could understand it at all, at war with itself, author differing at every point:

But the phrases, land and labor, capital and labor, protection, tariff reform, free trade, labor reform, higher wages, strikes, co-operation, taxation, over-population, poverty and crime, restriction of immigration, anarchy and socialism, meet their eyes and ears whenever they turn, and some form of the evils attendant upon all these are constantly proclaimed in the newspapers of the day, or brought under the personal observation, or into the personal experience of women who have no definite idea of the purport of these phrases, nor in what relation they stand to each other; and though they would gladly understand their meaning, hearing men wrangle over them imagine them beyond their comprehension. But women will find in political economy a key by which to unlock these mysteries; and if undertaken in a spirit of earnest inquiry they will find its study not dry, nor uninteresting, but strangely fascinating, suggestive, and helpful to an understanding of many sociological problems. It will help the average woman to understand better the fluctuation in the price of her household supplies, the laws governing the rate of wages she must pay her servants, and the price which her own work can command. It will give her an insight into the hard conditions, which prevail: by reason of the lack of right political economy, gives birth to threatening anarchy and dreams of socialism. Moreover without an understanding of the basic principles of political economy and of its wide-reaching influences, no woman can be equipped in any degree for a rational and just consideration of any public question, or even of individual rights, since political economy more than any other study indicates the points where

individual freedom must yield to the good of the whole community, as well as where the community ceases to have power over private rights.

But this study will be found most useful and interesting when pursued by a class, when each member stimulates the others and where different minds present arguments and objections which might be overlooked by the solitary student. The methods of one Ladies class in political economy now pursuing its second season of study in this city may be of interest to those in other cities or towns who would like to begin such a course, and is here given. The class consists of from fifteen to twenty ladies, young and elderly, the chairman or leader being, I think, the originator of the plan of study, the idea of which first arose from her own interest in the social and economic questions forced upon public attention in a city in which anarchy has played so prominent a part. The class meets fortnightly, Francis Walker's "Political Economy" as giving the latest thoughts on the subject, is the text-book used, though every political economist early or recent is consulted on the different questions which arise. Taking the book in regular course, a certain number of pages are given out for the lesson, and the leader calls upon each member present in turn to read a paragraph or section of the lesson aloud, or to give a summary of it in her own words. She and the class are then asked if its meaning is clear, or if any one has a question to ask, or a differing authority to bring forward. This immediately starts a discussion which clarifies whatever might be misunderstood in the paragraph and fixes its meaning more firmly in memory; for generally the statements of other writers on Political Economy are brought forward in defense or opposition to Walker's views, while the members of the class have usually something to add from their own experience or observation to make the discussion still more interesting.

The meetings are limited to one hour and a half; the first fifteen minutes have of late been devoted to a study of Parliamentary Law with "Robert's Rules of Order" as the text-book, while other authorities are consulted.

Rev. Dr. McCosh of Princeton College, in a recent article in *The New York Leader* has this to say of women writers:

"Of late years, our best novels have been written by ladies. I rather think that this will continue. Women have intuitive perceptions of character keener, more subtle and tender than men have. They can set before us men, women and children with sentiments, manners and dress more picturesque than we of the coarser sex can. Our novels are now being written with a purpose not merely to give us a picture, but to promote a cause. It looks as if in the near future the battle of religion and irreligion will be fought in fiction. The war, to a large extent, will be one of Amazons, and with Amazons. The weapons of warfare will not be represented by swords and guns, but by bodkins and darning needles, scissors and breastpins. Novels will have to be met by novels. Oxford has its novel, and other universities must have the same. Princeton will have to produce a counter-irritant to John Ward, Preacher, and defend Charles Hodge (who has been attacked) and rigid Calvinism. Harvard will have to regain the literary reputation which it had an age ago, and employ one of the ladies of its annex to put life into—not Unitarianism, which is dead and laid out for decent burial, but into the agnosticism of its young men. Yale must stand by the old faith against Harvard, but will vivify the scenes by gymnastics in order to retain the championship. The end will be that our novel readers of weak women and still weaker men will not know what to believe."

George W. Childs and A. J. Drexel, well-known millionaires of Philadelphia, Pa., have planned to build a new college for women near that city. It is to be a boarding school at a moderate tuition, so as come within the means of those who cannot otherwise go to the best schools or colleges.

CHINESE AND THEIR ANIMALS.

They Worship All Beasts of Burden as Sacred Creatures.

Wong Chin Foo in the *New York World*: The Chinamen regard the beasts of burden as sacred animals because they occupy the positions of men in the labor market. To eat the meat of an ox is deemed sinful, even though these animals should happen to die of old age or overwork. The carcasses are either sold or given away to the poor, so that their owners might not see their desecration by personally devouring them. The mules and the jackasses, as well as the ox, are inseparable companions of the farmer. They usually live in the same building with their masters, but in a separate department, which is especially devoted to them.

By long association with these animals their owners can easily understand their animal language. Thus the simple pawing of the hoof means "hay is wanted." The common bray means either "water" or "oats." The loud stamping in the stall means "general starvation," and the following, in Chinese language, is believed to be understood by the beasts. "Woh" means a southern path. "Yes" a northern path; "Heh" means hurry, and "Wee" means slowly.

Strange to say the above words are all understood by animals of long service, and the whip is seldom used except upon old, worn-out brutes in the hands of cruel masters. There being no societies among the Chinese for the prevention of cruelty to animals, it is not unusual to find an occasional benevolent and rich individual buying up here and there old beasts of burden, to turn them loose in some garden of his own where they can eat and drink until they die.

The land is so valuable in most of the settled districts of China that hay has to be made out of the stalks of the grain that was raised for man. Corn-stalks are cut down the moment the ears of golden corn are plucked to make food for the animals.

The principal hay-making stalks are the millet, which the animals prefer to any other. The next that come in for a large share of animal patronage are the stalks and vines of sweet potatoes and green peas. The former are dried into a reddish brown and cut up in two-inch sections, and the latter even finer. The sweet potato vines are better enjoyed by oxen and cows than by mules and horses. Wheat straw is the principal food for cows and the provender of the other animals is only given them as holiday meals or luxuries, as the mules, jacks and horses will not touch cow food.

Three times a day the horses, mules, and jacks are given roasted beans or brown peas, with salt. These are never given raw. Chinese believe these grains in their raw state would make the animals sick. The cheapest grain with which to diet animals is cakes

made from yellow beans—the refuse of the oil manufacturers. These cakes when fresh from mills weigh about 150 to 200 pounds each, and owing to the extremely poor presssing machines in the oil factories they retain about 40 per cent. of the oil. Whole families have been known to exist comfortably upon such cakes for months. Green grass, even during the summer months, is seldom given to working animals. It is deemed unhealthy for them, except for cows, which are usually turned loose to feed by the wayside or wherever they can find food. Altogether the life of a Chinese jackass is not a happy one at the best, as it is without doubt the hardest worked and the poorest fed animal in the world.

A shingle nail was found in a perfectly fresh egg recently by a farmer near Niles, Mich.

A prominent citizen of Fresno, Cal., has started a pomegranate farm. He has procured a car load of the animals from Missouri.

Cherry County, Nebraska, with an area larger than several Eastern States, hasn't a practicing physician within its borders.

Experiments at Manhattan, Kan., have discovered that the use of salt on wheat fields will greatly increase the yield. It is also announced that salt will kill potato bugs.

A poet is allowed a heap of license; but when Mrs. Kershaw, of Cairo, threw hot water on a neighbor who made fun of her rhymes, the judge said that license had gone beyond the limit.

Strawberry plants are in bloom in the Tallahassee county, Florida.

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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, January 19, 1889.

Christian Contrasts—The Irony of Events.

Last week several hundred excellent and most pious women of approved evangelical views and various sects congregated at Chicago in the interests of foreign missions. To stimulate them to the highest pitch of enthusiasm a picture was displayed showing the immense work to be done and the infinitesimal means wherewith to do it. Millions of heathen now enjoying their savage existence with no thought or wish to see a missionary—unless, possibly, a fat one whom they could eat—were represented by a great mountain of black, and as suffering for the want of the orthodox plan of salvation; and a little speck about as big as a grain of sand represented the relative strength of the missionary force which it had taken millions of money to mass against this aggregation of heathendom. That it costs many thousands of dollars to convince a savage it were good policy for him to play Christian and thereby secure the favor of the elated missionary was looked upon as a desirable stimulant to increased effort at money-raising, apparently, rather than as a discouraging feature. No end of tears and an unlimited measure of emotion were expended by these good women. Feminine hearts were wrung by the awful condition of barbarous tribes happy in their wild freedom with all their physical wants gratified; knowing and caring for nothing else, and totally oblivious of the alleged fate awaiting them at the hands of an angry God when once he should get them out of their mortal bodies and safely housed in hell. Millions of money were well spent if but a single man-eater were only snatched like a brand from the fire, thought these devoted women.

While this money-raising campaign was organizing to carry the orthodox gospel to the ends of the earth and to people—if they can be so-called—who do not ask for it nor hold a single aspiration for any higher life than they now know, there could have been found by these women within a half-hour's ride of the comfortable and spacious room where they were in session, thousands of poverty-stricken white people; children crying for bread; starving mothers shivering with cold and clasping to their bosoms wan-faced little sucklings vainly striving to draw nourishment from empty breasts; and gaunt hungry men growing desperate at the sight of the sufferings of those they loved. Five minutes walk would have brought these philanthropic pietists to shops and palatial stores where hundreds of children and young women were toiling ten to sixteen hours a day for a mere pittance, insufficient to buy them food, and whose souls were yearning for one look of sympathy, for an outstretched hand to save them from prostitution and infamy. Had these women inserted a ten-line advertisement in the daily morning *Tegiversator*, edited by a devout Presbyterian, calling for ten thousand laborers at a dollar a day, they would have had their quota before night, made up from men who are farther advanced than these savages so dear to the female heart will be in ten thousand years; men who are bravely striving against every odds to raise their families respectably and to lead honorable lives. Had these missionary promoters put a card in the aforesaid admirable advertising medium, which gives space for pay to the libertine who seeks an assignation or the courtesan who advertises her trade under the name of "massage" with as much alacrity as to these virtuous evangel workers, had they put a card in that blanket sheet calling for the services of a thousand poor girls at five dollars a week

and on condition that applicants should attend religious services and strive to lead Christian lives, the list would have been filled before time to light the gas, even in these short days. What these women expend in landing a missionary in Africa or India where he is unwelcome and generally a nuisance, would save a dozen home-made souls from perdition and bring health and happiness to those who are striving for these boons under difficulties such as ought to melt even the heart of a Hottentot and certainly should stir to their innermost being these well-to-do, pious, active, large-hearted women who back the foreign missionary farce under the supervision that they are helping God.

During the same week that the foreign missionary business was boomed, the Jews and Gentiles who deal in jewelry of pure coin and pinchbeck held a feast in this city. It was neither a modest spread nor a dry banquet, but taxed the cellars as well as the kitchen of Kinsley, the king of caterers. The menu card was a gorgeous affair, decorated with such texts as, "Good Wine is a Good Familiar Creature, if It Be Well Used."

Among the invited guests present were three preachers, Rev. L. S. Osborne, Rabbi Hirsch, and Rev. C. E. Cheney—Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. These anointed gentlemen were no doubt invited to sanctify the supper, to make more smooth the sauterne, to coddle the claret, to mull the burgundy, to oil the sherry, to tone up the alleged French brandy, to testify to the bouquet of the old port, to supplement the sparkle of the champagne, to give dignity to the spree, and a proper religious flavor to the viands. Truly a missionary work and well fitted to their heavenly calling. As the wines began to work, stories too bald for the sensitive daily press to publish were told, and high carnival reigned. The next day at about the hour when the jewellers and their clerical guests were probably combing the kinks out of their hair and fighting headaches and deranged digestion with a little more brandy and apollinaris water, a scene was being enacted in one of the courts quite different from those at the woman's missionary meeting or the jewelers' junket.

A poor homeless Irish boy stands arraigned at the bar under indictment for burglary. Mathew Feeny, for that is his name, is a well-built boy with a good-looking face, and with none of the marks of the criminal about him. When asked to plead to the indictment against him he said he was guilty. The court listened to his story, and after he had finished a prominent lawyer, who was present said: "This boy has an honest face. I'll go on his bond if the court will let him go." His story is told in the following letter written on the spot by Judge Tuthill:

"The Hon. George B. Swift, Commissioner of Public Works—Dear Sir: This morning among a large number of prisoners arraigned before me was a youth of seventeen years of frank and honest appearance, by name Mathew Feeny. The charge against him was burglary. He at once pleaded guilty and was asked to be sent to the penitentiary. This excited my curiosity and I called upon him to tell his story. This he did with the utmost frankness, stating in effect that he was born in Ireland, came to New York with his mother, a widow, that he finally, in the performance of such work as he could get to do, came west through the lakes to Chicago, that he had a little money when he got here, but this was soon used up, and he failed notwithstanding persistent efforts, to get work to do. He said that going one morning to obtain work in a saloon where a boy was wanted and failing to obtain the position, he became utterly disengaged. Feeling that if only he had a trade he might get work, and seeing an open window in a dwelling house at 242 Dearborn street, he determined to enter the house through the window, steal something, and get himself sent to Joliet in order that he might be taught a trade. The master, as stated by him, satisfied me, and I think every one in the courtroom, officers and all, that he was telling the truth. He ought not to be sent to prison; he ought to be given work. Mr. Forrest, who has had much experience with persons charged with crime (and who is in no way interested in Feeny) believed his story. The prosecuting witness, A. D. Williams, gave it credence, and as corroborated said the boy took only \$250 in change from his pocket, a watch and some other articles, leaving quite a quantity of money in bills in another pocket. The property was all, excepting what money was spent for food, recovered by the boy at a pawn shop where he had taken it. Mr. Forrest said to me that if I would give him a little time he would try to get the boy work, and suggested that a word from you would secure him employment with the contractor for the tunnel. If he can get work I am, as at present advised, inclined to let him out on his own recognition. I hope you will, if possible, aid us in this matter. Sincerely yours, R. S. TUTHILL."

Of course the poor boy, one of tens of thousands in this Christian land who desire an honorable vocation and a chance to live, was at once provided for. Surely the spirit of that orthodox God which impels good women to pray and plead and beg for money to send missionaries to Borrioboola-Gha, and inspires Bishop Cheney and his brethren of the cloth to risk their lives in wrestling with terrapin soup fortified with wines and brandies, surely this spirit was represented in that court room by some kind-hearted Christian man or woman who at once took the boy by the hand, clothed, fed and cheered him, and found an opening for him to earn an honest living and learn an honorable trade? Well, no, not exactly; that spirit had other business just then for all his representatives and workers. Young Feeny was taken back to jail, there to remain until the man-eaters in Africa are converted and Bishop Cheney & Co. have finished the business of destroying high-priced wines and ministering to their fashionable parishioners, unless, perchance, some kind-hearted publican hears of the boy and takes him away from the company of confirmed criminals.

Early in last month when the near approach of Christmas was filling young hearts with the pleasures of anticipated gifts and sports; when fond friends were ransacking the immense aggregations of holiday goods; and preachers were beginning to build their annual sermons to be filled with touching and reverential allusions to Jesus Christ, his tenderness, charity, and benevolence, his sympathy with the wayward and forbearance with the erring; when the day was approach-

ing on which the Christian world celebrates the birth of its Savior, a one-legged youth was, in this city, sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary for stealing two dollars in money and some bits of brass worth, all told, another dollar—three dollars in all. The *Inter Ocean* in commenting on this sentence said: "If such a fact were set forth in a novel or on the stage, located in an American city of to day, it would be brushed aside as too absurd to talk about, or stigmatized as a slander upon our civilization." Yet the jury only took three minutes to bring in the verdict. Supposing the boy had been imprisoned before and was indicted under the habitual criminal act. How does this help the credit of this Christian country or excuse the barbarity of the sentence? As the *Inter Ocean* declared: "When friendless poverty is dealt with thus severely while really great criminals go abroad on bail and get off, if at last convicted, with slight penalties, society at large is put in a false light and exposed to unnecessary peril.... The familiar burial of the pauper whose bones were rattled over the stones was for less abhorrent to a humane sense of decency than this verdict."

Now is it not time to relegate Old Theology to the company of the owls and bats, to lay less stress upon man's condition after death and more upon his welfare here? Is it not in order to appoint the funeral of Orthodoxy and bury it decently before it further pollutes the moral, social and religious atmospheres? In asking these questions the JOURNAL does not forget the noble work done and still doing by those who follow the sign of the cross and accept, or profess to accept, the orthodox creed. It has no unkind word for the hosts of grand souls who have suffered and died for the cause, nor for the millions who still assent to the man-made scheme called the Christian Plan of Salvation. The JOURNAL believes the world is ripe for a grander philosophy, a more rational humane religion, and a higher ethics, all based on a scientific basis demonstrable to the common understanding and appealing to the reason and the affections of enlightened people.

The Gate Blown Into Line.

The JOURNAL is glad to see evidence of the growth of good sense in the *Golden Gate*, but regrets that it was necessary to discipline its contemporary so severely in order to stimulate the exercise of the reasoning faculties and compel candor of expression. In its issue of the 5th inst., the *Golden Gate* comes forward with an editorial identical in sentiment and language with what the JOURNAL has been persistently preaching for a dozen years: "If we demand honesty and uprightness of life in our medium," says the *Golden Gate*, "we shall surely have it, and no others should receive encouragement in Spiritual work. How often have we heard it said of mediumistic persons, 'They are good mediums, but when they are unable to produce genuine manifestations they will practise deception and help out the spirits.' We should cease encouraging that class of mediums. They do the cause incalculable harm, bringing reproach upon all mediumship in the minds of all honest doubters."

Now that the *Golden Gate* goes back on the record of all its past and declares that dishonest and immoral persons practicing mediumship should not be encouraged, let it be consistent hereafter and cease to help such people fleece the public. Let it also further imitate the JOURNAL by telling the public who those unworthy persons are, fearlessly exposing them by name regardless of their animosity. When it does this and shows after reasonable probation that its newfound virtue is not spasmodic but has become a part of its constitution, then it will be entitled to the confidence and support which it seeks. It is learning the lesson, a severe one too, but if it has a constitution strong enough to stand the medicine and survive the treatment it will be more robust than ever; and this is what the JOURNAL earnestly prays for.

Psychical Research.

The American Society for Psychical Research met at the Natural History building in Boston on the evening of the 8th inst. Mr. Watson presiding. A report was made by the treasurer, auditors of his accounts appointed, and members of the council elected.

Prof. J. Royce then presented the narratives received by the committee on phantasms. He read a number of curious cases, and stated that while in themselves any one story in particular might not be evidence, taken as a whole, the collection would show important proof in psychical theories. At the close of Prof. Royce's remarks Prof. C. S. Minot reported some results of the blank forms of questions sent out in great numbers by the society. Out of about 2,000 answers received the choice of a word or of a playing card by this number of persons showed a wonderful similarity, and this Prof. Minot explained by the great similarity of the average human mind. After this paper the meeting adjourned. The council elected to serve till 1892 was as follows: Dr. Cowles, Prof. Joseph Jastrow, Prof. Josiah Royce, Rev. M. J. Savage, Prof. Coleman Sellers, Dr. Joseph W. Warren and Prof. William Watson. Prof. C. R. Cross was elected in place of Mr. C. C. Jackson.

The preliminary work of organizing the Columbia College Annex for women, is being rapidly pushed forward. Twenty-one trustees of the new college have been selected, among men and women of interest and influence; but what is most needed is money to inaugurate the enterprise. A movement is on foot to raise a fund for use in the next

two or three years by pledges of one hundred dollars a year, from a large number of New Yorkers. But why, we would like to inquire, have an annex at all? Why not Columbia open her doors to young women upon the same terms as to young men. Then there would be no need of funds for separate maintenance. There are not so many young women who desire to enter Columbia College but what room can be found for them, and if the doors were once opened the money would be forthcoming, for a great many rich women are giving large amounts of money in aid of the colleges for men alone; and such women would give generously to aid a college like Columbia, which would open its doors to young women.

Card from Mr. Bundy.

Driven with work beyond the power of any man to accomplish, it is wholly impossible for Mr. Bundy to personally answer letters other than those of great importance and which cannot be answered by his office staff. Very many even of those he must attend to in person have to wait some time. He has repeatedly said this before in the JOURNAL, yet he regrets to learn that good friends feel neglected that they have not received responses to letters not of a business nature, nor relating to public matters. It is not probable that a time will ever come, he regrets to say, when he will have leisure to correspond socially with his friends, certainly not until his onerous duties are greatly lightened. He therefore thus publicly begs to again make this explanation and to invite his friends to write freely and often without expecting a response.

The twenty-first annual convention of The National Woman Suffrage Association will meet in Washington, D. C., January 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1889. Delegates from all the States are invited to be present. The question of uniting the two societies will be again under consideration, as the resolutions passed at the recent annual meeting of the American Society, held at Cincinnati, demand some action on the part of the National Association. For this and other reasons a large gathering of the friends of this movement is desirable.

For 21 years in succession these Conventions have been held at the National Capital, with hearings before Committees of the House and Senate, and able reports thereon, which have been extensively circulated throughout the Nation, and thus a great educational work has been accomplished. We see the effect in the gradual extension of the suffrage to women, and a growing interest on their part in public affairs. This has been especially noticeable in the recent elections in Massachusetts, calling forth such brave words as have been lately printed from Gov. Ames. The able managed International Council of Women last March in Washington, proved the ability of Miss Anthony and others to organize and carry to the end one of the most important convocations of women of this country, if not the most important. Among the speakers to be present at the Convention are: Susan B. Anthony, Lillie Devereux Blake, Mary Seymour Howells, New York; May Wright Sewall, Helen M. Gougar, Indiana; Mrs. Sarah M. Perkins, Ohio; Clara Bewick Colby, Nebraska; Abigail Scott Duniway, Oregon; Harriette R. Shattuck, Massachusetts; Laura M. Johns, Kansas; and Rev. Annie Shaw, Illinois. All members are requested to promptly forward their annual dues to the Treasurer.

Friends of the cause unable to be present, are requested to send letters and greetings. All communications and contributions should be addressed to Susan B. Anthony and Jane H. Spofford, Riggs House, Washington, D. C.

At a recent auction sale in London the great Hindoo Lingam god was knocked down to a jeweler for \$13,000. This curious relic stood two and a quarter inches in height. It was preserved for more than 1,000 years in an ancient temple at Delhi. The base is of solid gold, and around it are set nine gems or charms, a diamond, ruby, sapphire, chrysoberyll cat's eye, coral, pearl, hyacinthine garnet, yellow sapphire and emerald. Round the apex of this gold pyramid is a plinth set with diamonds. On the apex is a topaz 1 10-16 inches in length and 9 16 of an inch in depth, shaped like a horse-shoe; in the center of the horse-shoe the great chrysoberyll cat's eye stands upright. When bad Shah Bahadur Shah, the last King of Delhi, was captured and exiled to the Andaman Isles, his Queen secreted this gem, and it was never seen again until, being distressed during the mutiny, she sold it to the present owner.

The *London News* states that counting the dancing motes in a bar of sun-light sounds like one of those hopeless, never-ending tasks with which malignant fairies delight to break the spirit of little heroines in the German folk stories. Something more than this, however, has been achieved by modern science, which is now able to count the particles floating in any given portion of the atmosphere and determine what proportion of these are dangerous germs and what are mere dust. Dr. Franklin's curious experiments have shown us how to count the micro-organisms, and how John Aitken of Falkirk, by a totally different method, has been enabled to take stock of the more harmless but hardly less interesting dust motes. Thirty thousand such particles have been detected by him in the thousandth of a cubic inch of the air of a room. In the outside atmosphere in dry weather the same measurement of air yielded 2,119, whereas, after a heavy rainfall, the number was only 521. That this

power of prying into atmospheric secrets will eventually yield important results must be obvious to all. Among the most curious discoveries already made is the direct relation between dust particles and fogs, mist, and rain.

The *Sentinel*, of Milwaukee, Wis., says: "A maiden sister of Charles Sumner, Miss Sally Sumner, died about a year ago at the age of 78. She left considerable property, \$30,000 of which was, by her will, bequeathed to twenty legatees, and the residue to thirty others. One bequest of the will provided for the teaching of Spiritualism, in which she was a believer. This is made the ground for an attempt to break the will by two of her nephews and a grand nephew. Gen. Butler has been employed as their counsel, and, in an argument before the probate judge last week, referring to the provision of the will, said: 'You might as well set up a claim in a will for the interest of bad morals, Ingersollism, or Henry Georgeism.' There is, however, apparently no good reason why, in this country, a person should not be permitted to leave money to promote the spread of Spiritualism, Ingersollism, or Henry Georgeism. It is a begging the question to assert that either is synonymous with bad morals, though individuals may be found who hold that opinion. It cannot be denied, however, that all these forms of opinion are held by upright and intelligent persons. Neither Ingersoll, nor Henry George, nor many a believer in Spiritualism need fear a comparison morally with Gen. Butler. If there are many people who hold that their opinions are mischievous, there are many who take the same view of the doctrines of the various Christian sects for whose benefit legacies are frequently left. A rigid Catholic condemns all Protestant sects as heretical and dangerous; a rigid Protestant takes the same view of the Catholic form of religion; but the law permits either to receive legacies, and there is no reason why it should not be equally tolerant of legacies to Spiritualism, Ingersollism, and Henry Georgeism."

GENERAL ITEMS.

G. B. Stebbins has been lecturing at Athens, Mich., to the Independent Society.

The Sundays' of January Lyman C. Howe speaks at Paterson, N. J. He can be engaged to speak evenings at places near there. Dec. 30th, he lectured at Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. Sarah Rockwood of Boston passed to spirit life on the 8th very suddenly. A correspondent writes: "Mrs. Rockwood was a well known medium of twenty-five years standing and a good record. She did not advertise, yet was kept busy all the time." The people of Gordon county, Ga., are wrought up over some prophecies made by a colored girl. Four years ago she went up Kennesaw Mountain, where she saw a great cross of fire overhanging her, and had a vision. She foretold the earthquake, the cyclone, and the recent fire, all of which took place. Her last prophecy was a massacre of people, which many firmly believe will take place."

Miss May Garrett of Baltimore, is erecting a building at her own expense to be used as a preparatory school in fitting girls for Bryn-Mawr College. The structure is to cost \$200,000, and the enterprise will be endowed by Miss Garrett. Thus in a sensible way is this young woman administering on her own estate during her life-time; an example that might be followed with satisfaction and profit by many men who are holding on to wealth after it burdens them, only to have it do the world no good when they are obliged to leave it behind.

That whilom pet of the clergy, Washington Irving Bishop, was in Nashville, Tenn., last week, in company with a young woman who says she has been his wife for about a year. Her loud screams attracted several gentlemen one night, and upon breaking into the room occupied by the pair it was found that Bishop had her in a corner and had evidently been pounding her with his tongue as well. In view of this woman's claim of being Bishop's wife, it might be well for some of his clerical friends to inquire what has become of his other wife, and whether their assistant in "exposing" Spiritualism is a bigamist.

One of the physicians at the City Hospital in Jersey City was called to attend Arthur Barry, a little colored boy who had broken his collar bone. The doctor was admitted by a white woman

Voices from the People.
AND
INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

DEFENSE OF THE DUST.

WILLIAM WALLACE COOK, F. L. S.

I defy you to prove with prodigal cant
That life is a favor of temporal grant;
A blessing to clay, all unsuited to hold
The germ of existence in lowly enfold.

Tis a curse to the earth which grovels in dust
"Neath wings of an action in amante dust!
And never, with spirit, may soar from a fall,
But sinks, in the end, to decay and a fall!

If what you call "life" is a thing of the earth
That rots with the carcass, itself being death,
We own a dead present and vultures will tear
The future of soul with a beak of despair.

I throw down the gauntlet and dare you with
truth.
To figure that life is the folly of youth;
That death is the fault of a faltering age
And life is not soul when bereft of its cage!

All being but dawns with perpetual sun
To set from our vision when daylight is done;
Beyond the dark bounds of this threatening gloom
A spirit owns life from confines of a tomb.

PRAYING FOR FIRE.

**The Appeal was Heard and the Church
was Burned.**

(NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DEC. 27.)

"Did you ever hear how one of our Pastors prayed that his church would be burned down?" was the question put to a *Times* reporter near Dunellen the other day. The question was asked after a successful church meeting, during which ten new members had been secured. "The interest we are arousing now," said the church member, "reminds me of that time. It was ten years ago. Our church building was situated at Sampson's, then, and situated as it was, in that inconvenient place, we found our congregation dwindling. Some went to Plainfield, some to Stetton, and we were in sore straits."

"There seemed no remedy except that of moving the church, and a majority of the unwisely conservative congregation could not be induced to sanction such a move. The association of the place, they said, were too tender to be broken away from, and so the church staid. Well, the attendance continued to grow smaller and matters began to look still more gloomy for the church. Then the Pastor, the Rev. A. A. Armstrong, endeavored to persuade the conservative Elders. He wasn't successful; they refused to move. Finally, the minister told us, 'I just kneeled down and prayed. I knew that the only way we could get that church site moved was through the burning of the old edifice, and I just kneeled down and prayed God that He would destroy our church by fire.'

The Pastor's prayer was answered, and a few nights afterward the church edifice was discovered to be on fire. It had soon burned to the ground, and when the meeting was held to decide about re-building, those who favored a change of site were successful. \$5,000 was raised with which to begin work, and a handsome new church, in a place

near to the widely spread congregation, was erected. Special services were held, the membership increased, the church grew in wealth and extended its work, and the Pastor never had cause to grieve that his prayer had been answered."—N. Y. Times.

A Remarkable Dream.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

In January, 1847, I was living in Boston, Mass. The house was owned by Dr. Parkman, afterwards murdered by Dr. John White Webster. I had a sister living on Billerica St., two or three blocks distant. We were both married, and my sister was looking for her first confinement. I certainly had not been so worried or anxious about her, as to cause what, to me, was a very strange coincidence.

We had a basement room with a fireplace to large that our cooking stove set entirely in it. This room we used for kitchen and dining room. The stairway led from this basement into the front hall. There was a door at the foot of the stairs; our sleeping room was in the third story. It had been our habit to light a fire there early, my husband doing it. Then he would go down into the basement and build the fire there, following to prepare breakfast as soon as I had dressed myself. I had never built a fire in the cook stove in the morning. Well, I dreamed it was morning, and that I had gone down stairs and was near my stove, in front of it, and that I heard some one coming down the stairs with a heavy step. Turning my head, there stood in the doorway my sister's husband, and he told me that she had just been confined, and wanted me immediately. I awoke my husband and told him my dream. On discovering that it was morning, and very late, we forgot the dream. In our hurry, and I told my husband I would run down to the kitchen and make the fire while he was dressing, and gain a little time thereby. I went down without any thought of my dream, and was starting the fire when I heard heavy steps on the stairs. I turned my head just as I dreamed, and there in the doorway stood my brother-in-law, who said, "Nannie has been confined and wants you to come immediately." If my dream had been photographed, there would not have been a shadow of difference; the two would have made perfect twin pictures.

TOPEKA, KANSAS. MRS. E. CHASE.

Prophetic Visions.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

One day in the spring of 1861 I sat with a lady friend conversing pleasantly, when I saw on my left a pile of bank notes, the top one was a three dollar bill. I saw it distinctly, and so told my friend, she could not see it, quickly disappeared, and we speculated over the matter a little, and soon got it. This happened in the forenoon.

In the afternoon of the same day a man came in unexpectedly and paid me rent-money. He was not in the habit of paying at stated times. After he had gone I took a bank-note Detector to examine the bills, to see if they were all good. I laid them in a pile on the left of my lap, and with the Detector in the right hand proceeded. A three dollar bill lay on the top, and I instantly recalled the vision of the forenoon, and drew my friend's attention to the situation.

At another time I saw two twenty dollar bills in the air. I was sure some one would pay me money. I could think of no one unless it was my mother, who owed me that much, or more, and was to pay it when she pleased. I thought she would send it in a letter, but days passed and no letter or money came. I felt puzzled, for I could not remember any mistakes in these experiences. It might have been a week after the vision, when my two children came in on the stage. They had been staying at my mother's, and I had not expected them home. The girl was eleven years old, and somewhat careless. She had been home three days, and we had seemingly talked over everything about grandma's affairs when she spoke up loudly and quickly, saying, "O! ma, I forgot to tell you: grandma sent you some money, and it is swelled up in the bosom of my dress." We got her traveling dress and found the money, just two notes of the amount I had seen.

K. E. ALEXANDER.

Psychometry and Prof. Buchanan.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I am sorry that Prof. Buchanan's *Journal of Man* should give a death blow as to placing much reliance on Psychometric character reading. In his summary of the characters of the rival nominees, Republican and Democrat, Messrs. Harris and Morton in effect were rated quite low. He was also firm in his assertion that the Democratic party were to win. See his *Journal* of the date, in his issue November 1, he predicted Mr. Blaine's disreputable speeches were fast tending to verify this result. Will some good friend be so kind as to send a small-sized gimlet to the Doctor in order to work himself through this dilemma? The Doctor, I am afraid, is too positive in his assertions, when he says all Psychometric readings are sustained by the results. Old Spiritualist as I am, I am not over credulous, and it is this critical feeling that attaches me to your journal. Who knows how much money has been lost in bets through his positive assertions? as there are as many fools among Spiritualists as other people.

DAVID BRUCE.

**Death by Electricity—The New Law
of New York.**

Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mind Cure.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has been giving her views on mind cure to the readers of the *Capital-Commonwealth*. Here is a part of what she says:

"I was one of a class of over a hundred women last fall to listen to the teachings of this spirit or mind doctrine. The lectures taught a higher ideal of God, a more beautiful conception of future life, a broader and more practical method of doing good in this life, than I ever heard from any church pulpit. We were told that good was greater than evil; that spirit ruled matter, and that it could cure all forms of trouble, sickness or sorrow in the world. We were made to think more deeply, listen more carefully, and strive more ardently in the direction of spiritual life even here in our lives. Now few, if any, have carried out or proved the truth of all these remarkable statements made at these lectures. We have not accomplished the miracles which we were told that we could and would accomplish. I will admit for the sake of argument, that no one of that number has fulfilled the promise of the lecture room in visible results to the world. But now before you ridicule us for our wasted time and money, and our perverted faith, let us see what benefit may come to the world, in time as the direct result of that lecture room. It is always safe to judge the future from the past.

When I was a small girl I recollect being childed and laughed at for expressing timidity in passing through a lonely wooded way. I was assured that no one ever harmed good little girls, and that I was safe to go about anywhere alone. To-day no girl—child or woman, is safe, to walk alone in any part of this civilized land, and our daily papers teem with horrible outrages and sickening murders of inoffensive maidens.

Some thoughtful mind has suggested that this wave of crime had its source in the late war of the rebellion. During four years while it raged, and for fully ten years afterward, the minds of the parents of the present generation were filled with revengeful and murderous emotions. While fathers fought amid scenes of blood, mothers read and re-read, discussed and listened to the tales of carnage. Unborn children received the impress of those violent feelings, and growing children were poisoned with the same emotions.

The children born during those fourteen years are now the men and women and the growing youths of the land. They were reared before they saw the light of the murderer. They need only a moment's misjudgment to fill a maniacal, to stop the propensity to kill somebody.

I predict for the world twenty-five and forty years from now a generation of spiritual minded, God loving miracle-working men and women.

There are hundreds of classes forming all over the land where the soul-creed is being taught and listened to. From having been myself a listener in one of the classes, I am prepared to speak with authority. I watched carefully the effect of those lectures on the hundred women in my class. There was not one who did not go forth with greater patience to meet the daily ills of life, greater courage and hope to overcome peril, greater reverence toward God, and charity toward man. It promised for this life what the churches promise only conditionally for the next, and it lifted them out of dependence and worry, by impressing upon their minds that "God" means "good," and that their own thoughts created the atmosphere in which they dwelt; no evil can come into lives as the will of God, but by worry, anxiety, the gloom, we can create evil; every thought is a live creature bearing on its wings health or poison to ourselves or others, and the thoughts of love and noble aims will drive away all trouble and sorrow. These are some of the ideas taught by that new school—ideas which every man ought sincerely to welcome into his household. The woman who believes in this creed, and hopes to live by it, is incapable of gossip, envy, or jealousy. Why should any man object to the creed that necessitates the eradication of such evils from his family?

You tell me that somebody has been made insane by thinking too much of this new creed?

I tell you that I knew a woman who was made insane for twenty long years, and finally committed suicide, by total belief in the orthodox Christian creed of material depravity. I have known scores of people made insane by belief in hell-fire.

Only the weakest mind could fall under the teaching of the Papal creed, for it is based

on the idea of Christian salvation for its adherents in full of health, strength, hope, and peace.

I have seen despairing gloomy and foggy-minded churchgoers transformed into hopeful, happy and clear-minded citizens by listening to the new creed.

This creed as I heard it taught made each woman feel not that she was a miserable sinner, prone of error, but that she was a disciple of Christ and able to work miracles.

Now you will tell me that we do not work these miracles, and I tell you to wait. Blessings as well as curses descend to the third and fourth generation.

From the thousands of women all over the land who have listened to these theories, hundreds of children shall be born. They shall bear the powerful imprint of their mothers' thoughts as surely as the children born during the war bear it. They shall be able to give the world proofs that their mothers' theories were true.

If these women continue in the state of mind which filled them then, their children, born under these spiritual conditions, ought to possess the gift of clear seeing; that sixth sense so rapidly developing in mankind to-day, in them it shall be fully established beyond the doubt of the cynic or the sneer of the ignorant.

Love.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I send you the following extract from a letter written by my daughter some time ago to dear friends in Minnesota:

O. A. S.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I feel somehow that you are

thirsting for intellectual and spiritual communion

with congenial ones, both in and out of the flesh,

longing for more light as you near the journey's end; longing for the glory-gates to swing ajar and grant you glimpse of the bright beyond. This is one of life's many meanings. Love is the leveler, the inspirer, unending as time, as capable of growth as the soul it fills, and inseparable from it. Love is good, being capable only of good. Love forgets itself, in service, and when self is not forgotten in service, let that heart know that it knows not love.

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itself, in service, and when self is not forgotten in

service, let that heart know that it knows not love.

Oh! that in dark night of sorrow we could hear

the still small voice ever whispering, "I am Love,"

for there is meaning in everything, and when we

have learned this fact, misfortune will be lost to us,

sorrow will be recognized as a blessing, and pain

will be but a tender parent's voice calling us to

obedience. They whose hearts are overflowing

with Love, "The Christ Love," patient, pure, com-

passionate, helpful, kind, have nothing to fear,

for such Love can only abide where there is perfect

faith, perfect confidence in the supreme good, in

the supreme wisdom, the All-Infilling, ever present

Love. They who love most are nearest God, for

such a soul is in harmony with Nature, with God, with all which is Love.

If there be dearth of light, look not for wisdom in the head.

They who love purest are the wisest. They who

are most contented are most powerful, for

Love is a positive force, flowing outward from the

never-failing fountain of the soul, a radiating pho-

toskop blending into harmony the incongruous

elements that come within its radius.

Every thought, every feeling, throws out its little

ray that strikes somewhere, and writes its history.

We are generators not of physical beat alone

but of spirit light whose hues and powers depend

upon the kind of life we put in them. They are

little arrows from the quiver of our individual lives

sent speeding outward and onward forever. Ob!

Ob! who dares limit the circle of our influence?

How important it is then that only that which is

true, pure, sweet, holy and harmonious should pur-

le up from our lives, to aid the growth of those about us.

Sweet, peace abides alone with those whose

hearts are filled with love.

MINTA R. WARNER.

HE IS HIS OWN CALENDAR.

Maori Mediums.

Maori mediums seem to be trained as we might fitly train our own, though not to the same end.—In New Zealand, before the advent of Christianity, the Maori mediums could evoke spirits, and through them see things at a distance, and even cause death. Besides the facts related by *The Pakeha Maori* (ch. ix, pp. 138-142), and by Sir George Grey in his *Polyesian Mythology*, 1855, allow me on the authority of Mr. John White, in his *Ancient History of the Maoris*, to show you how mediums were trained, and what they were thought to be able to perform. There was formerly a magic school called Whare Kura. This school was taught by priests called Tohungas, or magicians well versed in witchcraft. When it was built, the priests repeated incantations, a dog, man, woman, child, or slave was killed, and some of the blood presented to Mua. A sacred fire was lighted. The priests selected twenty youths of the highest rank, and proceeded with them to a stream, river, or lake where the youths went into the water. With a wiwi or toitoi stalk the priests dropped some water into the left ear of each youth, repeating incantations, and after many other ceremonies, the youths, for several months, were taught the formulae of incantation, and various means used to evoke spirits. They were taught how to blind the eyes of their enemies, how to procure death, how to make invalids etc. When they had been fully instructed, they all went into the water and each candidate was washed with it, whilst incantations were repeated. The high priest then asked: "Which of you has perfectly learned the ceremonies of incantations?" "I have," one of the youths would reply. A captive was brought. The pupil bewitched him, and death at once ensued. Some of the blood was offered to Mua; and the priest caused the body to be buried, or to be cut up and eaten. Such were the initiations of spirit mediums among the ancient Maoris.—Rev. Father Le Menant des Champs, New Zealand.

The N. Y. Psychological Society.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
This society was organized Dec. 17th. It has hired a hall (prepared quarterly), Gantier's Lodge Rooms, 510 Sixth Avenue, near 30th St. It meets every Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock. Its objects are:
1. Free exercise of mediunistic gifts.
2. Intelligent discussion of psychic phenomena.
3. Better understanding of the laws and conditions affecting our present and future life.
4. Original and selected readings; experiences, and music.
5. Sociability and fraternity.
6. Such other objects or plans as it may adopt from time to time.
Reason and Harmony are its principal officers, allowing full but urbane expression of opinions and facts.

Its proceedings will be reported and published as subjects and phenomena may warrant. Mediums, investigators, speakers, musicians, scientists, and all others interested, are invited to attend and become members. Expenses merely nominal.
With the elements already enlisted, and with the help of other wise counsel, it is believed this newborn infant will grow up, live long, and prosper.
704 Broadway. J. F. SNIPES.

Mr. William Pease of Des Moines, Ia., comes to the front at this late day with the claim that he was the original inventor of the telephone.

Jacob Bird was sent to the Minnesota State prison ten years ago, convicted on circumstantial evidence of murder. His innocence has been clearly established, and he has been pardoned by the Governor. Bird is now 28 years old.

Sig. Blitz, the genial old showman who a generation ago delighted amusement-lovers with his feats of ventriloquism and legerdemain, has become a hopeless imbecile through successive strokes of paralysis, and will spend the remnant of his darkened days in an asylum.

Webb C. Hayes, son of ex-President Hayes, and the Garfield boys, Harry A. and James B., are living pleasantly and quietly in Cleveland, O. The Garfield boys have formed a law partnership and are doing better than they expected. Webb Hayes, who is unmarried, is Secretary and Treasurer of the National Carbon Company, and is a steady and substantial business-man.

A new dynamo with a capacity to run eight incandescent lamps has been invented by a Vermont electrician. It has some novel features, one being a slow current obviating all danger, while one light can be shut off without affecting the others on the same circuit.

Rheumatism originates in lactic acid in the blood, which setting in the joints causes the pains and aches of the disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing the acidity of the blood, and giving it richness and vitality. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formulae of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by his motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Works Treating Upon the Spiritual Philosophy and the Spirit World.

Book on Mediums; or Guide for Mediums and Invokers: containing the special instructions of the spirits on the theory of all kinds of manifestations; the development of mediumship, and the means of communicating with the invisible world. By Allen Kardec. Also, The Spirits' Book, by the same author, containing the principles of spiritist doctrine on the immortality of the soul and the future life.

Spirit Workers in the Home Circle. By Morel Theobald, F. C. A. An auto-biographic narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life extending over a period of twenty years, and told in a most delightful and interesting manner. Price, reduced from \$2.40 to \$1.50, postpaid.

The Spirit World, its inhabitants, nature and philosophy. By Eugene Crowell. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, by the same author, Vol. II. The volumes of this work are independent of each other and since Vol. I, is entirely out of print. Vol. II is selling at \$1.20, postpaid.

The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism. By E. Sargent. As the title indicates this work is a scientific exposition of a stupendous subject and should be read by all Spiritualists and investigators. Price, \$1.60, postpaid.

A new series of Mental Evolution, or the Process of Intellectual Development, by the Spirit Prof. M. Faraday, late Chemist and Electrician in the Royal Institute, London. Price, 15 cents; for sale here.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will be sent to new subscribers, on trial, twelve weeks for fifty cents.

Subscribers in arrears are reminded that the year is drawing to a close, and that the publisher has trusted them in good faith. He now asks them to cancel their indebtedness and remit for a year in advance.

Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the JOURNAL, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

The date of expiration of the time paid for, is printed with every subscriber's address. Let each subscriber examine and see how his account stands.

Back numbers of any particular date over four weeks old, 10 cents each.

The Teacher

Who advised her pupils to strengthen their minds by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, appreciated the truth that bodily health is essential to mental vigor. For persons of delicate and feeble constitution, whether young or old, this medicine is remarkably beneficial. This medicine is to be performed. There was formerly a magic school called Whare Kura. This school was taught by priests called Tohungas, or magicians well versed in witchcraft. When it was built, the priests repeated incantations, a dog, man, woman, child, or slave was killed, and some of the blood presented to Mua. A sacred fire was lighted. The priests selected twenty youths of the highest rank, and proceeded with them to a stream, river, or lake where the youths went into the water. With a wiwi or toitoi stalk the priests dropped some water into the left ear of each youth, repeating incantations, and after many other ceremonies, the youths, for several months, were taught the formulae of incantation, and various means used to evoke spirits. They were taught how to blind the eyes of their enemies, how to procure death, how to make invalids etc.

"I have taken Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great benefit to my general health." —Miss Thirza L. Crear, Palmyra, Md.

"My daughter, twelve years of age, has suffered for the past year from

General Debility.

A few weeks since, we began to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Her health has greatly improved." —Mrs. Harriet H. Battled South Chelmsford, Mass.

"About a year ago I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for debility and neuralgia resulting from malaria exposure in the army. I was in a very bad condition, but six bottles of the Sarsaparilla, with occasional doses of Ayer's Pills, have greatly improved my health. I am now able to work, and feel that I cannot say too much for your excellent remedies." —F. A. Pinkham, South Moluncus, Me.

"My daughter, sixteen years old, is using Ayer's Sarsaparilla with good effect." —Rev. S. J. Graham, United Brethren Church, Buckhannon, W. Va.

"I suffered from

Nervous Prostration,

with lame back and headache, and have been much benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I am now 80 years of age, and am satisfied that my present health and prolonged life are due to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla." —Lucy Moffitt, Killian, Conn.

Mrs. Ann H. Farnsworth, a lady 79 years old, So. Woodstock, Vt., writes: "After several weeks' suffering from nervous prostration, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had taken half of it my usual health returned."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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WANTED—To buy unincumbered FARM IN THIS SECTION would exchange FARM or dividend-paying stock in prosperous business corporation. Business strictly cash. No stock or bonds wanted. Will pay a sum equivalent to the value of the property. Will be paid in full and practically guaranteed. It has been and will pay much more than that. Give full particulars, or no attention given.

Address E. F. LOOMIS, New York, N. Y.

WANTED—Active equal partner with \$8,000 cash for safe national manufacturing business that has paid over \$10,000 cash net profit in past six months. Have sufficient capital and working capital to start business asked for. Must be first class business man and furnish UNQUESTIONABLE references. S. J. OWEN, Station D. New York, N. Y.

WANTED—Sell merchandise costing \$10,000.00 for \$8,000 Cash. Splendid opening for good business man who could devote services. Best of reasons for selling. Address STAPLETON, 2 Cooper Union, New York.

Wanted—Manager by large manufacturing and wholesale book store. Must have good references and be able to make cash deposit of \$500 to \$1,000 as part security for goods and money under his control.

ENERGETIC. Salary, \$1,500 to \$1,800. 257 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

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WANTED—Sell merchandise costing \$1

Spiritual Experiences.

(Continued from First Page.)

"Sure enough that day I met a man who helped me to obtain all the money I required."

Thus from first to last I acknowledge that everything for acquiring this splendid property came through the power of spirits. True, I have had some annoyances with squatters and some silly people upon the ranch, as it is rich in mineral wealth; but these difficulties will soon be ended, for the same wisdom the spirits have shown in one way will, no doubt, be continued in another. I have never sued a single squatter, nor do I intend to, for I believe that although any man holds a complete legal title to a large tract of land, he is not the absolute owner; the land survives when he has passed away. The holder of the title can only have the use of the land; he is only an administrator, and he is wise if he administers it for the benefit of his country and his neighbors.

I have now concluded my story. I have had only one motive in writing it—namely, to make known the truth that great tasks can be performed by spirits in helping us along in the business affairs of this life, but to have the assistance of good spirits, we must do our duty, act justly and honestly with all, and avoid the breaking of any of the commandments of the decalogue, for if we do break them, be assured we will attract to us only evil spirits.

Vain, conceited and egotistical must be the man who denies Spiritualism, who sets up his own puny ideas against both sacred and profane history and the history of all nations and peoples in all ages of the world; such persons are not worth noticing. The evidence or testimony of the use and abuse of spiritual intercourse is fast becoming so universal, that in a few years it will be difficult to find any persons of ordinary intelligence who won't believe, and for those there will be expressed only a feeling of pity and sorrow for their unbelief and stupidity. ATHENE.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
Superstition.

J. E. WOODHEAD.

The result of scientific research in the past fifty years has been so satisfactory to the materialistic philosophers, that they all have had an attack, more or less severe, of "Psychophobia." One and all, they have rung the changes up and down the Comptean Scale, that we can know only that which can be proven, and must believe only that which we know. All psychic phenomena, being outside the realm of the physical sciences, and not to be proven by the formulas established for their demonstration, therefore there cannot be any psychic phenomena, and words are insufficient to express their contempt of such a superstition, or of those believing in it. Has not George M. Beard, M. D., declared that "No member of the human race, man or woman, child or adult, in trance or out of trance, or in any phase of health or disease, ever possessed even for one moment, the feeblest degree of clairvoyance or second-sight power?"

And furthermore has he not declared?

"It is known by established and biological law that no human being has or can have, any quality different in kind from those that belong to the race in general. To this law there can be no exception. Such is the above biological law to the claims of clairvoyance, prophecy, and mind-reading; disproving them absolutely and beyond the need of investigation; indeed, to such a degree as to make investigation unscientific, as well as unnecessary. In this way, science or organized knowledge, by discovering and formulating the unalterable laws of nature in the various departments of human endeavor, is able to predict with unfailing precision not only what will happen, but what cannot happen. Science thus becomes the real and only clairvoyant; only through the eyes of science is it given to man to read the future."

To the eye of the physiologist, who is familiar with the science of delusions, all the claims built upon alleged clairvoyance are not even mysterious; they are as transparent as glass, and as frail. Science sees right through them, and it has but to touch them and they shiver to atoms, the practical success of clairvoyants, public and private, is the result of these three factors:

"1. Guess-work reduced to a science and an art.

"2. Coincidences.

"3. Trickery."

Careful investigators of the phenomena of clairvoyance admit that the evidence on which most persons base their belief in seership, has come in such a way as to convince them also that the gift is of such character that it cannot be dealt out indiscriminately to all comers, on all occasions, at one dollar a visit; therefore that the presumption is that those claiming to do so are not to be relied upon for truth and veracity; and this is especially so of those mediums who claim to give materialization séances before a promiscuous gathering. Whatever may be the result of a series of séances held by the same persons at stated times, under certain conditions, it is very certain that those who claim to be able to duplicate these results before an indiscriminate audience, are sure resort to trickery, which, sooner or later, will be detected.

Nevertheless, this no more proves that these experiences do not come to certain persons, than the fact that the average man cannot play on the violin proves that Ole Bull could not, or that because the experience of mankind proves that most women cannot sing, therefore Jenny Lind could not. All ever heard Jenny Lind, and who possess

the rudimentary germ of a musical faculty, are free to admit that she could sing, whether any other person ever did, or could.

Likewise in psychic experiences, those who have, or have had, them, know it for themselves, and care not whether they be scientific or not. Pseudo-scientists may deride it, and call it "superstition." Suppose it is. J. H. Blunt says:

"As a rule superstition is to be regarded as a parody of faith, the latter being a belief founded on a credible authority or other sufficient evidence, while superstition is a belief on insufficient evidence, or on no evidence at all."

There would seem to be here a proper basis for formulating a theorem by which a person might readily classify his beliefs; but when men with a faith, begin to work on this theorem, some cynical, disappointed German pessimist vociferates, that all faith is a superstition; that there is no credible authority, and no sufficient evidence that can be accepted as the basis of any belief; that man is nothing more than the highest form of vitalized matter; that no one man can ever have any experience other than those common to every other man; that human testimony, as evidence, cannot be accepted, unless it can be proven that all men have,

or can have, the same experience. This at once bars out all testimony regarding love, faith, or experiences of the higher sentiments, as well as those of our psychic nature. Then are we not better off with our so-called superstitions than the scientist with all his boasted knowledge?

Since under their ruling there can be no agreement as to what is "sufficient evidence," each one is fully justified in determining for himself what constitutes evidence, and rest thereon. It will doubtless always remain a fact, that one man's belief will be a superstition to his neighbors—always remembering to properly distinguish between knowledge, and belief. While the things we believe, and on which we base our faith, may be just as true to our consciousness as the things we know, yet the latter are quite limited, being confined solely by a few unchangeable facts, which, once known are always known, and always varying like the multiplication table; but most of us do most decidedly object to being confined in our investigations and beliefs, to the computations of differential calculus.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
An Open Letter to Hudson Tuttle.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your kind letter of late date soliciting my ideas in regard to thoughts thrown out in the essay appearing in the JOURNAL of Dec. 29th, has put me into somewhat of a brown study. You know I have several

times openly avowed dislike for metaphysical disquisitions, and though your suggestions in said essay are not purely of that character, yet they lean too much thitherward to be entirely pleasing to such fastidious taste. Perhaps our long-headed high-bred friends may attribute the dislike for metaphysics to a lack of brain-power for the handling of its slippery and elusive axioms and theorems. This may be even so. When undertaking to seek the true inwardness of your thoughts, I am conscious of another disadvantage. You have the gift of seership—an aptitude for the reception of influxes by inspiration that I am unconscious of. This is not flattery, my dear friend, for we have long had great faith in your clear intuitions or inspirations, in whichever light we may regard them.

My friend, I have been, for much of my life, a man of diagrams when used for expressing, or as aids in the expression of the geometrical truths of form and dimension, or the mechanical laws of orbital motion and force, but I can not follow you in the diagram accompanying the essay and designed to illustrate the evolution of immortal organizations, having much difficulty in constraining your real meaning. It would appear that you assume the circle to be the highest type of orbital motion, while in fact the planetary bodies all revolve in ellipses more or less eccentric, and a circular orbit is the most difficult of all to maintain in equilibrium, while a spiral is an impossible orbit to be produced by a central force co-operating with an initial tangential momentum. As before implied it seems to me like an infringement of the unity of universal Nature, to presume that she herself evolves and throws off spiritual entities, sufficient in themselves for an independent existence disconnected from her all-sustaining life.

On the contrary, allow me to repeat, does it not seem to you that the true solution of the problem of long continued individualized life is to be solved by the developing in nature, through her persistent evolutionary processes, the power of organizing entities, so perfect and so completely in accord with equally perfected environments, that such organizations may maintain and extend their lives, within and as parts of the grand unitized whole, for periods without limit, or only limited by the failure of all life.

When we can, in moments of introversion, almost feel palpably around us the silent yet unceasing flow of life without end, it is not hard thus to own and reverence a Power imminent in Nature, whose laws evolve and give birth to her offspring, who without existence in the past, may yet reach forward and claim co-existence with the forces that have produced them. J. G. JACKSON.
Hockessin, Del.

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For the Religio Philosophical Journal.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM,
And the Supplementary Working Hypothesis of Scientific Spiritualism.

JOHN E. PURDON, M. D.

Mediumship is a fact in the natural history of man, but like many other anthropological mysteries we have only the fact and the name without any organic relation between them. We cannot afford to continue in this state of ignorance much longer without losing the respect, not only of the outside world, but even that of our own co-believers; since, while the practical Spiritualists have been furnishing the data for a new department of natural philosophy, those of us who treat the subject from the theoretical side, have neglected to formulate even a provincial theory of mediumship, which would still permit it to be regarded as an evidence of an expansion of the order of nature rather than a contradiction and an anomaly.

Now that the official declaration of the medical committee of the Seybert Commission has failed to find even a matter of serious consideration in modern Spiritualism, although the representative of one of the leading American universities, it is high time for us to point out in purely scientific and general terms what mediumship not only may be, without any violation of the order of nature, but further what it must be, since we already know that it is a matter of fact. Since the highest court of appeal, to which the overcautious scientist is willing to submit the burning questions of the day, is that of matter and motion, let us see what light is thrown upon our subject from the application of even the very fundamentals of mechanical science. The American and English physicians of standing in their profession are much behind their German and particularly their French confreres, in the practical study of mediumship. The last named body of savants furnishes a brilliant array of names devoted to the study of hypnotism and cognate subjects from the physiological side, but up to the present they have done little more than repeat the experiments of the old mesmerizers and illustrate the cures effected by Elliston and his school nearly half a century ago. They are certainly less dogmatical than they used to be, inasmuch as they do not claim to understand the *modus operandi* of the forces engaged. Very few of them openly proclaim a belief in physical interactions outside the normal physiological range between the subject and the operator, while on the other hand many give in their adherence to the doctrine of "suggestion" as if another name for the fact simplified the explanation of the process. Such a case as that of the well known one of Louise Lateau, in which the girl exhibited every Friday the phenomena of the stigmata, including the nail prints and the crown of thorns, is now frequently induced under the influence of suggestion, spoken or unspoken, exerted on the sensitive while in the hypnotic state. The mere addition of the well established fact of thought reading to the marvelous physiological mystery adds but little to the real difficulty of explanation, just as the intervention of a magnetic aura or physical system of nervous tensions adds but little to the magnitude of the fact of one nervous system responding identically to another while in the hypnotic, magnetic or mesmeric state.

If we assume the existence of an organic language of signs depending upon the transfer of complex motions from one nervous system to another through the medium of the

space ether, the influence of suggestion is brought to bear in a manner at least one stage simpler than when spoken words are used. The real mystery remains in all cases.

The active human function of the will is the most familiar to us of all those within the psychical domain, and it is more than probable that it is in this department of physiology that we will make the first real advance in understanding the process of enlargement whereby the normal physical inhibitions or controls are so interfered with, as to present to the feeling entity itself, be it soul or organism, an experience totally different from its usual realization of matters of fact. The study of the muscular system, therefore, in relation to extraordinary psychical manifestations I have always regarded as of paramount importance, believing, as I do, that it will furnish the key to the theory of physical enlargement, which, when applied by the method of analogy to the other physiological functional activities, will assist us to understand to some extent the part they play in mediumistic expression of human activity.

My views on the subject of mediumship are the result of my own work, for I have not confined myself to studying the writings of others. I have used the large field of observation which was open to me for several years as an army surgeon to collect data and to make experiments which I thought would have a bearing upon the elaboration of true theory of mediumship. The subject of mesmerism is, I believe, of the utmost importance in the attainment of this object, and where the student is true to the physiological method, I cannot but think that he will find that "mesmerism" is as much a reality as "hypnotism," the former experiences being taken to involve the presence of an unknown physical factor operating between the active and the passive agents, while the latter covers the whole series of physiological events, normal or abnormal, consequent upon any psychical influence of a known nature, such as suggestion or expectant attention brought to bear upon the nervous system of the sensitive from within.

The extraordinary results obtained from hypnotic subjects which are being every day published by French physicians make it all the more important that a rational theory of mesmerism should be expounded.

Particular attention has been paid by French physicians to cases in which the blood circulation has been materially affected, and where, after the lapse of long intervals of time, crosses and other stigmata have appeared on different parts of the body in obedience to orders given and received while the sensitive was in the hypnotic state. Cases are also reported in which the circulation in a particular part, as the arm, has been modified by the immediate presence of the mesmerizer and where, besides, muscular motions of the most complicated character were executed, which, in my opinion, called for the action of something more than a mere suggestive feeling from without. A case in point is so interesting that I may be excused for quoting it in full: M. Perronet, of Lyons, treated a hysterical and anæmic woman twenty-one years of age. She was easily hypnotized (the term used in describing the case) by gentle pressure on the eye balls; if the left side only was touched, the right side of the body grew cataleptic and the left was rigid. She could not play the piano, but the operator put his left hand on the right side of her head and played a tune with his right hand, telling her when it was finished to repeat it. This she did accurately with her right hand, and even repeated it in another key when she was asked to do so, after the first note only had been struck for her guidance. He retreated to some little distance behind her and asked her to play another well known tune which he named, and to play it with some spirit. She played it in a most excited fashion, but he found that he could silently stop her by his will when he was standing behind her and looking at her. M. Perronet found also that with patience he could, from a distance, influence the vaso-motor system and the distribution of the blood supply of the subject, according to his unspoken intentions, so that from a distance he was able thus to make one limb colder than the other, and in one case he thought he diminished the temperature and inflammation in cellulitis of one arm.

He at first thought that every one shares about equally in mesmeric power, but after considerable experience he has come to believe that it varies with the individual and depends upon some quality of temperament which he cannot determine beforehand.

Of the method of physical action in these thought transferences, M. Perronet attempts to give some explanation. He suggests that all thoughts probably produce some physical movements in the periphery of the body, and that, though these movements may generally be unconscious, and always very trifling, yet the undulations started by them may be perceptible by the abnormally acute perceptive powers of the hypnotized subject, and may be able to reproduce the idea from which they originated. Particular allusion has been made in the above extracts of the vero-motor system; that is to say, the part of the nervous system controlling the supply of blood to the different parts of the body through the effects produced on the muscular coats of the arteries.

M. Perronet was of opinion that he could influence the blood distribution so as to produce decided physiological effects. If so, he did not bring about these results by acting on the arm directly, in the instance given above, but by operating through the vero-

motor center, and only through one side of that double organ, which is situated at the center of animal life in the medulla oblongata, at the top of the spinal cord. It was with reference to this very point that some of my own most important researches into the mechanism of rapport or related nervous states in different individuals were conducted seven years ago.

After between two and three thousand observations with a self-registering instrument, most of them made on the pulses of persons of a sensitive nervous system, I arrived at the conclusion that an influence was exerted by dominant nervous system upon one sufficiently impressible; but my study led me to results which differ *totally* from those of M. Perronet. Where he believes in a disturbance which, originating from the periphery of the active operator's body, impresses the sensitive by the agency of undulations which "may be perceptible by the abnormally acute receptive powers of the hypnotized subject, and so may be able to reproduce the idea from which they originated,"—I hold, on the contrary, that there is no breach of continuity in the expression of thought-energy through the body of another than whom the original thought is initiated, and that, consequently, there exists for the time being a compound organism constructed on the same type as the body of a single individual. I believe that a center to center linking is directly effected through the agency of lines of force which play the part of nerves—the unexhausted potential energy of the active or dominant brain or center expending itself upon the sensitive or passive subject, whose brain, or that part it engaged as the receiver, must be in a state of lower potential.

I assume it as axiomatic, on the ground of analogy, that every thought has corresponding to it a potential or power of doing work in accordance with design or plan, which, if not expended normally upon the body of the thinker, must in its exhaustion, represent a certain amount of dissipated energy, as heat or otherwise, if not transferred to that part of the nervous system of another similarly constituted being, which corresponds to its seat of distributor in the nervous system of the originator of the impulse, through whom, *i.e.*, the sensitive, it can thus be conserved as work or otherwise realized. Having been so transferred, it then exerts its full physiological effect, and we see in another through the fact of the interchangeability of identically functioning parts, which I have been the first to formulate, the apparent anomaly of the highest organs of our being linked to, and expressing themselves through, the lower organs of another, and *vice versa*.

This radical principle of interchangeability of parts will, I have no doubt, appear monstrously strange to those who confine themselves to the old groove of thought, and it must appear almost unintelligible to such as insist upon the individuality of the thinking substance. On the other hand, I am pretty certain that many who had sought in vain for some general principle to enable them to accept contentedly the psychological wonders of thought transferences, mind reading, etc., will give, if not welcome, at any rate a fair hearing to this hypothesis. We are, regarding these things, just advanced from the stage of skepticism into that of speculation where everything like earnest work is entitled to a fair hearing and respectful consideration.

How the spirit of another man living or dead can dominate the body of a living mind, has always been a profound mystery.

No less mysterious is the marvellous way in which the medium resumes his own proper personality on the withdrawal of the foreign influence. If this presumption did not take place the case would fall more or less within the category of mental alienation and the difficulty of accounting for the manner of possession would be immeasurably increased. But when many varied experiences inform us that the personality of the medium is, at any rate in the early stages, no way affected by the operation through his organism of an intelligence other than his own, the case is far simplified as to fall very close to that of ordinary communication between man and man. Since the organic side of individuality or personality is an almost infinite physical complex, the units of which are integrated into a more or less stable whole through nervous co-ordination of corresponding complexity, the temporary break up of a mediumistic man or woman into two parts, one of which is more or less automatic instrument of expression for another, while the other is the physical basis of the personality of the medium, more or less in abeyance, is only a question as to what point it is at which the nervous communications are severed for the time through active inhibition.

This theory does not call upon me to explain how it is that the severance is effected,

whether by the invader or the medium himself; I simply deal with facts, and the only conceivable inference I can draw from these facts. My aim has always been to preserve the unities between modern science which is true, and modern Spiritualism which is equally true.

The molecular symbol of thought which starts from the grey matter of the cerebral hemispheres, in seeking for expression descends through progressively lower centers until it finally emerges at the impulse along the afferent or motor nerves which sets the muscles working in accordance with design for the execution of a plan. Contrariwise,

all impulses from without, which rise progressively from center to center until the highest region of ideation is reached, may be "tapped" by sensitive, who thus, without using the special end organs of the sensorial machinery or the afferent nerves for the collection of impulses, has the higher regions of his brain impressed in exactly the same way as would have been those of the operator between whom and himself the lines of force have been established, had not such connection been made; or identically impressed with those of the operator in the case of community of thought or sensation.

It appears to me that the only objection that can be rationally offered to this theoretical elucidation of the obscurities of mesmerism, thought reading, etc., is the difficulty of understanding how it is that every one would not, more or less, exhibit the power of thought reading community, of sensation, etc., if the theory had a good foundation in physical and physiological fact. This objection I can at once dispose of. My explanation and the justification of my theory rest on the fact that nervous sensitives, hysterical persons, mediums, etc., are notoriously unstable in the inhibitions or internal nervous controls, whereby one department of the nervous system is cut off from the others; controls which are such that impulses traveling upwards or downwards, and opposed by them, are broken up and dissipated into more degraded forms of energy. The doors are open for the reception of radiant nervous impulses in the case of sensitives; not so in the case of those of more stable organisms, where the impulses are prevented from rising at any rate into the higher regions of ideation.

I have always felt convinced that a comprehensive theory of inhibition must reveal analogy, that every thought has corresponding to it a potential or power of doing work in accordance with design or plan, which, if not expended normally upon the body of the thinker, must in its exhaustion, represent a certain amount of dissipated energy, as heat or otherwise, if not transferred to that part of the nervous system of another similarly constituted being, which corresponds to its seat of distributor in the nervous system of the originator of the impulse, through whom, *i.e.*, the sensitive, it can thus be conserved as work or otherwise realized. Having been so transferred, it then exerts its full physiological effect, and we see in another through the fact of the interchangeability of identically functioning parts, which I have been the first to formulate, the apparent anomaly of the highest organs of our being linked to, and expressing themselves through, the lower organs of another, and *vice versa*.

A very notable theory was advanced some few years ago and published in *Nature*, in which the principle of interference of undulation was used to account for the actions of various drugs on the human system: equality of wave period of the vibrating nerve molecules with that of the substance whose action was specific, was the principle by which either an over-stimulated state of a nerve or an opposite condition of paralytic was accounted for. I am not aware that it was ever pushed to a full application, such as would cover the relations existing between the different parts of the organism when stimulating each other, but it seems that if an undulatory disturbance of the molecules of interneuronal fibres were the only connecting link between the different parts, that the principle of interference would be equally as applicable as in the former case. But for the conveyance of nervous impulses we want very much more than a mere electric wire, which can only account for the activity of an organ whose function is of the simplest kind. An electric current can make a muscle contract and can produce no other effect than greater or less contraction, according to the relative conditions of the current and of the muscle, for the muscle has no other function than that of spasmodic or rhythmic contraction when acted upon by its usual stimulus, which is so far identical with that of an electric current. The same remark may be made regarding the glandular system and finally of all bodily parts, the functional activity of which is merely objective; that is to say, outside the range of conscious feeling; and yet we know abundantly from observation and experiment that this stimulus, which under ordinary circumstances appears to be as simple and as void of life as an electric current conveyed through a copper wire, is only a differentiated residuum of a higher form of energy, since the ordinary peaceful routine of automatic existence is broken in upon frequently by an irritation of mind, when the separate parts show that they owe an allegiance to the one central life, single and indivisible, which, deny it as we may, is the representative of a single principle, psychical as well as physical, which permeates the entire body and at times goes far beyond its visible limits. Because the ordinary physiological routine of animal life represents the crystallization of conscious and painful effort into differentiated organic activity, are we justified in regarding such organs as so far materialized as to be entirely cut off from the central unity of life and spirit? The fact that the organs which appear to have no such central relation preserved, do respond in an extraordinary manner to an extraordinary stimulus, is in itself the proof that they in their crystalloidal repose are not dead but sleeping.

Here is the ground in which to cultivate the seeds of a true theory of animal magnetism. A muscle or a gland can respond in but one way to the simple stimulus of an electric current on its own degraded innervation; but let us suppose an artificial stimulus to be applied to any of the higher centres of the brain, and what would be the result? We can consistently give but one answer, and that is *motion*, more or less spasmodic, of some of the bodily parts, such as the tongue or the limbs or the viscera. We cannot say that a definite thought would arise in the cerebral hemispheres from the stimulus applied to the ideational centres, for the answer to *think* is not correlative with *to move* or *to secrete*, which are true answers when we ask what is the result of artificially stimulating the centre of activity for the limbs or the liver. To think *what?* is the reply that would confound such an answer. We can not deny that an epileptic storm of broken thoughts may sweep through the brain in consequence of irregular stimulation of the centres, and that the great variety of dreams, coherent and incoherent, testify to the action of the cerebral hemispheres during sleep, an activity which some maintain is never ceasing while life continues unbroken. But all this testifies to the irregularity of the brain action when its specialized stimulus is wanting, when some factor which is not merely physical is absent from its place in normal innervation. Is it possible to account for the presence and absence of this factor without entering the region of vain speculation and unverifiable hypothesis?

Feeling being regarded in its most general aspect as the subjective or internal (after the analogy of our own subjective experience) side of the reaction of living matter to any form of irritation, it is evident that feeling which adjusts itself to fixed forms, determined by the nature of fixed instruments of stimulation or irritation, is more specialized and restricted than feeling when free to transcend those fixed forms, granting the possibility of its so transcending them. So it is with our ordinary sensations, and so it is with motion, the data for the concept of which are supplied through the end organs of our special senses. Motion, therefore, as something perceived, something felt, is more restricted in its nature than when the same cause which produces it exhibits itself under more enlarged conditions. Now, if with our actual conscious sensibility enlarged, but preserving its forms of intuition and of thought unchanged, we were to survey the physical changes occurring in the whole universe, or in any particular part of it, the successive movements of the ego and the instantaneous relations between the positions of the external centres of force would be correlative as regards time; the successive fresh impressions of the one and the corresponding physical change in the other, in fact, constituting time. It may appear very strange when I say that consciousness and the science of mechanics are but different manifestations of the same transcendent reality, each emerging from the extended real in space by the addition of a new dimension. But to consciousness the resulting activity is only in the new dimension, while for consciousness the activity is in the old form plus the new, the so-called external and internal forms of intuition. (See Kant *possitum*.) Now all this is the play of conscious thought; the transcendent reality, objectively regarded as matter, occupies space of three dimensions, but out from these three spring a fourth, as consciousness emerges from matter like the flower from the root. All this while the conscious ego may be regarding the changes of the body from which it has emerged, for the motion of one kind of matter is essentially the same as that of another, and it is ideally conceivable that the whole history of that body might be laid bare to itself, could certain mathematical difficulties be overcome, for theoretical dynamics is a perfect science, though the practical solution of problems of a complex character remains imperfect.

The motion of matter is the correlative of consciousness; objectively regarded it is the basis of consciousness or mind. The correlation of matter and consciousness indicates the existence of regulative principle higher than either, by which their contra-position becomes merged into the reality which transcends them both, and of which each is but the changing manifestation. Let the reader not fancy that this is materialism in disguise; it is monistic idealism which necessarily manifests its existence in the contrasted realities, matter and mind; a substance which men of all ages from the dawn of knowledge have called the Spirit. It is always living matter which contemplates what the vulgar call dead inanimate matter; each individualized spirit fills the common form with his own life essence and in the community of the form and the rigidity of its laws the universe is, one and indivisible. Each contains all the others within the horizon of his perceptions, and therefore it is in the absorption of each individual in the higher system of order that we can escape the absurdity of containing and being contained an infinite number of times when we look into one another's eyes, like two mirrors which reflect and are reflected an innumerable number of times, *ad infinitum*. If we adopt the theory of monistic idealism, and I know no other by which we can escape the contradictions which on any other grounds appear with our cumulating experience, we must be prepared to accept the fact that we have, each of us, two bodies, one of which is the whole material universe, as object of possible contemplation;—the body of God objectively considered, the spirit subjectively considered;—the other the more familiar body which is the organ for the expression of our individuality on the mundane plane. Surely this is a philosophy whose basis is broad enough to reconcile the contradictions of all systems which contain the element of truth in their composition; it recognizes the dignity of man and his place in nature, at the

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES.

- To what church, or churches did, or do, your parents belong; and are you now, or have you ever been in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
- How long have you been a Spiritualist?
- What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunication between the two worlds?
- What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.
- Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons briefly for the answer you give.
- What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?
- In what way may a knowledge of psychic laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

RESPONSE BY PROF. PAYTON SPENCE.

- I do not, for the following reasons: What is religion? Various definitions are given of it, each one of which, however, contains as its central idea the recognition and worship of God. Thus, whether we say with Webster that religion is the "recognition of God as an object of worship, love and obedience," or "religion is a system of faith and worship," it is obvious that there can be no religion without a God, real or imaginary, to whom we feel obligated to put ourselves in certain mental relations or physical attitudes, either for our own good, or for his comfort, or both. What is Spiritualism? Of course, the word, Spiritualism, is not used in its philosophical sense, but in the sense that has been popularly given to it in reference to the modern phenomena called spiritual manifestations. In this sense, Spiritualism is based upon mediumship, and means the established facts and laws of the relations between embodied and disembodied minds. The embodied minds through whom such relations are established are called media. Both of the classes of minds that are concerned in those relations are, of course, finite, as I take it for granted that none but a few unbalanced and fanatical persons believe that there are embodied minds who are media of relation to God or the Infinite Mind.

When I ask, "Is Spiritualism a religion?" what do I mean? I mean precisely the same as I do when I ask, "Is Methodism, is Mormonism, is chemistry, or is geology, a religion?" To these questions every one毫不犹豫地 answers: Methodism, and Mormonism are religions, but chemistry and geology are not. Now why are the former religions and the latter not? It must be because there exist in the former certain well defined characteristics which are essential to, and constitutive of, them, and, without which they could not exist; whereas those characteristics are not constitutive of, or essential to, the latter; and, therefore, the latter may still exist and be chemistry and geology without them. Those characteristics are, as we have already seen, a belief in God and a worship of Him. Take away those essential constituents, and both Methodism and Mormonism are annihilated; while chemistry and geology remain just what they are, the established facts and laws of the ultimate constitution of organic and inorganic bodies in the one case, and the established facts and laws of the structure and formation of our earth in the other. Then, is Spiritualism a religion? In other words, can it exist and be as completely Spiritualism without a recognition and worship of God as with them? Most assuredly it can, for the essential constituents of Spiritualism, as we have already seen, are simply the established facts and laws of the relations of finite embodied and disembodied minds. Therefore, a union of Spiritualism and religion would make just as heterogeneous and incongruous a mixture as a union of chemistry and religion.

It may be said, however, that my definition of Spiritualism is not broad enough; and that the following or something equally comprehensive would be more correct, namely: Spiritualism is the established facts and laws of the relation of finite embodied minds and to disembodied minds, infinite as well as finite. This would make the facts and laws of our relation to God a legitimate part of Spiritualism, and, to that extent, it may be claimed that Spiritualism is a religion.

But Spiritualism is based upon mediumship; and, as we have already said, no sensible person claims that there are media who are directly and immediately related, as media, to God; nor, on the other hand, can it be claimed that media are indirectly related to God, that is, related to Him through finite spirits who are themselves directly and immediately related to Him. Were such a claim made, it would be wholly without evidence to support it, and, in the very nature of things, unreasonable and impossible. We have no reason for supposing that disembodied minds are more immediately related to God than we ourselves are; and the very nature of all adequate conceptions of a God precludes the possibility of such immediate relation of finite minds to Him. He cannot, therefore, be studied and investigated by spirit through personal inspection and observation of Him any more than we ourselves can. Consequently media can give us no knowledge of God which they have obtained either through their own immediate personal relations and as media to Him, or their own immediate personal observation and inspection of Him; or through their mediumistic relations to finite spirits who are immediately and personally related to Him, or have studied Him from personal inspection and examination. Then we cannot learn anything about God through media, which we can not learn just as well without them; and the questions as to the existence and nature of God and our relations to Him, being questions which are wholly beyond the range of that mediumship in which Spiritualism is based, are necessarily questions which are outside of the scope of Spiritualism.

Finally, it may be said that while spirits are no more than ourselves immediately related to God, and, consequently, cannot know any more about him from personal inspection and examination than we ourselves can, still it will not be denied that if the human mind is immortal, there must be spirits who have lived so long and, hence, are so wise, and their minds have become so profound and far-reaching that, if there be a God, they surely know more about Him than we do, and can impart their superior knowledge to us through media.

To this I would say, first, that thus far such wise and profound spirits have not through media any thing about relations to Him which, as far as we know, always existed in people; and spirits in the spheres of men, women and children, coming into rapport with those in the spheres, habits, passions

wise and profound spirits should, through media, tell us all about God and our relations to Him—should tell us "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" on that subject—still, that would not make Spiritualism a religion, for the same reason that Spiritualism would not become chemistry should the same spirits tell us "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" in regard to the facts and laws of the ultimate constitution of organic and inorganic bodies. Spiritualism would still consist, even according to our enlarged definition of the facts and laws of our relation to disembodied minds, infinite as well as finite; and these constitutive elements cannot be taken from it by any thing that spirits may, ever so truthfully, teach us or demonstrate to us God, chemistry, geology or any other science.

6. Were I to ask, what are the greatest needs of chemistry, my most obvious meaning would be, what are the best things to do to advance that science. So, I take it, that the question now before us means what are the best things to do to further the science of Spiritualism. In its present rudimentary state, they are, in my opinion, the following:

1. To divorce Spiritualism from religion. Although, as I have already endeavored to show, Spiritualism is not a religion, yet there are many investigators of the subject who are inclined to make a religion of it. This can only be a clog and a hindrance to our progress in Spiritualism by diverting us from its true aims and objects. There can be no religion without a recognition of God and some kind of worship of Him. To recognize God we must first ascertain that he exists. But, as he is not an object of observation and experiment, and, as it would be childish to accept Him as tradition, and unwise to believe in Him upon the testimony of faith alone, we are thrown upon speculation as our only means of finding out whether there really is a God or not. Should any Spiritualist feel inclined to launch his bark upon the troubled and interminable sea of speculation, in quest of that God whom the philosophers of all ages have there sought in vain, let him prepare for an endless voyage, by cutting loose from all earthly interests and bidding adieu to Spiritualism and all other hopeful pursuits.

But should any class of minds seriously contemplate making Spiritualism a religion, are they sure they know what kind of a religion will be the outcome of their efforts? All kinds and grades of minds are believers and investigators of the phenomena of Spiritualism; and, judging by the history of all other religious movements and by the few sickly attempts that already have been made to engraft a religion upon Spiritualism, the probabilities are that the future spiritual religion will be a religion of many heterogeneous and conflicting creeds, of bigotry, intolerance and fanaticism, in which the science of Spiritualism—its facts and laws—would be wholly submerged and entirely lost sight of. The charge is already made, with much show of truth, that Spiritualists are intolerant and extremely fanatical. What such prolific germs of evil, which have so soon fastened themselves upon us, would hatch out and ripen into in the course of a century or two, if cherished, fed and nurtured in the hot-beds of religious organizations, it is fearful to contemplate.

2. Spiritualism needs facts. If it is ever to become a science, like all other sciences that deserve the name, it must be based upon facts. By facts I do not mean a collection of loose, random observations, made simply to gratify the momentary curiosity of the observer without any special regard to their value to any one else but himself; nor do I mean such facts or supposed facts as are presented to the public, promiscuous assemblies, where, in the very nature of the exhibition, careful and critical examination is out of the question, the observer being simply a looker-on, with no power to determine the exact conditions under which the phenomena are produced, and with no power to vary the conditions in all possible ways that may be necessary to eliminate every possible source of error. I do not deny the utility of such public and private exhibitions; for, although the observations thus made are of little or no value as foundation facts of a science of Spiritualism, they undoubtedly serve to awaken a general interest in the subject, which will thus be ultimately forced upon the attention of persons thoroughly competent, careful and critical experimenters, who will enter upon its investigation with the same patience, impartiality and thoroughness that have furnished the facts that constitute the foundation of any one of the acknowledged sciences. But, to establish one such fact, it must be observed under varying conditions, so that every possible source of error may be eliminated from the experiment; and the results obtained by one observer must be verified by others, so that the accuracy, the impartiality and the competency of one shall be tested and verified by the confirmatory results of many independent observers; and, if it be said with any show of truth, that one experimenter was partially blind, and another superannuated, and another careless and indifferent, and another tending to insanity and over-anxious to confirm his preconceived notions of a fourth dimension of space; and, if the cumulative force of their combined, simultaneous observations, is not sufficient to save the facts to which they testify, let the facts be mercilessly struck out and regarded as not proven until they are reproduced and verified by other experimenters against whom no objections can be brought that can throw suspicion upon their competency or their impartiality. There would be no limit to the value and influence of even one single spiritual fact which has been so observed and verified that its claim to recognition can no longer be disputed by any one whose opinion is worthy of consideration.

3. It is important that we ascertain the nature of the disembodied minds to whom we are related. At the beginning of the spiritual movement, there was a tendency on the part of many investigators to regard all spirits as of a higher order of intelligences than ourselves, and to look upon them all, indiscriminately, as very wise, very learned and very good—philosophers, saints and angels. The phenomena themselves soon disabused the public mind of such an erroneous belief; and now we find cropping out here and there the opinion that the disembodied minds to whom we are most intimately related, are composed largely, if not wholly, of such spirits as have not yet shed or outgrown those wants, inclinations, habits, passions and propensities which pertain to life in the body and can only be exercised and gratified by those living in the body; and that such premature births into spirit life naturally gravitate into our sphere, or, rather, never leave it, because they cannot give up what is still a part of their psychical constitution; and hence, they hover around and nestle into the spheres of men, women and children, coming into rapport with those in the spheres, habits, passions

and propensities as themselves. It is, furthermore, the opinion of many that such premature births into spirit life are not satisfied to take things as they come or as they find them, but that they stimulate persons in the body to the excessive exercise and enjoyment of such wants, inclinations, habits, passions and propensities as are similar to their own, and thus increase the intensity of that peculiar vicarious life which they induce, and even compel us to live for them—for their pleasure or profit, or both. It is, therefore, necessary for us to turn our attention to the spirits themselves and test them as severely as we test their manifestations; and, in doing so, we may, perhaps, find an explanation of the disorderly lives, the lawlessness, the fraud and deception of many acknowledged media. It seems to me that the output of mediumship is something more than the mere outward show of the manifestations; for through the lives of media and through their manifestations, fraudulent as well as honest, the people of the spirit world, by deeds more unmistakable than mere words, are revealing themselves to us just as they are, good, bad and indifferent, wise and foolish, learned and ignorant, lying and truthful, fraudulent and honest, temperate and intemperate, lustful and pure-minded; and it is we who must lose or gain by our relations with them. It may yet be discovered that spirits enter deeper into our lives, for good or for evil, than we have ever dreamed of. Let us find out.

4. We should endeavor to find out what constitutes mediumship; that is, what mental or physical qualities must exist in a person to enable spirits to manifest themselves to, or through, that person in any way. I am not aware that any light has as yet been thrown upon this question; yet it must be solved before we can make much headway in determining the laws of the relation of embodied and disembodied minds; for, to ascertain the laws of a relation, we must first know something about the nature of the things that are related.

5. It is important that we study the effects of mediumship upon the medium. Is it injurious or beneficial? Does it have a good or a bad effect upon the medium's health? Does it strengthen and quicken the intellectual powers of the medium or the reverse? Does it or does it not, in any way demoralize the medium? The answers to these questions are of vital importance; but for want of a sufficient number of reliable facts, they cannot now be answered. It is said, however, that mediumship is in many cases injurious to the health of the medium; causing an exhaustion of the nervous system and a premature waning of the vigor, energy and resiliency of the body. Also, for reasons already given, there is cause to fear that, in many cases, mediumship has a disastrous effect upon the morale of the medium. This branch of the question is already being forced upon public attention, so urgently, by seeming facts, that it probably will be the first to be seriously taken up by competent investigators, and, hence, the first to be answered.

A TRUE NARRATIVE AND Psychological Study.

On the crest of that wave of absurdities, contradictions, and profoundest truths, as it broke on the shores of the Pacific, our story begins. In a small quiet village sixty miles from the metropolis resided a lady of great natural ability, who had been denied in early life opportunities for much intellectual culture. With great capacity and boundless ambition for leadership in social and intellectual circles, she thought she saw her opportunity to gratify her ruling desire and at the same time relieve much suffering. She had closed her Chautauqua course of studies, and her two sons had become established in business. She bled herself to the metropolis and took a course of lectures, which early promised to supersede all other regular and irregular systems of medical practice. She gave herself up to study this "science" with great energy and unwearied assiduity. On returning to her home she reported that she had paid exorbitant fees to the lecturer, who imparted the great secret of curing all the diseases that afflict humanity, and even promised to prolong life indefinitely by the skillful use of the mental forces easily controlled when the secret process was mastered, as it could be by listening to a few courses of lectures, of half a dozen each.

As to the exorbitant fees, we can easily credit her statement as the lecturer came by express train from Boston. Physiology, hygiene, heredity and climatic conditions, on which our physical existence so largely depend, were wholly ignored; they were deemed to be potential factors in preserving or recovering health.

She now got up a course of lectures in the village where she resided, which was attended by some ladies who occupied the first social position in the place. Among the class who attended this course were several who had been in a dark discontented mood, and another careless and indifferent, and another tending to insanity and over-anxious to confirm his preconceived notions of a fourth dimension of space; and, if the cumulative force of their combined, simultaneous observations, is not sufficient to save the facts to which they testify, let the facts be mercilessly struck out and regarded as not proven until they are reproduced and verified by other experimenters against whom no objections can be brought that can throw suspicion upon their competency or their impartiality. There would be no limit to the value and influence of even one single spiritual fact which has been so observed and verified that its claim to recognition can no longer be disputed by any one whose opinion is worthy of consideration.

3. It is important that we ascertain the nature of the disembodied minds to whom we are related. At the beginning of the spiritual movement, there was a tendency on the part of many investigators to regard all spirits as of a higher order of intelligences than ourselves, and to look upon them all, indiscriminately, as very wise, very learned and very good—philosophers, saints and angels. The phenomena themselves soon disabused the public mind of such an erroneous belief; and now we find cropping out here and there the opinion that the disembodied minds to whom we are most intimately related, are composed largely, if not wholly, of such spirits as have not yet shed or outgrown those wants, inclinations, habits, passions and propensities which pertain to life in the body and can only be exercised and gratified by those living in the body; and that such premature births into spirit life naturally gravitate into our sphere, or, rather, never leave it, because they cannot give up what is still a part of their psychical constitution; and hence, they hover around and nestle into the spheres of men, women and children, coming into rapport with those in the spheres, habits, passions

This narrative would be very imperfect without the sequel, which is told only with the hope that it may throw light on this important subject. In the high tide of the lecturer's success an insidious disease, which is generally considered incurable, made inroads on her unusually vigorous constitution. She ignored this. Life was full of friction in the present and hope for the future. She continued her lecturing and "treating" the sick until her strength so far failed that she

was compelled to desist. She persisted in declaring that she suffered no pain, although the physiological evidences of suffering were plain to others. She and her friends said a process of "chemicalization" was going on, which would purify her system and render her much more powerful for her work. An aged retired physician was called in as a friend, and who, after due diagnosis, pronounced her malady Bright's disease. She refused to call medical aid, but was "treated" by the practitioner from the metropolis, and her friends gave her much absent treatment; but the disease went on with its remorseless disintegrating work for a few months, until at length the stupor of unconsciousness led to the closing scene, when the strong soul left its wornout tenement and its bereaved hind and sons.

I forbear to philosophize or to moralize, but it is plain that it will do to assume that those who have devoted a life to the art or science of mitigating the ills that flesh is heir to, have learned nothing or mistaken their calling. Go slow, friends, and think not that genius by a flash of inspiration can learn all the secret springs of animal life. St. Helena, Cal. ** *

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Cant Thou by Searching Find Out God?"

MRS. LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Whether or not Job had met Theosophists or students of mysticism when he asked the question, "Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?" It is probable he had met some mortals who assumed to understand the secrets of life, and to have measured and compassed the all-embracing principle of Deity.

The book of Job is considered to be the oldest book of the Bible. Job's queries, however, are eminently pertinent to-day. The catechism of our youth began with the claim that "the chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." Man, the creature, fulfills the purpose of his existence by finding out God.

Webster defines Theosophy to be: "Wise in the things of God.... Knowledge of God supposed to be attained by extraordinary illumination; especially a direct insight into the processes of the divine mind, and the interior relations of the divine nature."

If, then, a Theosophist exist who has attained to this insight into the processes of the divine mind and the interior relations of the divine nature, such person must be equal with the Infinite. To comprehend the processes of a mind one must have a mind possessing capacity adequate to understanding those processes, and to comprehend the interior relations of a perfect mind and nature, one must possess a perfect mind and nature. According to this philosophy, and according to the catechism, man fulfills the highest purpose of his existence by penetrating into the Arcana of Deity.

Devachan, too, is evidently the origin of the un-revised heaven of old orthodoxy. The supreme bliss of inertia, "loafing round the throne," or loafing somewhere in a state of suspended ecstasy, of no use in the universe to the individual self or any one else,—this entity is totally severed from all relation to other souls and from any possible use of previous experience, in a state of subjective enjoyment. Can any idea of life, anywhere, in or out of mortal form, be more unsatisfactory to a rational mind and a loving heart?

That the processes of the divine mind shall be made known, and that mighty secrets shall be revealed to those who devote themselves to a certain line of study and practice, is the seductive and delusive promise held out to-day. That another phase of divine wisdom was promulgated and exemplified at the beginning of our era, seems to be overlooked except as an empty form of words. The forward march of humanity nineteen hundred years ago was set to a new commandment. It proclaimed that the relations, duties and ethical obligations of mortal lives held and constituted a part of the divine purpose of human being. So far as we have a record, this command to love one another was a new departure in the ethical evolution of the race. The efficacy of the Christ principle is the knowledge it reveals to souls that the kingdom of heaven is within.

The Christian era began with the highest example of love as to the best revelation of God (good) to man, and the indestructible principle of love was given as the bond of union between man and man and between man and the Creator. It made man and his welfare the chief object of religious endeavor as illustrated in the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

The advancement of the material agencies of civilization is making more and more indispensable the fulfillment of the law of love. The religion supremely needed is to do unto others what we would that others should do unto us. The application of this religion in the shops, the mart and in the systems of trade and commerce, would develop the highest virtues in humanity.

The secret of the divine nature and processes of the Infinite Mind; the knowledge of what force is and how it operates, and how to obtain magic powers, these are unrelated to Sociology. It is the divine purpose of human relations in this mortal stage of being that can relieve the burdens pressing upon struggling humanity. It is the operation of fraternity, and co-working for the physical, mental and moral benefit of each and all that produces the most divine results.

What benefit would be a knowledge of the processes of the divine mind, or how force operates, to one who is reminded by the gnawing of hunger that he is in a world where he cannot find means to feed himself? Except in a few small portions of the globe society is too weak or too barbarous (for it must be one or the other) to deal with the criminals it has made, only by murdering them. Why can we not have a school of philosophy to search out the operations of the force of hatred, revenge, cruelty and murder, and disproportioned and unjust sentences such as recently sent a one-legged youth under twenty years of age in this state to the penitentiary for twenty years, (!) for having stolen three dollars! It is not difficult to find proof in reformatory schools that the operation of the force of love and kindness, the humane treatment of vicious and criminal boys, is curative, and therefore must be the best preventive measure.

The civilized (?) world is under a constant liability for the wholesale murder of warfare, and immense numbers of men are removed from the avenues of peaceful production to breed vice in camps, or to become targets for deadly missiles on battlefields. Why do we not have the gospel of peace put into practice? Why not try to penetrate into the causes and to find the means of curing the killing mania?

What a beneficent and divine operation it

would be to fathom the secret of a craving for intoxicants, and to learn the processes by which the human system can overcome the deadly desire, and to make this knowledge everywhere applicable.

Why not seek to extend and expand the known agencies of subduing the dominion of appetites and passions, and lifting human beings and social life to a higher level? The processes and operations of the divine in man, given but the opportunities and proper training for its development, are more promising of beneficence to mortals and improvement to human nature and society, than the marvels of adeptship can possibly be.

There is more divine wisdom in Prof. J. R. Buchanan's lecture on "Moral Education" than in all the magical feats of Blavatsky, or the marvels of oriental occultism. The western world has no need to turn backward to oriental mysticism and magic, nor to the theological experiments to obtain divine wisdom. The divine philosophy of the purpose in human relations is yet far beyond the attainment of either occidental or oriental people. Samadhi can confer no blessing equivalent to the education of a worker in the field of every-day affairs, who serves the highest principle of wisdom by loving and serving his fellow men.

It is a common failing to to err and long for something beyond our reach and to overlook and fail to make use of what is ready to our hand. The impulse to strive for the unknown and obscure revels in the promise of mysterious secrets and revelations, or of wonderful attainments.

Every-day life calls for what every-day experience may make attainable—the divine qualities of faithfulness, heroism, benevolence, kindness, loyalty to truth and to friendship, justice, patience and the love that "endureth all things." Without irreverence it may be claimed that whoever has attained these virtues is acquainted experimentally with some of the processes of the Divine Mind, for these virtues are part of the "interior relations of the divine nature," and cannot exist outside of it. The spiritual evolution of man is in the line of human experience. Inward illumination, education, attainment, passing over into modifying, harmonizing and reconstructing activities, flowing

She passed her hands rapidly before her eyes and shrugged her shoulders several times and passed into what she calls a "trance state." She ran her hands over the keys and began playing a very pretty air, and in a sweet voice sang a familiar Spanish love song in the native tongue. She played a most difficult but charming accompaniment consisting of runs and trills that blended beautifully with the song. During the rendition she stamped her foot and shook her head, as if at the direction of a master.

When the last note of the song had died away she stopped playing, and in a strange tongue addressed an imaginary person. She shook her head several times, and the mother explained that she did not wish to sing what her director wanted her to. She played, however, a French song in a most effective manner, her intonations being perfectly intelligible.

An Italian song was next trilled off in a graceful manner, and she completed her performance by singing a Chinese song and playing the accompaniment with the forefinger of each hand, after which she shook her head several times and arose from the piano in an apparently dazed manner and sat down in a chair.

Mrs. Billings did not seem to undergo any unusual mental strain in giving the performance. When questioned concerning her sensations she said that she experienced the most delightful exhilaration, and knew nothing that was going on around her, in fact, she was removed from all things earthly. She realizes nothing, and after returning to herself can not recall her visions except that she says her musical director stands in front of her and guides her by voice and gesture, frequently singing the lines with her.

Mrs. Billings, Lulu's mother, a well-prepared matron, sat in the parlor during the performance. As some difficult passage was being executed she would look up and smile, but being asked regarding her daughter's gift and when she first manifested such powers, she said that about nine years ago she went with her husband and daughter to call upon some neighbors who were Spiritualists. It was a dark, rainy night in summer, and while they sat in the parlor Lulu went into the sitting room and commenced playing on the piano.

The music was of such an order as to surprise herself and friends, and, on entering the room and lighting the gas, Lulu was seated at the piano, her hair streaming over her face, playing like mad. And as Mrs. Billings expressed it, "she looked like a squaw." From that time since she has continued to develop the strange power.

Mrs. Billings said that her daughter was guarded by the spirit of an Indian named Oneata, who gave her strength and called her his "little squaw." "At first," said she, "I did not know what to think of Lulu's power, as I did not believe in Spiritualism, but I am now satisfied that she is controlled by a power from the Spirit-world."

She said that her daughter sang in Spanish, French, Indian, German, Chinese, and the ancient Hindoo dialect, the latter fact she says she learned from Bowley, the celebrated Cleveland, O., medium.

Lulu's father is averse to any publicity and has on several occasions refused to allow his daughter to play in the presence of friends. He is far from being a convert to Spiritualism despite the manifestations of his daughter. Several well-known managers have offered Miss Billings engagements, but he has refused to allow her to appear in public.

Miss Billings plays a harp, cornet, flute, violin, and guitar as well as the piano, but can not play a note on any of them except when under the control of the spirits. Personally she is an attractive young lady and has a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, whose praise and adoration she bears in a quiet, reserved, and dignified manner.

Her spiritualistic friends are anxious that she give the public a chance to hear her wonderful performance and have advised her to go on the platform, but she modestly refuses to do so. She gladly plays and sings for all who call at her home but has no desire to parade herself in public.—Chicago Times, Sunday, Jan. 13.

Call for a World's Congress.

To the Editor of the Religious-Philosophical Journal:
A call has been issued by the World's Arbitration League for a congress in Washington, September, 1889, to which men and women, irrespective of denomination, are invited, not for sectarian purposes or theological controversy but for fraternal expression of opinion and comparison of views in that unity of spirit which is the bond of peace.

Bishop Newman and others are named as active and leading in the plan. To put aside minor differences and find vital agreement, to bring harmony in place of the jangle of bigoted dispute, to help the growth of charity and fidelity, to stand on common ground in essential ideas and thus be better able to join in great practical reforms in wise and loving ways is the object of this meeting. Such a world's congress will be new and useful and prophetic of a new era. The fraternal invitation should meet with large and wide response and bring together many from all parts our wide land and from other countries. Let the gathering have an imposing weight of moral and religious power of practical ability and of members.

Should Jew or Musselman or Pagan respond and attend, they should, and will doubtless, find welcome reception, have fair hearing, and be accepted as co-workers for practical good in the spirit which Jesus illustrated in his parable of the Good Samaritan. The call does not mean merely "Come let us reason together" to discover truth, but also let us act together to apply the truth to daily life, to give light and wisdom to those in darkness and ignorance, to strengthen the weak, to protect and purify the home, and last but not least to bring "peace on earth and good will among men" by the abolition of that bloody duel of nations called war, and the settlement of all international disputes by peaceful arbitration. The call more fully explains the objects and aims of the proposed congress, is endorsed by able and eminent men, and should lead to an important assembly.

GILES B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich.

President George Washington attended the inauguration ball May 7th, 1789, and danced in the cotillon with Mrs. Peter Van Brugh Livingston and Mrs. Maxwell and in the minuet with Mrs. Van Zandt. The Father of his Country also danced at a ball given by the French Minister, at another given at the annual commencement of Columbia College, and for several weeks he was engaged in acknowledging congratulations and attending parties given in his honor.

Princess Christian is generous to the poor of Windsor. Twice a week during the winter months she provides dinners for them at the town hall.

Woman's Department.

CONDUCTED BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

Matter relating to this department should be sent to Mrs. Underwood, 86 South Page St., Chicago.

Woman Suffrage and Political Parties.

One sentence in the call for the twenty-first annual Convention of the National Women Suffrage Association which met this week in Washington, D. C., I read with peculiar pleasure, in view of some recent developments of an opposite kind occurring at the New York Convention of the N. W. C. T. U. The sentence is this: "Our strength for future action lies in the fact that woman suffrage has some advocates in all parties, and that we, as a body, are pledged to none."

Even in the possibility that all women could be brought to think alike in political matters, no greater mistake could be made than that of pledging woman suffragists, as a whole, or even any considerable wing of the woman suffrage organization, in favor of any political party whatever. Whichever party should be thus declared for, the inevitable result would be defeat to the woman's suffrage cause by massing against it the partisan vote in all other opposing parties. To pledge any great number of women suffragists to use their united influence and labor in behalf of any one of the three political parties now in the field, is on the face of it a disgrace and dishonor to the woman's movement. Every woman who thinks at all, is bound to have her individual political preferences, the same as every man is supposed to have his, and it is a wrong against individual liberty to make any such pledge on mass for the suffrage organization—a wrong against which every self-respecting woman should emphatically protest.

Just as right and sensible would it be to ignore the religious convictions of individual suffragists and pledge them as a whole to join and work for that sect, be it Catholic, Jewish, or Methodist, which promised in return, most aid for woman's enfranchisement. Such a pledge could not fail to be demoralizing as well as stultifying.

The demand for woman suffrage is based on the same principles as the Declaration of Independence, the inherent equality of individual rights, "the liberty of each, limited by the like liberty of all," and the effort of Frances Willard and others of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to dragon the members of that organization to work in favor of the Prohibition party is reprehensible beyond words; and not much less so is Mrs. J. Ellen Foster's flaunting exertions in behalf of the Republicans. As prominent workers in the cause of their sex, both drag that cause into disrepute by identifying it with their political preferences, and such action on their part should be strongly and unhesitatingly denounced by every earnest woman suffragist, whatever her own political bias, even if that bias be either for Prohibition or Republicanism, and this I am glad to note has already been done in a few cases.

It may be said that the action of the W. C. T. U. in pledging that organization to the support of the Prohibition party does not necessarily pledge each individual member to work for that party irrespective of her own political convictions. I contend that it does virtually do so; no woman of republican or democratic proclivities could conscientiously remain a member of the W. C. T. U. after its action pledging the Association to the Prohibition party, for to so remain would be a virtual endorsement of that action and a surrender of personal convictions for party purposes.

Miss Willard's splendid power as an organizer and her good generalship, so far as she can see into the future, are unquestionable; but to some of us who would otherwise fain rejoice in her work, she appears to be unconsciously mastering a force of repressive bigotry which as sure as history is true, will become a power for evil, instead of the good she hopes for, and which will retard and demoralize, instead of accomplishing the reforms for which it was organized, because of its denial of that larger liberty which is the animating soul of all true progress.

We command the reasoning of the old lady who became confused as to her identity, to the consideration of these philosophers of negation. She could not identify herself, but she thought she could trust the matter to her dog, and said:

"If I be I, as I hope I be,
I've a little dog at home,
And he 'll know me!"

It is doubtful if the mass of agnostics will care to follow so far into the mist after the "absolute," as to deny their own individuality. Why should we waste time in discussing the knowable and unknowable, and endeavoring to show the limitation of knowledge while the true scheme of life is to develop the individual to perfection of all faculties and powers. Then we shall learn what remains unknown, though we never can decide as to the unknowable. An agnostic ought to be too accurately trained a thinker, to fall into the old ruts of metaphysics and claim to decide questions by the play with words as a harlequin tosses his painted balls.

H. T.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.
TO MRS. UNDERWOOD.—We have not only plenty of straw for making our own bricks, but also the straw is so abundant that should a tenth part of it be utilized, there would be no place for storage.

In looking over the little column in the JOURNAL, devoted to "woman's cause"—her work, equality and education—I fell into a reverie. The immensity of that cause pressed itself home to me—the great amount of material to work upon, and the lack of space for holding the manufactured bricks. The paper slipped to the floor and the room seemed to expand until the walls had melted away. I saw a multitude of bright and eager faces scanning the little column. What lovely faces they were; not all beautiful in feature, but each one shining with that true beauty—the beauty of the soul—and radiant with the love she bears for sister woman.

The thought seemed written upon every countenance, that this work shall be for the uplifting of woman, whereby she may stand side by side with her brother. What wondrous thought I saw taking form—beautiful sentiments, burning words of truth and justice, and soul-stirring poems. Inspiration from above touching a chord in loving hearts below, that the world may be made better. I saw them comparing the earnest thought with the space allowed, and then a veil shut down over each pent up breast, hoarding the precious material until some future time, when this little column shall expand into a whole paper of our own.

Suddenly I opened my eyes to the fact, that I had been indulging in one of my day dreams; but the dream left its impression.

I have lately become greatly interested in the cause of my sex; I wish women to be enfranchised because it is their right, and because I believe that it will be the means of pulling down many evils in our land.

Suffrage is something that I had scarcely taken a thought about all my life, until within a year or two, unless it was to think,

"In heaven's name! what do woman want of more care?" Why can't they be content at home with the babies and their duties to their lords—in fact with being angels, keeping their pretty feminine ways, which most men admire—instead of trying to ape the other half of creation, and turning the world all topsy-turvy with going against the laws of heaven and nature?"

But I have awoken to the consciousness that

we've been doing that very thing—that we are really going against those laws, to see that all women can not be good men's darlings; and that we are far from being angels under the best of circumstances. In fact, I have awoken to the misery, the sin and despair of womankind, on account of man-made laws. I hope to vote before I die—vote for laws that shall set us free, and place us where we shall have power to uplift, not only womankind, but all mankind, into the truth that God meant we should enjoy; to stand, not above, but side by side with our brothers; to help on the glad time when man and woman—the husband and wife—can be truly one; one in hope—one in power—one in love; and to see all on that progressive road to our beautiful Spiritual Heaven.

I have my "Woman's Papers" and love them and do for them what I can, but I miss an army of names from their columns. Hearts that are in communion with souls above, should give their thoughts free sway in agitating this question. What better way is there to reach our sisters than through the columns of a spiritual paper. I was aroused to the thought of the great work to be done for women, by a woman and a Spiritualist. We have strong advocates for suffrage among us, but their names are seldom seen in the suffrage papers. They are doing their work, in their own way—but their thought should have the fullest scope and be scattered broadcast to the world if possible. If no where else, let it be expressed in our own papers, where the soul is not cramped by religion or public fear.

Mrs. A. M. MUNGER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

WHY I AM AN AGNOSTIC. Being a Manual of Agnosticism. By Saladin and Joseph Taylor, London: W. Stewart & Co., pp. 110, 12 mo.

This book answers the current objections against agnosticism, and defines what it really is to its advocates. Something of its scope and status is shown by the following quotation:

"Man is an animal, and like the other animals his faculties and potentialities are radically and essentially, only those which in the race of life, secure him the conditions of individual and racial existence. Even in an area of civilization not one man in ten thousand exerts his faculties in any other direction than that of obtaining food to eat and raiment to put on; and consequently not one man in ten thousand and inhaled the rarefied mental and moral atmosphere in which alone agnosticism can live."

The sublime egotism of this passage pervades the book, and, perhaps, is characteristic of all agnostic writings and oratory. Agnosticism "is the spirit of the age," and as such everything true, noble and worthy is a part of it. In this sense Spiritualism and agnosticism are identical; but it is rather a new definition, and one which in the concluding chapter on the Absolute and the Individual, is really lost; at least it would appear to the common mind by the affirmation that everything is lost in the absolute, and the negation of the individual. He accepts Berkley's conclusions, that without mind ideas would be impossible; therefore, all things exist as ideas, and mind comes to exist, were minds capable of forming them annihilated; and further, as matter exists only as represented in our ideas, the destruction of mind would eliminate matter.

To this amusing word-jugglery, which is so appealing to an order of minds removed above the "herd," the hard facts of geology may be opposed, which declare that ages before a thinking being existed the world was passing through transformation. The race of agnostics were yet unborn, but the processes of creation went forward, the same as they will go forward after they have passed away. The blind may not know anything of color, but the fault is in their eyes and not in the rays of the sun. It would be just as logical to infer that if all men were blind there would be no light, as that there would be no matter if there were no minds capable of forming ideas of matter.

We command the reasoning of the old lady who became confused as to her identity, to the consideration of these philosophers of negation. She could not identify herself, but she thought she could trust the matter to her dog, and said:

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H. T.

EATING FOR STRENGTH. For Food and Diet in their Relation to Health and Work, together with several hundred recipes for wholesome food and drinks. By M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Professor of Hygiene in New York Medical College and Hospital for Women, etc. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

As set forth in the preface of this work, its object is to present the most recent facts of science in a way to make them valuable for actual use in daily life. There is no doubt but man may double his capacity for work and for enjoyment by improving his dietary habits. Many have already done this, and multitudes more are only waiting for the knowledge which will help them to do it. A thorough understanding of the different divisions of food, and their relations to the needs of the body is necessary, and this has been fully stated. To meet the requirements of that constantly increasing class, who have more and more desire, so far as possible, to draw their nourishment from the vegetable kingdom, carefully prepared tables have been arranged showing just how much of each particular food one needs to consume in order to provide the body with the required amount of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats. These tables are so arranged as to show what we are to eat, which is the most economical articles for the table, and which the best ones, and will be of great value to all who would choose their food wisely, and also for those who desire to reduce the cost of living to a minimum, and yet nourish themselves perfectly. The work is valuable throughout, and will be instrumental in doing great good.

MOODY MOMENTS. Poems by Edward Doyle. New York: Ketcham and Doyle.

All that is known of the author he tells of himself in the preface. He says that in 1882 he published a dramatic poem entitled "Cagliostro," which depicted modern Spiritualism, a delusion that at one time counted among its adherents hundreds of thousands of our fellow citizens." But good as were his intentions to blow the delusion to limbo, the book did not sell, and the delusion did not vanish as he expected. He had "Moody Moments," and during these moments wrote the "poems" in this little volume. The thoughts in them, if reduced to plain prose, are of the weakest commonplace, and they gain nothing by the strained and labored versification. It is a strange fact that those who have nothing to write, feel impelled to express their vanity in poetry! The rhyme in a measure conceals the poverty of these thoughts. Some "poetry" awakens ridicule by the incongruity of its egotism and rapidity, but for such poetry as is contained in "Moody Moments," they who attempt to read it, will have only pity.

THE BIBLE AND LAND. By Rev. James B. Converse. 12 mo, 251 page. Morristown, Tenn.

This book is written by a preacher, who is preacher or nothing. He sets out by declaring, "God is the owner of all the land upon the globe; he created it, and as the maker it belongs to him." He demands that all taxes be imposed on land, because this is in accordance with the Creator's plans." The Rev. Converse knows all about the plan of God, and, of course, preaches understandingly. He takes

the Bible as his guide, and wants nothing more, keeping himself in rasping agony for fear his doctrines will be "preached in the pulpit." He need have no fear. The heavens will not fall because he has written a book. He will never hear from it, except from preachers of his small comprehension. The solution of the problem of the conflict between capital and labor demands something more than gathering a mass of dust from the mouldering past.

January Magazines not Before Mentioned.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. Chapters of The House of the Wolf, and Glimpses of Old English Homes will be read with interest. Archibald Forbes contributes The Old Sergeant and Oscar Wilde a paper on London Models.

THE HOME-MAKER. (New York.) A varied table of contents is prepared for January. Many useful notes and hints together with stories and essays will please the readers.

THE LAW TIMES. (Chicago.) This quarterly has met with much favor and for the reason that its contents is well and carefully selected. A biographical sketch of Joseph Story opens this number, and much good reading follows.

WHITE AWAKE. (Boston.) The stories and poems for January are most appropriate and the contributions have opened the year in the happiest and pleasantest way possible. The illustrations are just suited to the parts to which they are assigned, and the young will find much to amuse and instruct.

OUR READERS CAN'T BUT HAVE NOTICED THE AD. OF Tar-Old in another column. It embraces the valuable healing qualities of tar, with other ingredients, and has a high reputation for curing piles and skin ailments of every sort. Price, 50 cents.

PSYCHIC. (Chicago.) A treatise on one of the objective forms of psychic or spiritual phenomena. The author's object has been to present a record of facts bearing on or from only of psychical phenomena. Price, paper cover, 50 cents.

HOME-CIRCLE. How to investigate Spiritualism, with suggestions and rules; together with information for investigators, Spiritualists and skeptics. 10 cents a copy. A good pamphlet to use for missionary purposes.

OUR ESSAYS CONCERNING SPIRITUALISM. By Heinrich Tied

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Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guarantee of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot be preserved, neither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the JOURNAL, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

FOR FIFTY CENTS this paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada TWELVE WEEKS ON TRIAL.

CHICAGO, ILL, Saturday, January 26, 1889.

A Candid and Confidential Talk.

When the individual who edits the JOURNAL sits in his sanctum and reviews the splendid work which the paper has wrought, and sees how steadily common sense has

power and increased its breadth of within the past dozen years; when he realizes the clarification of thought produced by the collision of minds and the polish which mental friction has wrought; when he calls to mind that the JOURNAL, with its strong array of contributors, and fearless, incisive, and fair methods has been the medium for much of this work, he feels encouraged. As he calls to mind leading men of national reputation who look to the JOURNAL as their assistant and guide in psychics, their instructor in Spiritualism,—the philosophy of life,—and an always trustworthy and critical authority in matters of fact within its domain, when the aforesaid editor thus roams the field of retrospect, an honest glow of satisfaction warms his heart. When poor, hardworking men and women write him of the pleasure and profit the JOURNAL is to them, how it has made their hard lot more bearable and helped them to grow spiritually and intellectually; when stricken souls tell how they have been saved from desperation and suicide by its teachings; when judges, ministers and legislators voluntarily and in all too generous words declare that the paper has broadened their views, quickened their understanding and made them more competent for their work, then the man who sits in the chair of the editor-in-chief is filled with a justifiable pride in his paper and grows animated all by himself. When conscientious mediums pour out their thanks for the JOURNAL's effective work in differentiating them from the mountebanks and tricksters and in educating the public to closer discrimination; when lecturers who feel the true dignity and responsibility of their calling, and industriously labor to increase their intellectual equipment and faithfully strive to conduct their lives in accord with the high mission they have essayed, when such persons turn to the JOURNAL and gratefully acknowledge the support and stimulus it has been to them, then the editor thinks he is helping others to help themselves and to benefit the world. When the occupant of the sanctum calls in his stenographer and begins on the huge pile of letters, that never quite disappears from his desk, and dictates words of comfort and cheer to some, advice or information to others, caution and reproof or even severe yet kindly meant criticism to still others, and sends out these replies to all parts of the world he realizes that his work is responsible and delicate, and earnestly aspires to do it well. When travellers from all parts of this mighty nation, from Europe, and from the very antipodes call at the office and speak of the potent influence the JOURNAL is exercising in their localities, then does the vastness and comprehensive scope of the paper's work more fully stand out before its manager. In his sanctum the editor is thus and by these various experiences kept keyed up to his work so long as his overtaxed physical energies do not too loudly protest.

Thus might this man's professional life be one of reasonably fair enjoyment, sweetened and strengthened as it is by the moral support of those hereinbefore mentioned and the knowledge that his endeavors were doing some good. He cannot, however, always live in this atmosphere of the sanctum, for he is his own publisher as well; and after his brain has been worked to its limit of endurance in another has just invested an hundred thou-

sphere removed from the secular side of life he must brace up, pull himself together, close the door of the editorial sanctum behind him and with coat off and sleeves rolled up, metaphorically speaking, wrestle with the business end of the office. He has found by long and costly experience that a far-reaching influence coloring the lives of tens of thousands and the respect and approval of the upright, rational portion of community, whether Spiritualists or non-Spiritualists, are not of themselves and necessarily, revenue recruiters or business builders. To admire endeavors calculated to bring order out of chaos, hope out of despair, cheer out of sorrow, and science out of superstition is one thing; to give such endeavors substantial and continuous personal co-operation is quite another. The first costs the giver nothing and is too often actuated only by the sense of added security and the personal satisfaction experienced in knowing that one's cult is reaching higher ground and commanding more and more the respectful attention of those whose notice brings respectability and wider credence, and consequently strengthening one's own position so that it requires less defensive effort and grows more satisfactory and in accord with the desire for the good opinion of the world. This too numerous individual has never analyzed the secret springs of his admiration and approval and will be shocked at such a diagnosis, but let him be honest with himself and see if he does not have to own the correctness of the portrayal. To personally, with time, talent and money, aid the work is, as before asserted, quite another thing; it is seldom done by those not imbued with lofty motives, an impersonal love of humanity, a keen sense of duty, and a cultivated conscience which clearly points out the obligation of the individual to the community, the debt a Spiritualist owes to Spiritualism, and inspires loyal support of those measures and methods without which neither God, angel nor arisen spirit can ameliorate and elevate man's condition.

Methodists talk of and pray for an outpouring of the spirit of the Holy Ghost, and they get it, too, though it be not just what they call it. They speak of the marvellous power of the Holy Spirit and the witnesses of its potency; they feel it and are able to demonstrate its effect upon the lives of thousands and tens of thousands of converts. Under its inspiration the wicked often become good and the good grow better, vying with one another in their efforts to best "serve the Lord." They build churches, colleges and seminaries, they send their tried and approved missionaries into every nook and corner of the great cities, out upon the plains and into the mining and lumber camps. Wherever men congregate there may be found the zealous, kind-hearted, Methodist itinerant or the representative of some other evangelical sect ministering to the sick in body or soul. He is generally narrow, usually sadly bigoted in his theological views, and often an object of contemptuous pity to the more highly bred "Liberal," but he is numerous, patriotic, full of energy and kindness, thrift and worldly sense. The millions of money, the splendid edifices, the perfect working organization, the benevolent charities, the powerful array of journals and periodicals well sustained and ably conducted, and the millions of money annually collected give evidence that the spirit of his Lord abides with him, and his people and penetrates to their innermost being through one avenue or another.

An influx from the spheres of Love and Wisdom is exactly what Spiritualists as a body are spiritually sickly and puny for the want of. This downpour of grace is needed to fertilize the seeds of psychical knowledge now lying dry and barren in the sterile soil of selfish intellect. They need to be swept as by fire with the radiant heat of true spirituality which will burn out the inertia, indifference, selfishness, self-satisfaction, and the effeminate pseudo-philosophy taught by weaklings, of both sexes and gulped down because it serves as a fence for stolen pleasures and a bridge over hell. They need this influx to warm the deepest depths of being, to stimulate those robust virtues and stalwart purposes for altruistic endeavor which not only increase the spiritual stature of him who strives but give him increased potencies for good and add strength to every educational and truly beneficent scheme.

Flushed with the magnetic inspiration that comes rolling in psychic waves from those spheres, mortal and immortal, which are in sympathetic rapport with the editorial sanctum, the "two-in-one," the editor-publisher, takes up the business side of his task and soon discovers himself in a radically different environment, in an atmosphere heavy with worldly selfishness and productive of mirages and disappointments. He appeals through his paper to those whom he thinks he knows, whose tears of joy, stirring emotion, and deep protestations of the great boon the JOURNAL is to them are still fresh to his eye or ear. He asks them not for charity, not for personal assistance, but only to be consistent and do their duty. Behold the change! though in form, feature and stature as before, in all else are they different. When these well-to-do and sometimes very wealthy people are besought to aid in carrying to others that which has brought joy to their souls and certainty as to the future life, they put aside the appeal, some without even an attempt at excuse; others offer reasons for delay; one is just sinking his seventy-fifth oil well, the proceeds of which are to go to the "cause," but which are always diverted to another well or lost in speculation in the oil exchange;

and in speculative lands; another is laying into a railroad which he hopes to control; another who counts his money by the million is too busy to consider the matter in business hours and too exhausted to do it at other times; another will hold on a large scale provided his particular and wholly impracticable hobby is made the leading feature of the JOURNAL; and so on *ad infinitum*.

About the time the last of these evidences that the people the editor knows are not known to the publisher, the compound, high pressure, human engine which drives the machinery in both the editorial and counting rooms begins to slow up, the water gets low in the boiler, the fire slackens, and Mr. Two-in-One looks at his watch, finds it is after five o'clock, and transmogrifies himself into a tired and hungry man whose only ambition is to get home to his dinner. An evening in his library with an always cheery and buoyant helpmeet to paint the brighter side, a night's good sleep—if he gets it—and he is ready to go through a similar experience the next day.

Now this combination editor publisher is not complaining, but simply giving history for the benefit of those who should know it and in the hope that it will picture more vividly to those interested the real life and efforts and needs of him whom they often praise too profusely and always co-operate with too sparingly. He hopes the many naturally public spirited Spiritualists who are usually too busy with their personal affairs or immediate local interests to earnestly canvas the proposal of the publishing house, will very seriously and very candidly argue the matter with themselves. He hopes they will resolutely stop and consider whether it be not better for them to turn into the publishing house enterprise some of the wealth now burdening them to personally supervise; whether it were not well to do something in their lifetime here to help on that cause which makes the contemplation of the future life a joy; whether they are really honest and just as between themselves and the cause of Spiritualism—Spiritualism in its broadest and highest definition; that Spiritualism which they, in common with the JOURNAL, desire shall prevail. He asks for co-operation only on strictly business basis. He solicits large and small subscriptions to the stock of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL Publishing House which is licensed to incorporate with a capital of \$50,000, of which sum only about \$16,350 is now pledged, with conditional promises of a few thousand more in the not distant future. He refers the reader to the prospectus of the said publishing house, to be found in another column, which is no doubt already familiar to the eye if not yet introduced to the heart and sense of duty of those able and obligated to aid the cause, and who are here offered an opportunity in an enterprise the most promising, and indicative of the best work, of any now in the field of psychics and rational religion.

What is your response?

Animal Magnetism.

The JOURNAL is always anxious to present to its readers fresh and vigorous thoughts, however paradoxical they may sound in their verbal expression. The new must always expect to meet with the opposition of those who do not fully understand its import. Those who are crystallized into a fixed belief, however liberal they may deem it to be, are, from the very fact of their fixity of form, unable to judge with absolute impartiality the merits of views which are not in complete accord with the formulae of their own profession or to appreciate the significance of fresh departures from established lines of thought.

Those who are content to receive nominal explanations of the psychic phenomena of the universe in terms of "the spirits," "magnetic auras," "fluidic essences," etc., without definite significance attached to these terms, must not be permitted to suppose that their dogmatism can stay the progress of scientific Spiritualism by confining that term to the beliefs and opinions of a sect. Spiritualism is a revelation of the order of nature on the supersensuous plane, and therefore, of universal significance, or it is nothing. Any other view must sooner or later degrade Spiritualism into psychic jiggery.

It is, therefore, with satisfaction that we afford Dr. Purdon space to present to our readers what he believes to be legitimate application of general scientific principles to Spiritualism regarded in its widest sense as a theory of human enlargement, a term which he uses, after the analogy of mathematical science, to express that orderly expansion of form and function where the material and psychical organisms undergo changes dependent upon one another. We invite criticism of Dr. Purdon's articles from the pens of competent persons; for certainly whether that gentleman be right or wrong in the working out of details his central thought of the inclusion of the phenomena of modern Spiritualism within the range of generalized psychical principles deserves earnest attention. His paper on the first page this week is not easy reading nor very short, but it will repay careful study and the time spent on it. It is certainly suggestive, and provocative of thought.

New York City seems to have more than its fair share of spiritualistic scandals. Following upon the heels of the exposure of Mrs. E. A. Wells as a materializing medium came the Diss De Bar episode with all its sensational airing in court, and last week the N. Y. Sun gave publicity to performances of Mr. George D. Carroll with Mrs. Fannie T.

Stryker, a medium. The JOURNAL refrains from comment on this last case until better informed as to the facts. It would seem, however, at the best, that it must be confessed there is a great mass of superstition and downright rot in New York Spiritualist circles that is a disgrace to the cause, and especially so to the Spiritualists of that city.

A Dying Woman's Message.

Away down in the "Lone Star" State lies an aged woman ready, and at times almost impatient, to solve the mystery of death. Mystery to most but not to her. Born in Massachusetts, with unusual abilities and high culture, this woman of masculine mind who in her prime was wont to sweep the heavens with her telescope and discourse eloquently and learnedly upon the grandeur of the universe, who could talk like a native in nearly every modern language of art, history, science and religion, this woman now a physical wreck hardly able to feebly scrawl with pencil on paper sends the JOURNAL the following expression of

FAITH, HOPE AND PRAYER:

Beyond imagination's farthest ken,
The Father's home lies for the sons' of men.
In those fair mansions built by love divine
No soul shall sorrow know, nor sad repine.
At thro' ethereal space my footsteps glide
Be ministering angels at my side.
The glorious universe we pass by,
Grant understanding vision to desirer.
Home! home! at last from sin and sorrow be
My soul made whole, my suffering spirit free.
The earth with all its griefs from mortal sight
Shall vanish when, as clouds before the light,
O Son of Righteousness, my Life insure.
O touch my soul with Thy celestial fire,
And in that other life each passing hour
To love and serve Thee more, increase my power!

A. Y. W.

In an accompanying note the writer says she had intended to send the lines for the holiday JOURNAL but was physically incapable of transcribing them. The letters of this friend, breathing such robust faith and courage as they always do, have often been healthful stimulus to us when worn and overwhelmed by the labors and difficulties incident to our work. Ill and dying she has been of far more help than many a Spiritualist in the full flush of health and worldly power. May heaven's choicest blessings be showered upon her, and may she in the joy of glorious union with her beloved forget those years of waiting whose only impress should be an add brightness to her spirit.

No Ambition That Way.

Dr. John E. Purdon closes a business letter to the editor as follows:

"Your JOURNAL is as fine a monument as any man might wish to have his name remembered by. God grant that you may be long spared to your bold, good work."

To do our part in laying the foundations and first courses of an enterprise which shall continue a living, growing monument, marking year by year the world's steady advance in spiritual knowledge and goodness and in psychical science is our constant and main desire. If only this is accomplished, if rigid care is exercised in selecting the material and fashioning the work to the end that nothing can make its foundations to tremble, nor the superstructure to topple, and the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL and PUBLISHING HOUSE become as a beacon light to those wandering in spiritual darkness; if this is only accomplished, it matters little to us how soon the personality of those who bore the heat and burden of the work is forgotten. Indeed, the paper and publishing house will never be the successes our desires demand, nor accomplish the work they ought, until their names overshadow and obscure those of the individuals who promote them. The "monument" is and will continue the product of the ever present, a "Sign of the Times," a criterion by which to judge the spirit of the age, a structure in which all good people are represented. Because we thus feel, and because we desire to place the enterprise where it may be independent and free from the exigencies of a single individual's life, are we so strenuously endeavoring to put it into the undying form of a legalized corporate body. No! no monument for us, but a watchtower and lighthouse for this and coming generations; the work of all and the joint property of thousands and tens of thousands of noble souls bent on the world's enlightenment and redemption.

The St. Augustine (Fla.) Press states that the First Spiritualistic Society of that place at a late meeting held in their now hall on Spanish street, made the announcement that it had secured the services of Mr. A. E. Tisdale, the well known trance speaker, to officiate during the winter on Sundays, day and evening. Mr. Tisdale was developed as a medium some six or seven years since, and during all this time, and previous from young boyhood, has been totally blind. During his entire lifetime, he has never had a day's schooling, or any opportunity to receive educational instruction from any source; yet, when in his trance condition, he evinces a high degree of intelligence. The aim or object of the St. Augustine Society, is not to proselyte for believers to Spiritualism, but more particularly to advance and instruct in its philosophy.

A ghost is causing a general exodus of negroes from Lawrence County, Georgia. The weird specter is believed to be the unaided spirit of a colored man who was lynched in the county last July for the murder of his wife. It visits the scene of the lynching every night, and a Georgia paper says that if the present exodus continues Lawrence County will soon be without a colored citizen.

Charles King, of Middleton, Mass., is 108 years of age.

Publisher's Column.

The publisher desires to put a new dress on the JOURNAL and to change its form to one better adapted to the convenience and taste of his readers. He realizes that this should be done within the next few months, and he asks his subscribers to promptly do their part in helping him to give them a handsomer and better paper than ever. It will take \$1,500, at least, to cover the expense of such an outfit as is required, and if those indebted to the paper will at once pay up and renew, there will be money enough for this and to make other needed improvements. The publisher also wants to see his list of new readers greatly augmented, and he looks to those who have already tested and approved of the paper to present its claims assiduously and convincingly to their friends.

PROPOSAL TO OLD SUBSCRIBERSTo any subscriber whose subscription is now paid in advance and who will before the first day of March send in one new name as a yearly subscriber, with the regular subscription price, \$2.50, we will send as a holiday gift a copy of that curious and interesting book, *The Spirit-World: its Inhabitants, Nature, and Philosophy*, by Dr. Eugene Crowell, a cloth-bound book of about 200 pages, originally published at \$1.25. This book has been the subject of wide and varied comment.

To every subscriber in arrears who will pay up, renew for one year and send in one new yearly subscriber, the above offer is open.

HINTS.

It is not in the interests of the JOURNAL to lend consecutive numbers of the paper to a person able to subscribe for it.

Instead of reading the JOURNAL and then mailing it to a friend, as is the practice in many cases, induce your friend to subscribe when able, or subscribe for him or her yourself if it seems better.

City Attorney Dailey of New Haven last week caused the arrest of three mediums in that city. The complaints charge that the defendants "did then and there unlawfully engage in the business of fortune telling." Dailey, who is a prominent church member, it is said, holds that these people come under the same provision in the state as "all idle persons without visible means of support, fortune tellers," etc. The minimum penalty is 60 days imprisonment, the maximum 120 days in the workhouse. The names of the arrested parties are Isabella Harding, Mary J. Wright and Mrs. J. J. Clark. An associated press dispatch from New Haven on the 19th says the accused parties failed to appear for trial and forfeited their bail. Mr. Geo. F. Illidge, writing of this move of the city attorney says: "Mrs. Clark, I have every reason to believe, is an honest and sincere medium, and a passably good one."

Of course there will be a wild cry of persecution, and with intemperate zeal those who think fortune-telling is legitimate Spiritualism will rush into print with ridiculous assumptions and much talk. There may be, and probably is, malice and religious bigotry behind the prosecution; but so long as Spiritualists themselves do not regulate this matter; so long as they make no attempt to differentiate honest mediums from pretenders and fortune-tellers; so long as alleged newspapers ostensibly devoted to the interests of Spiritualism lump together the good and bad, and advertise for and defend notoriously wicked and immoral vendors of bogus Spiritualism, it cannot be expected that the general public or officers of the law will be able, or even willing, to discriminate, or to acknowledge the rights of honest and upright mediums. Steadily is the time coming, long since foretold by the JOURNAL, when if Spiritualists do not compel order, honesty and respectability in the medial profession, old laws will be revived or new ones enacted to stamp out the entire mass, good and bad. If Spiritualists generally will evince a desire to relieve the public of the intolerable nuisance now screened behind the name of medium, and will come forward and aid in enacting laws for the punishment of the guilty and the protection of the innocent who are engaged in the medial vocation, they will but serve the cause of justice and Spiritualism. If they do not do this they must expect the reward that inevitably comes to every sect, cult, or party that fails to do its duty. These comments are not intended in any way as an expression of judgment as to the merits of the New Haven case.

A subscriber writes as follows from Washington, D. C. "Last Sunday evening I attended the Spiritualist meeting. Mrs. Gladwin lectured, and also gave some tests consisting of reading pictures she saw in the aura of the different persons. There was a very large attendance consisting of very refined and cultivated looking people generally, showing how slowly but surely Spiritualism is gaining ground. The meetings are now held in the Grand Army Hall, a new and very handsome building, quite an improvement on the hall in which these meetings were formerly conducted. Theosophy, too, is gaining ground, but very slowly as is natural."

J. J. Morse writes that he is now addressing crowded houses in the hall of the First Society of Philadelphia, Pa., where he is filling a two months' engagement, during January and February. Since his return east he has lectured with excellent results in Patterson, N. J., and Brooklyn, N. Y., and completed engagements up to the time of his return to England, in September next.

Wm. M. Martin of Elmira, N. Y., writes: "We do most cordially endorse Sister Carrie E. S. Twing, as a lecturer and test medium. This we do without solicitation from her."

Another Thousand Dollars Added.

A Good Example to Follow.

The following letter speaks for itself. There are many more who having "taken an observation" since the new year began probably find themselves in a situation to imitate the example of Mr. Woods. Let us hear from them.

San Francisco, Jan. 14th, 1889.

COL. J. C. BUNDY.—*Dear Friend:* I have been dilatory in responding to your appeal for stock subscriptions to the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House, but my many obligations compelled me to wait until the close of the year and, as navigators say, "take an observation." Better late than never, however, is a good motto, so put me down for One THOUSAND DOLLARS, or, in other words, TWENTY SHARES of the stock on terms proposed. I am heartily with you in the policy of the JOURNAL and pray for its continued and increased success. It is the only Spiritualist paper I know of that is abreast of the times, or that we can read with satisfaction.

It is only on the JOURNAL's basis that the "Religion of the Future," of which we hear so much in all quarters, can be evolved. A development of psychical science with all that it implies, must precede the establishment of that universal rational religion so much needed. And in the work of stimulating scientific research, and in doing away with error, delusion and deception, the JOURNAL is the most stalwart and effective paper in America. I am glad to see that while you in no way trifle with old theology, but strike it severe blows, yet that you so conduct the paper as to command and receive the respect and good will of the world at large. This is as it should be, but it is a delicate and difficult task, requiring skill, courage, great equanimity and tenacity of purpose, as well as thorough appreciation of, and reverence for, the truth wherever found. There should now be no delay among those in accord with your aims and purposes in completing the stock subscription for the proposed Publishing House. The excitement of the late political contest has subsided, the affairs of the old year are balanced up, and there must be hundreds of your readers able and willing to subscribe for from one to fifty or even an hundred shares of the stock; and it seems to me that it should be a pleasure, as it certainly is a duty, for them to do so at once.

You are aware, of course, of the suspension of Mrs. E. L. Watson's ministrations at the Temple owing to her physical prostration. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Watson's terrible bereavement the past summer in the loss of her darling boy so prostrated her that it was imprudent for her to resume her public work when she did, and it soon became apparent that it was risking her life to continue. She needs a long, and quiet rest for recuperation, and I understand is now to take it; meantime the G. G. Religious and Philosophical Society will probably disincorporate and pass out of existence. It had in its construction many serious defects which could not be remedied. It is in the air that new society is to be formed on an entirely new basis, one that will be fully alive to the progressive thought of the times. It will be ready by the time Mrs. Watson has had a season of rest, and is prepared to renew her public work.

F. H. Woods.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Dr. Dean Clark is lecturing in Denver, Colo., where he can be addressed for engagements.

Lyman C. Howe is engaged for the Sundays of February in Buffalo, N. Y. He is open for engagements in March. Address General Delivery, New York City, until the 26th; after that Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton will write an article on Woman Suffrage for Appleton's Annual Encyclopedia. This will be the first time that such an article has found its way into any of the Encyclopedias.

Owing to the mass of manuscript received in response to the offer of prizes for essays, answering questions proposed by the JOURNAL, it will be some time yet before the committee can make its award.

A benefit entertainment will be given the Young People's Progressive Association, on Saturday evening of this week, at Martin's South Side Academy, Indiana Avenue and Twenty-second St. All are invited. Admission 25 cents.

The Literary Musical Circle of the Y. P. P. will hold its monthly reception at Sons of America Hall, 146 Twenty-second street, next Monday evening. The JOURNAL's readers are requested to be present. No admission will be charged.

Gen. E. F. Bullard, of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., writes: "Our society here is progressing fairly. Geo. H. Brooks spoke during December. He is a great worker, and a great majority were much pleased with his lectures. We keep up our regular Sunday meetings, and make them pleasant—even if we have no transient speakers. The trouble with such is that railroad fares generally absorb most of their earnings."

Charles B. Stephens of Bridgeport, Conn., wrote to the editor of the New York World: "I am a constant reader of *The World*. The article in yesterday's issue, 'Is Disease Due to Eating?' attracted my attention. Dr. J. H. Salisbury is not the 'inventor' of 'Hot Water as a Beverage or a Medicine.' Years ago Mrs. Flavia A. Thrall, of Poquannock, Conn., a clairvoyant, prescribed this remedy for me, and I have used it, as have hundreds of others, ever since, with gratifying results. She advised the addition of a little salt, which rendered it more palatable and also more healthful. Dr. Salisbury only confirms what a farmer's wife in an unconscious sleep gave to her patients—a very valuable prescription." Mrs. Thrall is an old subscriber to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, and is well known as a medium and clairvoyant physician.

Mary Hallock Foote, author of the "Led Horse Claim," is the wife of a civil-engineer; has spent most of her married life in the mining camps of the West. Her reputation before the public was first made as an artist, and it is interesting to know that she is now

almost the only *Century* artist who draws directly upon the wood block. Twenty years ago the design for every wood engraving was drawn directly upon the wood by the hand of a draughtsman. To-day the artist makes his picture upon anything he pleases, and in any size, and the camera transfers to the wood block. Mrs. Foote still makes her original pictures in just the size they are to appear, and generally upon the wood, but the Art Department of the *Century* always transfers the drawing by photography to another wood block so as to preserve the original.

It is always interesting to chronicle acts of heroism in what is sometimes termed "The Fields of Poverty." The late Rev. H. G. Storer, of Maine, was in the habit of visiting families where he suspected there was destitution, and if he could not understand the state of the larder by making inquiries, he would walk into the kitchen or pantry and inspect the flour barrel himself. Whatever portion of his salary remained after his private expenses were met he distributed among the worthy poor of his charge. And when he had nothing left of his own to give he would sometimes go to the grocery kept by the wealthiest Deacon and order perhaps a barrel of flour sent to a certain family, and when it had been delivered he would say in his inimitable and unanswerable manner: "Deacon, you just charge that flour to the Lord."

The residence of Dr. U. R. Milner, number 86 Marengo street, New Orleans, La., is for sale. Dr. Milner lately passed to Spirit-life, after a successful medical practice. He was well known as a prominent Spiritualist and physician and the residence he occupied so long is now offered for sale. This is a rare chance for any one who wants to buy a southern home. The house is well furnished, with all the comforts and conveniences, with stable and carriage house, etc. The location is a desirable one and the street cars and markets near, so that it is convenient to all parts of the city. Any and all information can be had by addressing Mrs. U. R. Milner, 86 Marengo St., New Orleans.

"Robert Elsmere" has been refused admittance to the public library in Cromwell, Conn., by the managers. Truly Connecticut is growing—backward.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My only boy was two years old, Dec. 27th, 1888. His birthday recalls some strange "coincidences," which allow me to offer your readers. I shall but make a concise statement of solid facts, ample proofs for which I can render "black on white," as well as "in the flesh" of a number of friends and relatives, all of whom I pre-warned of the "coming events" herein related.

In the early spring of '86, my daughter Alma, our only child then, aged thirteen, one night awoke her mother (who shared her bed room) and imparted the improbable, and certainly most unexpected news, that: "I am to have a little brother." As no babe had blessed us with its arrival for many years, my wife paid but little attention to this announcement, and had almost forgotten it, when, one night, some four weeks later, she awoke, and plainly saw what appeared to her "a light-haired, dark-eyed babe" on the opposite bed. Though this coincided so strangely with the former dream of her daughter, my wife was even then so little impressed, that she did not relate this to me at that time, and only touched upon it lightly to her daughter. We are not prone to make much of such matters. We certainly do not see things that are not; nor do we waste time in "explaining" visions, etc. The fact was, my wife would have sooner believed that her husband was to be made president of the United States, than that a child would be sent her from heaven. The chances to her were even. I was "free-born," and "might become president;" so was there an equal chance in the other matter, etc. Fearfully my sarcastic tongue, my wife preferred silence to relating her dreams and visions to me. Then, too, we were nearing the fortieth year, and—well, several weeks later (I think in July), I was weakly plodding through my always large mail, and about to finish a letter, when I felt my right hand seized, as it were, becoming uncurl, and start out "on its own hook." A message was thus given, written across my letter, and spoiling the same. It read: "Dec. 27th, 1886, between 4 and 5 o'clock, a boy will be born unto you."

I have always placed but little faith in either "direct" or "indirect" spirit-writing, and received this "message" decidedly *cum grano salis*. But, as my hand would insist repeating these words, I was finally induced to awaken my wife, leaving my library and crossing over into her bed-chamber, where also my daughter slept. I delivered my message, myself in a doubting mood, but at once observed certain glances of recognition interchanged 'twixt mother and child, that asked for an explanation. It was then that I heard for the first time of my daughter's dream, and my wife's subsequent vision. The reader will please notice that I was entirely ignorant of their dream and vision, when first the "message" was written through my own hand. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, and even wishes, than the birth of a boy. Indeed, I had for years given the matter no thought, one way or the other, and do not remember of even having had the desire or wish for an addition to my family.

Here we could notice any single one of the signs that announce such an event, ere we had any physical hint of that "impending crisis," we related the above to all ready to listen, as "a good joke on Spiritualism." We mockingly spoke of our "fair-haired, dark-eyed boy," etc.

Soon, however, certain signs taught us "a lesson," and by September 1886, my wife and I had become sufficiently convinced of the great joy to become ours, that we unhesitatingly spoke of "our boy," though according to appearances we could not expect that "boy" for a number of months to come, and certainly could not tell his sex. My brother, Dr. G. A. Hoffman, of Chicago, then visiting us, had many a laugh at us for speaking of "our boy" so composedly, months before his birth,—and offered to bet it would be a girl. I showed him the written message months before the birth of our boy, and as he was present when the little fellow came, he can substantiate that the babe was born at the very day and hour predicted. Dr. G.

A. Hoffman's address is 412 Clybourn avenue, Chicago.

To cut matters short, let me merely add, that Dec. 27th, 1886, between 4 and 5 o'clock, (20 minutes of five) my boy was born, as foretold over half a year, and having the light-yellow curly hair and dark eyes my wife saw on the babe of her vision, seven months before her childbed. That same little fellow, now two years old, sits next to me, and has become truly a gift of heaven, our one great joy and happiness! I may here remark that I have light-blue eyes, while my wife has dark-brown.

I regret that I did not deem this matter at first of sufficient importance to take down the exact dates, etc.; but I know that my daughter's dream must have occurred in the early part of May, and that my wife's vision occurred in the first part of June, '86. This was their time stated, when they first related me their respective experiences on that night when I first received the message early in July, 1886. But these dates, though desirable, are not material. The main part is that the message became verified some half year later, and that the child was born at the very hour named, and the very day, besides turning out a boy, with light hair, and dark eyes (something unusual). It seems that my spirit friends were disgusted with my "doubting-Thomas" qualities, for they impressed their messages for weeks repeatedly on my mind, and on my letters, too, by writing it across a number of nearly finished letters, thus spoiling my work. The "message" was repeated dozens of times, and soon became so old a story that I did not pay any attention to it.

My daughter is now fifteen years old. She was then thirteen. Our oldest daughter, who died five weeks after birth, was born in 1872. We were married in 1871. Our living daughter, Alma, was born in 1873, fifteen years ago. We had been without the blessing of "a baby in the house" for thirteen years when "our boy" arrived. God bless him!

These are the plain facts, easily proven by other witnesses; most of whom, by the way, are scoffers at Spiritualism, and all of whom are sorely puzzled by these "coincidences."

Jefferson, Wis. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN.

General News.

The Bellows Falls Brewing Company, of Boston has failed, with \$4,000 liabilities.

Christian Kuehner, a butcher of Danville, Ill., has become insane over business troubles.

John W. Reedy, Lancaster, Pa., convicted of killing his father last December, has been denied a new trial.—Mrs. Alice Fogarty, of Proctorville, Ohio, was fatally shot by some unknown person, who fired at her through a window.—James A. Draper, Jr., of St. Louis, has been missing for two weeks, and his parents at Providence fear he has met with foul play.—The body of an unknown young man, who had been frozen to death, was found in a mountain pass near Pueblo, Colo.—Robert Hossfeld, of Jefferson, M. T., was shot and killed by J. P. Freeman in a dispute over the pasturage of some horses.—The death warrant for the execution of Peter Barboski, of Luzerne County, Pa., on March 26th, has been signed by Governor Beaver.—Claude J. Adams has purchased a 250 acre farm at Lake Forest, Ill., which he will make use of for stock raising, for grapes and other fruits.

Calvin A. Wilson, a Pittsburg commission merchant, was fined \$200 and sentenced to twenty days in jail for selling oleomargarine.—W. Everett Bee was drowned while skating at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Edward J. Anderson, a lawyer in New York City, committed suicide on account of poverty.—The Ohio legislature killed the bill giving women the right to vote at all municipal elections.—The Rev. Dr. J. M. Kendrick has been ordained Episcopal bishop of New Mexico and Arizona.

A List of Suitable Books for Investigators.

NOW IS THE TIME TO ORDER. This list embraces the best works by the most popular authors. If science is sought for, what better than the instructive works of William Denton? *The Soul of Things*, Our Planet and Radical Discourses.

In poems, Lizzie Doten's admirable volumes, Poems of Progress and Poems of Inner Life; Poems of Life Beyond, compiled by G. B. Stabbins; Barlow's Voices, and Immortality, lately published, are excellent.

The Missing Link, a full account of the Fox Girl's Mediumship, written by Leah Fox Underhill. This is especially timely and suggestive at present, when the world at large is startled by the unreliable statements of Maggie and Kate Fox.

The Records of a Ministering Angel, by Mary Clark.

Wolfe's Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism needs no commendation.

A new edition of Psychometry, by Dr. J. Rodes Buchanan, also Moral Education, by the same author.

Mrs. M. M. King's inspirational works, Principles of Nature, and Real Life in the Spirit-world.

The Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., and Physiological Man, by Hudson Tuttle, also Stories for our Children, by Hudson and Emma Tuttle.

Dr. R. B. Westbrook The Bible—Whence and What? and Man—Whence and Whither?

The complete works of A. J. Davis.

Dr. Babbitt The Principles of Light and Color, and Religion.

Epes Sargent The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, which should be in the library of all investigators and thinkers, also Proof Palpable.

Beyond the Gates by Miss Phelps is a combination of the literary and spiritual. This popular author has for her latest work Between the Gates, a continuation of her delicate style.

Outside the Gates and other tales and sketches by a band of spirit intelligences, through the mediumship of Mary Theresa Shelhamer. This work is destined to sell well as it meets the demand of a large class of inquiring minds.

The Way, The Truth and the Life, a hand book of Christian Theosophy; Healing, and Psychic culture, a new education, based upon the ideal and method of the Christ, by J. H. Dewey, M. D.

The Perfect Way, or the finding of Christ, by Anna B. Kingsford, M. D., and Edward Maitland.

Preliminary Report of the Commission appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to investigate Spiritualism in accordance with the request of the late Henry Seybert, a work that has attracted much attention.

A Reply to the Seybert Commission, being an account of what Hon. A. B. Richmond saw at Cassadaga Lake.

D. D. Home: His Life and Mission, by Mme. Douglas Home. Spiritualism as demonstrated by D. D. Home gives a serenity of mind that death cannot destroy, its work is one of the most valuable additions to spiritual literature that has been seen for some years.

Unanswerable Logic, a series of Spiritual

Discourses, given through the mediumship of Thomas Gale Forster.

The Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation, being the life and works of Dr. Justinus Kerner, and William Howitt.

The Mystery of the Ages continued in the Secret Doctrine of all Religions, by Countess Caithness, also A Visit to Holyrood, being an account of the Countess' visit to this famous castle.

Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, has furnished the subject for discourses by all the eminent ministers and has created a lasting impression upon the public mind.

Solar Biology: A scientific Method of Determining Character; Diagnosing disease; Determining mental, physical and business qualifications, from date of birth. By Hiram E. Butler.

Spirit Works in the Home Circle is an Autobiographic Narrative of psychic phenomena in family daily life, extending over a period of twenty years, by Morell Theobald, F. C. A.

Rev. E. P. Powell has issued a valuable work entitled Our Heredity from God.

Space forbids further mention, but any

and all books in the market can be ordered through this office.

Partial price list of books for sale, paid: Poems of Progress, plain, \$1.60; gilt, \$2.10; Poems Inner Life, plain, \$1.60; gilt, \$2.10; Poems of the Life Beyond, plain, \$1.60; The Voices, plain, \$1.10; Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism, \$2.25; Psychometry \$2.16; Moral Education, \$1.60; The Principles of Nature, 3 vols., \$1.50 per vol.; Real Life in the Spirit-world, 83 cents; The Bible—Whence and What? \$1.00; The Complete works of A. J. Davis, \$30.00; The Principles of Light and Color, \$4.00; Religion, Babbitt, \$1.60; The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism, \$1.60; Proof Palpable, cloth, \$1.00; Arcana of Nature, 2 vols., each, \$1.33; A Kiss for a Blow, a book for children, 70 cents; Vital Magnetic Cure, \$1.33; Animal Magnetism, Deleuze, \$2.15; Diegesis, \$2.16; Future Life, \$1.60; Home, a volume of Poems, \$1.60; Heirloom of Free Thought, \$1.75; Incidents in My Life, 50 cents; Leaves from My Life, 80 cents; Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation \$2.65; Mediums, by Kardec, \$1.60; Nature's Divine Revelations, \$2.15; Our Homes and Our Employment. Hereafter, \$1.60; Transcendental Physics, \$1.10; Records of a Ministering Angel, \$1.10; Mind Reading and Beyond, \$1.35; The Missing Link, \$2.00; Primitive Mind Cure, \$1.60; Divine Law of Care, \$1.60; Immortality, Barlow, 60 cents; Physical Man, \$1.60; Stories for Our Children, 25 cents; Our Planet, \$1.60; The Soul of Things, 3 vols., \$1.60 each; Radical Discourses, \$1.33; Outside the Gates, \$1.25; The Way the Truth and the Life, \$2.00; The Perfect Way, \$2.00; Preliminary Report of the Seybert Commission, \$1.00; A Reply to the Seybert Commission, \$1.25; D. D. Home, His Life and Mission, \$2.00; Unanswerable Logic, \$1.35; The Mystery of the Ages, \$2.70; A Visit to Holyrood, \$1.60; Robert Elsmere, cloth \$1.35, paper, 50 cents; Solar Biology, \$2.50; Spirit Workers in the Home Circle, \$1.60; Our Heredity from God, \$1.75; Spirits Book, Kardec, \$1.60; Book on Mediums, Kardec, \$1.60; Beyond the Gates, \$1.35; Between the Gates, \$1.35.

The Spiritualist Movement has

Voices from the People.
AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTSFor the Religio-Philosophical Journal.
THE SINLESS CHILD.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

SWEET shall I send thee forth, to other hearts to speak?
With all thy timeliness and love companionship to seek?
Send thee with all thy abstract ways, the more than earthly tone—
An exile, dearest, send thee forth, thou, who art all mine own!
Know art my spirit's cherished dream, its pure ideal birth;
And thou hast nestled in my heart, with love that's not of earth.
Mas! I have failed, methinks, thy mystic life to trace;
My holiness of thought and soul, thy wild enchanting grace.

Thou dwellest still within my heart, thy beauty all unsung;
Like bells that wake the village ear, by echo sweeter rung;
And as thy graces one by one upon my fancy steal,
There lingereth yet another, graced the soul alone can feel.
With thee I've wandered, cherished one, at twilight's dreamy hour,
To learn the language of the bird, the mystery of the flower;
And gloomy must that sorrow be, which thou couldst not dispel,
As thoughtfully we loitered on by stream or sheltered dell.

Thou fond Ideal vital made, the trusting, earnest true;
Who fostered sacred, undefiled, my heart's pure, youthful dew;
Thou woman-soul, all tender, meek, thou wilt not leave me now
To bear alone the weary thoughts that stamp an aching brow!
Yet god! I may not say farewell, for thou wilt not forsake;
Thou linger, Eva, wilt thou not, all hallowed thoughts to wake?
Then go; and speak to kindred hearts in purity and truth;
And win the spirit back again to Love, and Peace, and Youth.

Suggestive Letter from the Pacific Coast.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

I like the last number of the JOURNAL immensely. It is grand, pure, high and soul-inspiring. It is emblematic of the glorious Gospel of Humanity. The gray and variety of talent it will, complete and of a high order. Its phenomenal power has beat the stars of egomaniacs, and carry with them the force of a volcano. I also like the idea of a Publishing House in the great progressive city of Chicago. It is imperatively demanded, and I believe, Mr. Editor, you will succeed beyond your most sanguine expectations. That is one thing most needed for the advancement of the spiritual cause. It is high time wealthy Spiritualists consecrated a little of their wealth in this direction. He is poor, indeed, who enters the Spirit-world with no "bank account" save on earth, and no exchequer save mere material treasures. There ought to be at least three such publishing houses—one in Boston, one in New York, one in Chicago and one in San Francisco. The field demands it, and there need be no lack of means to insure it.

The times are auspicious for such a movement. The crumbling walls of old systems of theology are tottering to their fall. The days of orthodox domination are numbered. The harvest of "New Wine" is beyond all precedent, and the "old bottle" cannot contain it. It is infinitely better to throw away the bottles, than to lose the wine. Better to let the old errors and superstitions go, than to stand stolid amid the scientific progress of the age, and the almost universal revelations of new spiritual truth. The fatal blunder of theologians was in assuming that all revelation of truth from God, ended with the A&P apocalyptic vision of St. John. So the mistake of our churchmen is in supposing that revelation ended with the grand spiritual production of Emanuel Swedenborg.

In reality the revelation of truth will never end. While the infinite and Absolute exist; while eternity lasts, or immortality endures, there must of necessity be renewed revelations of truth to God's intelligent creatures. Systems may pass away, forms change and old beliefs forever give place to new conceptions of truth, but to suppose revelation to cease, would be to stop the ever moving wheel of evolution, and demand the whole Universe itself, into a condition of inertia and death. The infinity of time is involved in man's destiny, and the never ending process of evolution will require eternity to unfold his moral and spiritual nature to the knowledge of God. What high motive to sacrifice the definition of creation can be imagined than on the part of intelligent Spiritualists, than to labor while on this earth, for the uplifting and spiritual culture of humanity? Compared with the work comprehended by this publishing house, earthly kingdoms and fortunes dwindle into insignificance, material riches become as dross, and selfishness appears a crime. The man who lives for self alone, is dead while he liveth, and he who labors only to accumulate earthly riches, spends his time in starving his soul, and gilding his own sepulcher.

May those who have the means see not only spiritual opportunities in this enterprise, but recognizes its financial wisdom as well. It will pay in more senses than one. Stock taken in it will be a good thing as an investment, even on the earth side, while on the spirit side reaching far into eternity, who shall compute the dividends it will pay.

N. F. RAVLIN.

San Diego, Cal., Dec. 30, 1888.

Spiritualism at Elmira, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Some of the people of Elmira, N. Y., have been enjoying a feast of good things. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing commenced a series of public lectures and seances here on the 1st Sunday of December, and remained with us during the month. Her meetings increased in interest until the hall occupied by the First Spiritualist Church could no longer accommodate a larger hall for Sunday meetings. Thinking minds are investigating Spiritualism. Two or three evenings of each week have been devoted to public seances held in the hall occupied by the Spiritualists. These seances have been attended by an increasing interest. The spirit giving tests through Mrs. Twing's organism, is very odd and original in his speech; but after carefully analyzing what he says, we find that his thoughts are pure, his sentiment and principles noble, and his tests generally true.

Scores of unbelieving, doubting minds have, at these seances obtained evidence of a life immortal, by receiving a message or communication direct from some dear one who had laid aside the earthly house. So the seeds of truth are being sown, and in the seed future that glorious light which is to illuminate the world will brighten the pathway of all mankind. Mrs. Twing is doing a great work by demonstrating the fulfillment of the gospel of the New Testament. Long may she live in the earthly form to bless humanity.

We are legally incorporated as a church (the First Spiritualist Church, of Elmira, N. Y.), in accordance with the laws of New York. The constitution and the by-laws were given to me. I presented the same to our society, and they were unanimously adopted.

For many years these words have been continually ringing in my ears. "Spiritualists, come up higher!" We have established this church upon the rock which is the light of the universe. All nations, kindred and tongues will in future years bless us for having made this declaration.

We have both "seen the light" and "heard the voice," consequently we recognize the Universal Father, and the good examples, and beautiful teachings of His Son, Jesus of Nazareth. We wish that every Spiritualist society would unite with us in our endeavors to lift humanity up to a higher standard of life.

W. M. MARTIN.

Mrs. William Molsberry, a granddaughter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary war fame, died Thursday at Mason City, Ia., aged 93.

Difficulties Attendant on Spirit Inter-course.

It is sometimes asked by Spiritualists: How does it so frequently happen that our friends fail to fulfil their promises to communicate with us, after death?

There are various difficulties in the way of the fulfillment of their promises, among them the following:

1. Although in a majority of instances spirits do remember their promises, yet no certain reliance can be placed on their ability to do so.

2. It may be that they cannot obtain access to good mediums.

3. If they should be able to do this, the conditions may not be favorable to satisfactory communication.

4. If they should be able to communicate satisfactorily through certain mediums it may be that the latter are unknown to their friends, and therefore it would be useless to attempt to communicate through them.

5. Sometimes, modest, retiring spirits are prevented from communicating through mediums by other selfish, and self-asserting spirits crowding them aside and directing the proceedings to suit their own pleasure and convenience.

6. While, on the hand, the anxious state of mind of spirits frequently interferes with and even prevents satisfactory communication, on the other the anxious and positive state of mind of the siters perhaps quite as often is the great difficulty in the way.

7. As to others who seek intercourse with their departed friends, perhaps those friends have never returned to earth, and are not aware of their presence being desired here, or if aware of this may not, for certain reasons, be disposed to comply with the requests of their friends. With regard to mediums, themselves, they rarely receive communications from their spirit friends, either through their own mediumship, or that of others, and the reason assigned by spirits for this is, that the practice, if permitted, would lead to direct their attention to their own feelings and the process of impression, or control, and create an anxious and expectant state of mind which would seriously interfere with, and perhaps render impossible, that passive condition upon which their guides, to a great extent, depend for their success in producing correct manifestations.

Most Spiritualists, when they pass to the other side, are greatly disappointed to find how many and great are the difficulties in the way of free and satisfactory communication with their mortal friends. Mr. Owen, in our conversations, often referred to his own disappointments in this respect, and repeatedly said that were it not for the good he could accomplish by assisting me in my work he would bid farewell to earth, and devote himself entirely to researches and teaching in his own world.

Perhaps the most common cause of the erroneous replies and teachings of spirits is in their mistaking their opinions for knowledge. If one will look abroad among his acquaintances, intelligent though they may be, he will find the same sort of common misconception of this mistake. Snob a person is asked, is such a thing so, or so, and the ready reply is, yes or no, when perhaps he has no special knowledge of the subject, but opinion is mistaken for knowledge and this will be made manifest if the respondent be closely questioned, for it will then be found that his reply is based entirely on opinion, or even impression. It is precisely the same with many spirits as I have frequently observed. With this class of spirits there is the same desire to be regarded as wise above knowledge, as being capable of imparting information on all subjects, and the same disinclination to be thought lacking in capacity and wisdom. Although immortal, they are yet human, with at least most, if not all, of the weaknesses and failings of humanity.

Another fact, which is proper to here mention, is that when spirits of dependent and relying natures are with us, in the presence of mediums, we are quite as able to influence their opinions as they are to influence ours.

Wise and good spirits are in possession of knowledge which they are prohibited from communicating to us. Paul, and other mediums like him, have heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter, and there are spiritual things which our language is inadequate to describe, or express. The prohibited knowledge, my instructors inform me, is not of a nature to justify disagreeable apprehensions; we are simply yet, unprepared to receive it. The prohibition proceeds from spirits in authority.

The barriers between the two worlds, ordinarily, and for practical purposes are nearly as impassable to spirits as to mortals, and to many spirits it is as difficult to penetrate the material life as it is for us to penetrate the spiritual, and even the comparatively few spirits who succeed in their endeavors encounter difficulties which we constantly fail to realize. There is no direct highway of communication for all between the two worlds, and the means of intercourse are generally imperfect and variable. All investigators should understand this, and all candid minds should make allowance for it. —*The Spirit World: its Inhabitants, Nature and Philosophy*, by Eugene Crowell, M. D.

The Views of an Englishman.

No longer is Spiritualism a simple question of fact and principle. It is now a contentious mass of cliques and parties, the main object with whom is the ascendency of their set. The single-minded Spiritualist, who has as his only concern the improvement of mankind by the diffusion of Spiritual Truth in its various forms, is by these sectarians regarded with extreme aversion. Man must be enlightened through the influence of *soul* or *spirit*. And the latter alternative is the most possible; for if mankind were enlightened there would be no longer occupation for self-seeking and misguided sectarians, in Spiritualism or anywhere else.

This is a time of separation and judgment. All are being drafted off to their appropriate place and belongings. At the vernal equinox, Spiritualism reached its fortieth year, and an era was closed, never again to be performed amongst men. The age of simple "facts and phenomena" has now passed, and the elements thereby produced have begun to live out their inherent life.

Most significant is the conduct of the Fox Sisters, making the unwarranted and ridiculous statement that they did it all by trickery. They represent those who have "died in the wilderness," and never reached the Spiritual Land of Promise. They were the typical and original representatives of the "facts and phenomena" simply as such, and not associated with that interior light and spiritual principle which is the true basis of Spiritualism as a Divine movement. Mankind must have the light within themselves; it cannot be derived from "facts and phenomena"; these are, however, of the utmost significance, when discerned by the eye of spiritual enlightenment; otherwise they are mere show and pastime for the idle, a means of self-aggrandizement in the world, or the stock in trade of professional cadgers.

There are those who are born to be fooled, and not even a "miracle" could make them aught else but prey for adventurers. They have their use in the economy of heaven. The great picture of human life must have its lights, its shades, its patches of brilliant color and its sombre blacks. The one tint gives character and effect to the other. The various parties are, in each case, working out the salvation of their respective hosts. The Spiritual Pilgrim, as he journeys along, is quite as much instructed by the experience of those who miss the straight path as by those who bear him more immediate company. The faults perverted others, admonish us to correct our own. The errors and extravagancies of false prophets, incite the true teacher to greater faithfulness. The bigotry and fanaticism of sectarians will draw into closer bonds the large-souled Workers, and prove an incentive to awake from the deadly monotony which a crude uniformity would entail. All things are "very good," even at their so-called "worst." He who is wise, perceives his own duty and misses no opportunity of performing it faithfully. Therein alone doth true merit lie.—Medium and Daybreak

In what strange ways some people meet their deaths. Here is a Northampton, England, man who died from injuries caused by a tall hat which he was wearing coming in contact with the top of a doorway. The deceased when passing from the room to another in his own house struck the top of his hat against the lintel of the doorway, and forced his hat further on his head. As he suffered considerable pain, medical aid was summoned, but he succumbed to injuries to the brain, caused by compression of the skull.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

On the evening of December 31st, some thirty of the friends and neighbors of Mrs. O. A. Roberts met at No. 23 Duncan street, in memory of Mr. Samuel Roberts, who, it will be remembered, passed so suddenly to spirit life on the last night of 1887, after retiring to bed in his usual happy mood, saying as he was about to sleep: "Well, Olive," addressing his wife, "where shall we be at the close of another year?" Continuing he said: "If I am to be troubled with rheumatism as I have been the past year, I hope I may be on the other side of life." This meeting convened to express sentiments of sympathy and words of cheer to Mrs. Roberts, as she is passing on towards the western horizon of her earthly pilgrimage. Mr. and Mrs. John T. Little and their friend Mrs. Dunkley, of Boston, were present, and the popular plant words fitting the occasion. Mr. Little sang in voice of "The Love of Jesus." Remarks were made by Mr. Mull Ordway, Mrs. J. M. Palmer, Mr. Palmer, W. W. Currier and others, which were fittingly and feelingly responded to by Mrs. Roberts. At 9:30 the occasion terminated by all singing the song "Sweet Bye and Bye."

On Sunday, the 6th of January, Miss Jennie B. Hagan commenced her month's engagement with the First Spiritualist Society of this city, speaking and answering questions, at 2 and 7 o'clock. P. M. The subject of the 2 P. M. lectures as presented by a gentleman present was: "The Divinity of Christ: Was he Man or God? If God, what is his Relation to Man to-day, or in other words, what Relation exist between Man and Jesus?"

The elucidations were upon the basis of nature and natural results; that Jesus was natural as all mankind are natural, and divine as all mankind are divine, the spirit of man being a part of the great spirit force we call God, for want of something better to call it; consequently Christ's relation to man, existing to-day, is that of an ascended brother.

There were five subjects presented at the 2 P. M. lecture, all of them receiving thoughtful and intelligent answers. At the close of the lecture, Miss Hagan gave a touching poem. Subject, The last words of a little child: "Mother, I am not afraid to die." Subject at the 7 P. M. service: "Spirits and Angels,—who are they? What their Employment and pursuit?" The speaker gave some plain facts in the course of her remarks, showing that we are angels, either in the body or out, and angels in the upper casing, indicating that some one in the body or out, must have been in the house, and in the upper room, to remove from the nail the hanging basket, pluck up the three plants and lift some of the small flower pots, put loose earth in the cups and put the pots back again on the top of the earth. My wife called my attention to the windows, by saying, "See! There are three panes of glass cracked." We racked our brains to find out the cause of this strange occurrence. All the members of the family, as they came home, were asked if they had come into the house, or had seen any one enter or try to enter. "No," was the invariable reply. What earthly object could any one have, be it thief, robber, friend, in going upstairs and disturbing innocent flowers, or cracking three panes of glass?

Now for the coincidence. The next day there came a telegram from Ottawa, Ills., asking me to come over, for my brother George was dying. My wife and I took the first train, but before the time we reached his residence he was dead. In a day or two we returned home. A week afterwards came another telegram from Ottawa, Ills., asking me to come at once for my sister Helen was dying. I went by the first train, but she also died before I reached the city. I had returned, but a few days from burying a brother and sister, when on May 13th another telegram from Ottawa reached me, stating that another sister, a widow lady, Miss Collins, was very sick; she was alive when I reached Ottawa, but died shortly afterwards.

None of these relatives were killed by accident; they were all grown up to a ripe age, and were sober, industrious and religious people.

We have a daughter who has been in spirit-life many years, and who, since her uncle and aunts' deaths, has by planchette informed us that she was the one who took down the flower basket from the nail in the upper south-room, and in telling us, she said to her mother that she was sorry if by doing so she had displeased her.

If any one can explain this strange coincidence, as related above, otherwise than an honest Spiritualist can do it, please do so and oblige.

Test of Spirit Presence.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

None of my family besides myself take much interest in so-called Spiritualism, but the following strange coincidence never has been accounted for only as occurring on the plane of spirit-intercourse. At the time the incident, which I now relate, occurred, my house stood on the southwest corner of the most public block in the city. In the afternoon of Thursday, April 22nd, 1880, my wife and my eldest daughter Mary had gone up stairs to dress before making friendly calls on other ladies. The former had suspended a heavy earthen flower basket by a long wire attached to a nail in the center of the open window casing, with three geraniums in it. One large and two small. There were also a number of smaller flower pots resting on cups, of which, with the other flowers, were placed so as to get the warm rays of the sun. Soon after that none of the family were to remain in the home during the absence of my wife and daughter, the windows and doors were securely closed against all intruders from without, my wife taking the keys with her. After making their afternoon calls and being absent three hours, they returned about 5 o'clock. On entering the room upstairs my wife noticed that the large earthen flower basket had been taken off the nail and laid aside. The large geranium was plucked up by the roots and laid carefully across the basket; also the two smaller ones were uprooted and laid lengthwise. I arrived at the house shortly after, and on going to the room upstairs, I saw the strange sight also. There was the nail on which the flower basket hung by the wire still in the inside upper casing, indicating that some one in the body or out, must have been in the house, and in the upper room, to remove from the nail the hanging basket, pluck up the three plants and lift some of the small flower pots, put loose earth in the cups and put the pots back again on the top of the earth. My wife called my attention to the windows, by saying, "See! There are three panes of glass cracked." We racked our brains to find out the cause of this strange occurrence. All the members of the family, as they came home, were asked if they had come into the house, or had seen any one enter or try to enter. "No," was the invariable reply. What earthly object could any one have, be it thief, robber, friend, in going upstairs and disturbing innocent flowers, or cracking three panes of glass?

Now for the coincidence. The next day there

Notes and Extracts on Miscellaneous Subjects.

Through the efforts of a public-spirited Mr. Bones an Adirondack lake is to be stocked with trout.

Judge Rockwood Hoar, who is the legal champion of ironclad orthodoxy in the famous Andover case, is a Unitarian.

Churchill County, Nevada, is in danger of breaking in two. A crack has recently appeared three feet wide, several miles long, and how deep no one can find out.

James G. Blaine, Jr., has taken a position as an apprentice in the Angusta (Me.) car shop, with a view to acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of locomotive building.

The great Duke of Wellington's cocked hat, military cloak and Hessian boots, which he wore at the battle of Waterloo, are now preserved together by an English collector.

Gov. Taylor, of Tennessee, appears to be handy with the pen as with the fiddle-bow. The Memphis Avalanche says the message discusses everything except the bustle and the Korean crisis.

(The discovery of gold-bearing quartz in the Buckland Hills of Massachusetts has excited the farmers and land owners of that vicinity, and some predict a regular old-fashioned California boom.

President Cleveland does not bother himself about the details of a state dinner. He leaves all the arrangements to his wife, who is careful in her inspection of everything pertaining to the banquet.

The Emperor of Germany has issued a decree forbidding his mother to wear the imperial crown on her coat of arms, and directing that in future she shall use only the inferior rank of Queen of Russia.

Prince Bismarck is in wretched health. He takes a great deal of satisfaction, however, in the fact that he is a good deal younger than Von Moltke. He will not entertain the thought that he may die before the old warrior.

A Maine pine tree recently felled at Bullen's Mills was 105 feet long, 3 feet 11 inches on the stump, and the first three cuts of 12 feet each made 1,222 feet of sawed

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

Because the cake is not always light,
Nor the seasoned soup exactly right;
Because at the coffee some husbands rail,
Tell me, friends, does cooking fail?

Because sometimes our friends grow cold—
Full many a friend's knell has tolled
And its rosy hues grown sable pale—
Listen again—does friendship fail?

Because one mother is wicked or weak,
Though a child in vain should sympathize seek,
And home and children caught avail.
Answer me this—Does mother-love fail?

"Why, no," you say; "the cook is in fault—
Not enough soda or too much salt—
And trusty friends the false outweigh:
Neither cooking nor friendship fail," you say.

"And mother-love is the loved one's hope,
Naught with its grandeur and power can cope;
If one selfish mother you've found to day,
Still mother-love does not fail."

"Is marriage a failure?" now I ask.
The answer has proved a world-wide task.
But can we not find in marriage-married lives
Selfish husbands, incompetent wives?

The husbands and wives are the failures, you see,
Truly love-tuned hearts give harmony—
Two souls united, no dark secrets veiled,
Then who would ask "Has marriage failed?"

—Frances Burton Clark.

The tomato canning industry was boomed last year to an unheard of degree. A pack of 3,819,487 cases of two dozen cans each is reported as against 2,817,048 cases for 1887, an increase of 500,000 cases. The average consumption for the past six years has been about 2,500,000 cases. Assuming, therefore, that the demand for the current year will be only a normal one, there will be a surplus of from 500,000 to 800,000 cases to be carried over. Low prices stimulate consumption, however, and as prices are certain to be low the surplus may not be so large as present figures indicate. In the production of canned tomatoes Maryland leads with a pack for 7,891,486 cases, New Jersey follows with 2,727,030 cases, the pack of the three states being 1,985,128 cases, or three-fifths of the entire output. The increased production of the last year has been chiefly in the South and West, showing that these sections are beginning to pack tomatoes for their own consumption at least.

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Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

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(Continued from First Page.)
same time that it does not deny his limitations and his imperfections. It is truly the scientific statement that man is the son of God, equal to the whole in the quality of his spirit, and inferior to the whole in the fact of its limitation.

If the agnostic will not accept this rendering of his difficulties it is because he is consistent enough not to be self-contradictory, inasmuch as he will not affect to know anything outside the range of the individual unit. There may, however, be something higher than knowledge which is naturally rigid and conservative, namely—that fluent radical process of revelation through the birth of new truth, which will range the whole universe for its sustenance.

We are all creatures of prejudice, and in spite of ourselves we are swayed by the conservative influence of the ordinary world of stable events in which we pass the daily routine of our lives. How often have those who have had an intimate spiritual knowledge found themselves thrust back into skepticism, owing to the absence of the stimulating influence of the new experience? The good, therefore, of such an article as that furnished to the JOURNAL recently by the Hon. A. B. Richmond, his second letter to the members of the Seybert Commission, is incalculable. His reference to the mediumship of Mr. Rowley is of special importance in a letter addressed to medical and professional scientists men on the Commission, from the fact that in his case there must, as I formerly remarked, be some special physiological adaptation to his current and polarity manifestations, a correlation which it cannot be a matter of utter impossibility to trace when investigated by trained experimenters. In support of this statement, I instances the fact that Mr. Varley, the celebrated electrician, had told me that he had never been able to detect the presence of free electricity at séances, which might be regarded as a causal link in the chain of productions of an extraordinary nature; and yet Mr. Varley thoroughly believed in the sufficiency of "spirit power" to produce the effects he witnessed. The fact is, the vital factors so overlaid the physical, that expert physiologist as he was, he was obliged to deny the immediate presence of the agent which is ubiquitous in all expressions of energy.

Mr. Rowley is timely in his manifestations, and is a sort of missing link in the chain of conservation of vital and physical forces, which starting from the nervous system of a "medium" results in abnormal and apparently contradictory manifestations of power only because there has been hitherto a break of continuity in the series of transformations of energy, or rather in the recognition and demonstration of the same.

Now, that Mr. Rowley has supplied us with objective data of the existence of a complete correlation of psychical and physical forces, physiological experts should turn their attention more hopefully, though rather late in the day, to the investigation of the laws and principles of "animal magnetism" (if that term be permissible), regarded as a branch of objective science, but they can never pretend to teach the Spiritualists that they have ever done any more than work out its details.

I have published several papers upon the subject of mediumship from the physiological standpoint, in which I had no hesitation in working from the basis of the conservation of energy, which I regarded as inviolable. Indeed, so convinced was I of its application to the solution of the mystery of mediumship that in one of my earliest papers I found it necessary to assume the dissociation of the muscular factor in certain spiritual manifestations, as it indicates the full transformation of vital or psychical energy when not employed in the movement of massive matter, in to the degraded and irreversible form of heat energy, which is the motion of molecular matter, and to assume in contradistinction as a physiological factor, intermediate between design and execution, a "sensori motor stuff," the physical nature of which was reversible and the functional activity of which in the living organism did not instantaneously result in the dissipation of energy. In other words, I treated mediumship as a stage, though an exaggerated one, of the sensori-motor process which we call life. I recognized the fact that the final stage of the expression of food energy in terms of muscular motion and of animal heat being held in arrest for the time being, the psychical activity of the medium was enabled to use the excess or accumulation of sensori motor stuff either as a medium of communication with other nervous systems or for plastic purposes, as in the production of materializations, so-called. I considered that this hypothesis of a reversible vital fluid covered most, if not all, of the difficulties offered by the various phases of mediumship, not to mention certain problems, in what I may call the physiology and psychology of the ordinary, hitherto unsolved, such as healing by laying on of hands, the difficulty in mesmerizing persons of a sluggish temperament, etc. The principle of reversibility, when employed as a vital working hypothesis, may be illustrated from the science of electricity, by considering the fact that work done on a dynamo and derived from whatever source, whether electrical, water, wind or muscle, can be made under proper conditions to generate a current which may then be used to turn another similar dynamo. Or, again, when by chemical action and the consequent exhaustion of potential energy a current is caused to flow through a conductor with the result of producing a separation of combined chemical elements with restoration of potential energy, as in the case of the storage battery.

Now, when it is a proved fact that a certain medium shows all the indications of electric currents being generated through its vital expenditure whereby external work

done independent of muscular pressure, I do not help expressing my satisfaction, for it to be a pretty complete confirmation of the fact that there is a yet higher form of diagnosis in and underlying the ordinary phenomena of energy in the muscular system, a degraded which, scientifically speaking, is thus us in terms of consciousness, into which always enters as a factor. The

mediumship affords further of the value of this hypothesis, to functional paralysis being edums as well as in hysterical to speak of the other functional which point either to the of the vital fluid.

whether under the name of "her" or "biogen" has often mention of the speculative biologist who have sought out for facts outside the normal range, but I am not other than myself has principle of reversibility of characteristic of it, with me the principle first from theory,

and the endowment of a vital stuff with that property came afterwards as a necessary consequence to account for strange experiences.

The study of Mr. Rowley's mediumship is of the last importance in the present stage of the science of Spiritualism. The physical and physiological facts to be derived from a study of his nervous system are of infinitely more importance than any communication through him as a passive instrument, even if they purported to come from Aristotle direct.

COINCIDENCES.

The series of coincidences being recorded in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will doubtless recall many others equally curious to the recollection of our readers. The subject covers an important phase of psychic research; and believing that a compilation of some of the more exceptional ones will be of interest and value, we desire those of our readers who know of any, to send a short, clear statement of the same to J. E. Woodhead, 408 West Randolph St., Chicago, who has consented to revise and arrange them for the JOURNAL. He wishes date of occurrence, name, address and names witnesses of or corroborative testimony to be sent, not for publication but as evidence in case the report of any incident may be doubted. He will use his own judgment in selecting those he considers pertinent, and also as to order and time of publication. They will be numbered consecutively, and those desiring any further information in regard to any one or more of them may address Mr. Woodhead—not for getting in each and every case to enclose a stamp or reply—who will aid so far as possible to obtain the same.—EDITOR JOURNAL.

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The following romantic story has been quite widely published in the newspapers during past few weeks:

"A few gossips of the southern end of the city of St. Louis are just now discussing the strange romance of a young woman who has for something over a year been a resident among them. The story was told to a *Globe-Democrat* reporter by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, who has been a sufferer from the lady's strange fate. The lady in question is but a visitor to America, whence she came to try and shake off the spell of which she firmly believes she is the victim. A few years previous to her leaving "Historic California," she returned from the matrimonial estates of the family, nine and one-half miles from the Holyrood Palace, in Edinburgh, to Aberdeen. By the death of her father since her arrival in this country she has become the heiress to a large estate. She is refined, graceful and handsome but the fatality attaching to her makes her life an unhappy one.

When but seventeen years old she became strongly attached to a nephew of the Bishop of Carlyle. One day while riding across the heath in his company she had a presentation that he would propose that night, and that she would accept. She saw him, in a momentary vision, lying, pale and cold, by the roadside. Bewildered, she involuntarily stopped her horse, and in another moment fell in a swoon. He bore her to a cottage, near by, and on her recovery the bashful young man's love had been so intensified by anxiety that, in moment of mutual tenderness, they were betrothed. After escorting her home he had to pass the same spot to return to his domicile. The next morning they found him nearly dead, at the place where she had fallen. His horse had evidently thrown him, and he died soon after.

The lady recovered, and eighteen months afterward she was betrothed to an English naval officer, who was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to join her Majesty's steam schoolship *Eurydice*. The next spring, on the return of that ship home, she was wrecked and all on board but two were lost. The young lover was not one of the saved.

Time healed the lady's twice-wounded heart, and her affections were won by an English army officer, who was drowned shortly after the betrothal. The night he was drowned she was attending a ball, and, according to her statement, was seized with a sudden attack of dizziness, and fainted. On recovering, she said she had seen, in a vision, the ball-room suddenly transformed into a submarine cavern, containing nothing but the corpse of her accepted lieutenant. She could never be induced to dance again.

It took a good deal of persuasion to induce her to become a fiance again. But the persistence of an American sea captain conquered her reluctance, and she accepted him.

He returned to Philadelphia with his ship for the purpose of putting his affairs in shape for the wedding. While his ship was at anchor off the Delaware breakwater he was also drowned. The bride elect came to the Quaker City afterward, and having relatives in Carondelet, resolved to make a long visit to them.

The clergyman who furnished the facts above related met and loved the lady, and she apparently reciprocated, but when he proposed she replied by telling him her story, and all his eloquence failed to change her resolution never to marry. His attentions to her had been a matter of society gossip, so that there was something of a sensation when there appeared in the society columns of the *Globe-Democrat* an item stating she had gone to visit friends in the interior of the state, and would soon return to her home in Scotland to reside permanently.

Learning through a friend in St. Louis the name and present address of the clergyman referred to, inquiry was made of him as to the truth of the story, to which he replied as follows:

"Permit me to state in reply to your letter, that the statement made in the *Globe-Democrat*, about which you wrote me, is substantially correct. The only thing he forgot to mention is that her lover when dying extracted a promise from her that she would never marry or bestow her affection on another."

In reply to the question as to which of the lovers had extracted the promise referred to, the clergyman, under date of December 23d, 1888, sends the following reply, which renders the story all the more curious.

"The lover who extracted the promise from the young lady was the one upon whom she had first bestowed her affections. He was the nephew of a well-known Bishop in Great Britain. As those to whom she became engaged afterwards, met with some calamity, she became impressed with the idea that her subsequent engagements were unlucky, and should therefore not have been entered into. In fact, she felt that she was under a kind of spell which made it dangerous to break the promise which was extracted from her by her dying first lover. I have had myself some very ex-

traordinary presentiments, which if I had heed, would have been exceedingly beneficial to me in many ways; but I must keep these matters to myself for the present, as I contemplate writing sometime a sketch of my life."

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Francis Parkman, in his series of Historical Narratives, vol. 2, of Montcalm and Wolfe, in the report of the battle of Ticonderoga, says:

"With their Major Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, silent and gloomy amid the general cheer, for his soul was dark with forebodings of death."

Their Major Campbell of Inverawe found his foreboding true. He received a mortal shot and his clansmen bore him from the field."

In the appendix he gives the following explanation of the "foreshadowing" referred to:

A LEGEND OF TICONDEROGA.

Mention has been made of the death of Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe. The following family tradition relating to it was told me in 1878 by the late Dean Stanley, to whom I am also indebted for various papers on the subject, including a letter from James Campbell, Esq., the present laird of Inverawe, and great-nephew of the hero of the tale. The same story is told in an amplified form and with some variations, in the "Legendary Tales of the Highlands" of Sir Thomas Dick Sander, as related by Dean Stanley and approved by Mr. Campbell, it is thus:

The ancient castle of Inverawe stands by the wild banks of the Awe, in the midst of the wild and picturesque scenery of the western Highlands. Late one evening, before the middle of the last century, as the laird, Duncan Campbell sat alone in the old hall, there was a loud knocking at the gate, and opening it, he saw a stranger, with torn clothing and kilt besmeared with blood, who in a breathless voice begged for asylum. He went on to say that he had killed a man in a fray, and that the pursuers were at his heels. Campbell promised to shelter him. "Swear on your dirk!" said the stranger; and Campbell swore. He then led him to a secret recess in the depths of the castle. Scarce was he hidden when again there was a loud knocking at the gate, and two armed men appeared. "Your cousin Donald has been murdered, and we are looking for the murderer!" Campbell, remembering his oath, professed to have no knowledge of the fugitive, and the men went on their way.

The laird, in great agitation, lay down to rest in a large dark room, where at length he fell asleep. Waking suddenly in bewilderment and terror, he saw the ghost of the murdered Donald standing by his bedside, and heard a hollow voice pronounce the words: "Inverawe, Inverawe! blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!" In the morning Campbell went to the hiding-place of the guilty man and told him that he could harbor him no longer. "You have sworn on your dirk!" he replied; and the laird of Inverawe, greatly perplexed and troubled, made a compromise between conflicting duties, promised not to betray his guest, led him to the neighboring mountain, and hid him in a cave.

The next night, as he lay tossing in feverish slumbers, the same stern voice awoke him, the ghost of his cousin Donald stood again at his bedside, and again he heard the same appalling words: "Inverawe! Inverawe! blood has been shed. Shield not the murderer!" At break of day he hastened, in strange agitation, to the cave; but it was empty, the stranger was gone. At night as he strove in vain to sleep, the vision appeared once more, ghastly pale, but less stern of aspect than before: "Farewell, Inverawe!" it said: "Farewell, till we meet at Ticonderoga!"

The strange name dwelt in Campbell's memory. He had joined the Black Watch, or Forty-second Regiment, then employed in keeping order in the turbulent Highlands. In time he became its major; and, a year or two after the war broke out, he went with it to America. Here, to his horror, he learned that it was ordered to the attack of Ticonderoga. His story was well known among his brother officers. They combined among themselves to disarm his fears; and when they reached the fatal spot they told him on the eve of the battle, "This is not Ticonderoga; we are not there yet; this is Fort George." But in the morning he came to them with haggard looks. "I have seen him! You have deceived me!" He came to my tent last night! This is Ticonderoga! I shall die to-day!" and his prediction was fulfilled.

Such is the tradition. The indisputable facts are that Major Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, had his arm shattered by a bullet, was carried to Fort Edward, where after amputation, he died and was buried. Abercromby to Pitt, 19th August, 1758. The stone that marks his grave may still be seen with this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Duncan Campbell, of Inverawe, Esq., Major to the old Highland Regiment, aged 55 years, who died the 17th July, 1758, of the wounds he received in the attack on the Retrenchment of Ticonderoga or Carrillon, on the 8th July 1758."

His son, Lieutenant Alexander Campbell, was severely wounded at the same time, but reached Scotland alive and died in Glasgow.

Mr. Campbell, owner of Inverawe, in the letter mentioned above, says that forty five years ago he knew an old man whose grandfather was foster-brother to the slain major of the forty-second, and who told him the following story while carrying a salmon for him to an inn near Inverawe. The old man's grandfather was sleeping with his son, then a lad, in the same room but in another bed. This son, father of the narrator, "was awakened," to borrow the words of Mr. Campbell, "by some unaccustomed sound, and behold there was a bright light in the room, and he saw a figure, in full Highland regalia, cross over the room and stoop down over his father's bed and give him a kiss. He was too frightened to speak, but put his head under his coverlet and went to sleep. Once more he was roused in like manner and saw the same sight. In the morning he spoke to his father about it, who told him it was Macdonochie, the Gaelic patronymic of the laird of Inverawe whom he had seen, and who came to tell him that he had been killed in a great battle in America. Sure enough, said my informant, it was on the very day that the battle of Ticonderoga was fought and the laird was killed."

It is also said that two ladies of the family of Inverawe saw a battle in the clouds, in which the shadowy forms of Highland warriors were plainly to be described; and that when the fatal news came from America, it was found that the time of the vision answered exactly to that of the battle in which the head of the family fell.

The lover who extracted the promise from the young lady was the one upon whom she had first bestowed her affections. He was the nephew of a well-known Bishop in Great Britain. As those to whom she became engaged afterwards, met with some calamity, she became impressed with the idea that her subsequent engagements were unlucky, and should therefore not have been entered into. In fact, she felt that she was under a kind of spell which made it dangerous to break the promise which was extracted from her by her dying first lover. I have had myself some very ex-

traordinary presentiments, which if I had heed, would have been exceedingly beneficial to me in many ways; but I must keep these matters to myself for the present, as I contemplate writing sometime a sketch of my life."

"Early Days of Modern Spiritualism."

Correcting Statements About the Fox Girls.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I was surprised on reading the JOURNAL of Jan. 12th, with the statement of D. P. Kayner, M. D., in regard to his "facts" in relation to modern Spiritualism. To any one who was a witness to these facts, or who has kept run of the history of them, they seem strange indeed. In the first place, it was never tested by Isaac and Amy Post at their (the Foxes) own home, as the article seems to state. It had been a year—nearly two of them—to the time of any investigation which took place, except by persons in their own private capacity. It was after they had stopped rapping with the family, and had been twelve days silent, that I called on them at their house in Rochester, Leah and Margaret being at home. Catherine being at my home in Auburn. As they saw me coming, they opened the door and said: "Oh! the spirits will not rap to us any more," and they said it very soberly too. I said: "Perhaps they will rap for us, if not for you;" and they then did rap, to the great joy of the ladies, for they had learned how much they had received from them and how much company they had been. It was at that interview that they laid out the work for us to do in laying it before the public, and their directions were minutely followed. I delivered the lecture, stating very briefly what had been done by the spirits, and the audience then appointed a committee, on which there was a clergyman, lawyer nor doctor, consisting of five citizens, to investigate the subject and report the next evening. No "Prof. Eastman" was present, nor was the toe joint theory mentioned. They did report, however, at the meeting next evening, that they took the young ladies, without giving them any previous notice, to the hall of the Sons of Temperance, and there tested them in a variety of ways, but could find out no way that they could produce the sounds.

Then another committee was appointed; on this there were Hon. Fredrick Whittsey, Vice-Chancellor of the State of New York; H. Langworthy, M. D., and Hon. A. P. Hassall (afterwards a member of Congress from LeRoy). They took the girls to Chancellor Whittsey's office without any previous notice, and made the investigation. After displaying all the acumen that these distinguished citizens were capable of, they made a unanimous report that they received communications, reliable as to facts and unaccountable to them.

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